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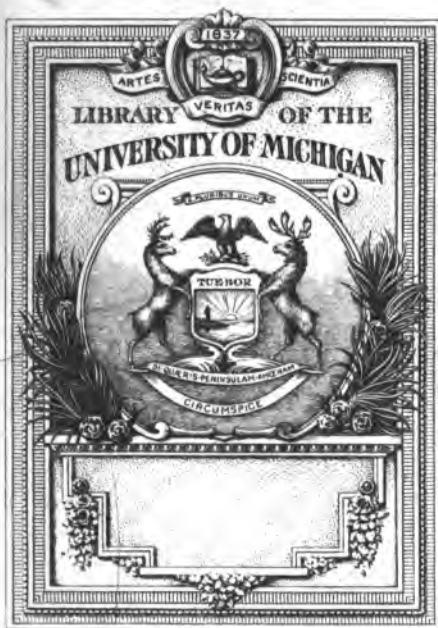
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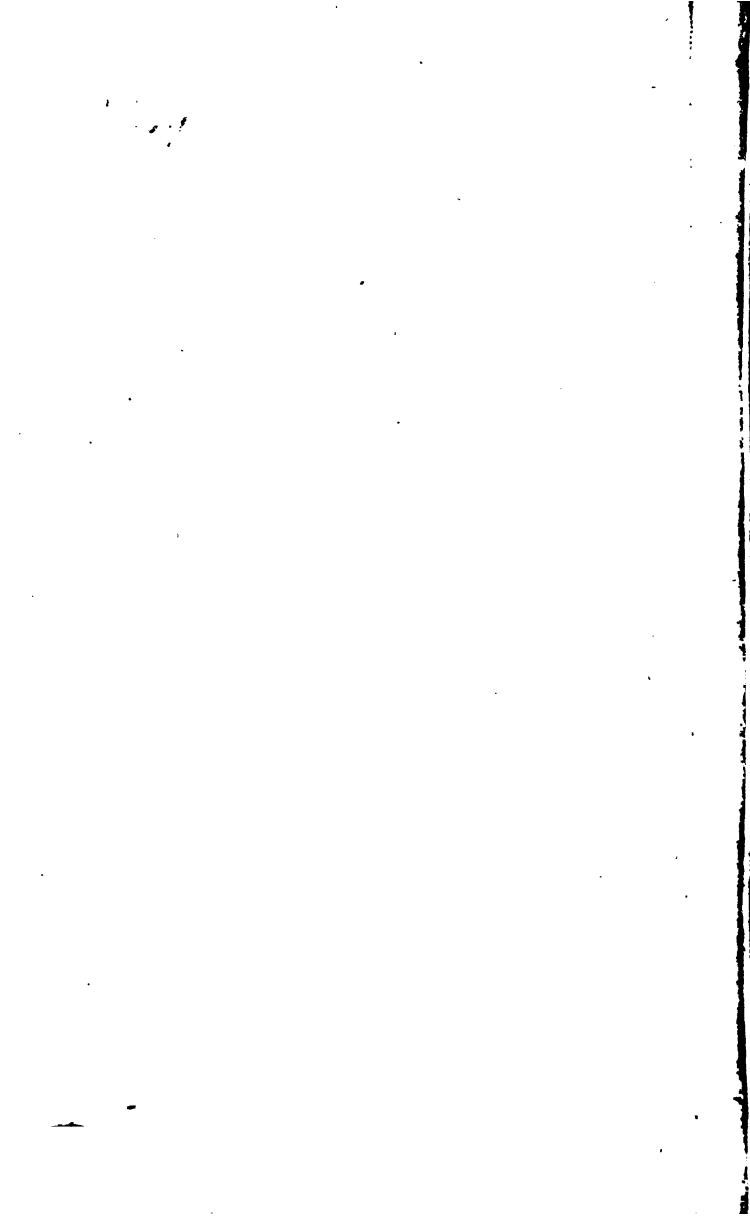


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THE *well*
Stratford Shakspeare.

EDITED BY

CHARLES KNIGHT.

"In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To Him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face."

GRAY.

VOL. V.

COMEDIES.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU
WILL.

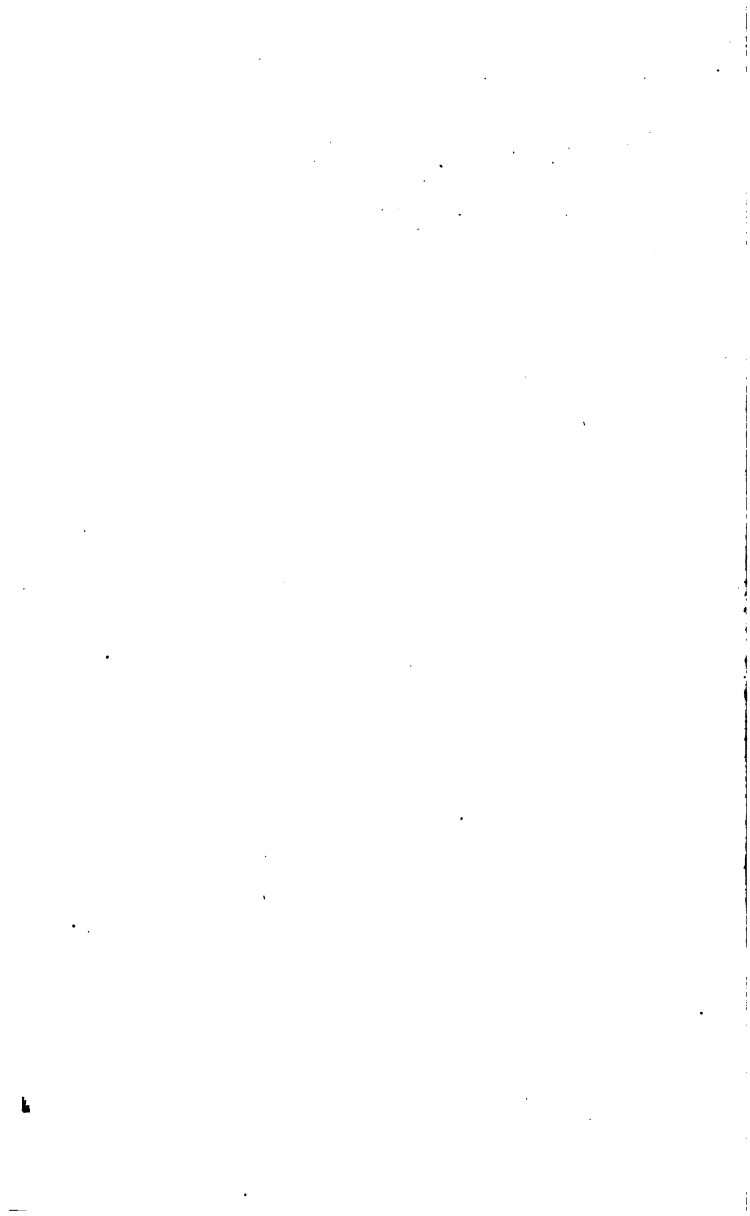
A WINTER'S TALE.

LONDON:

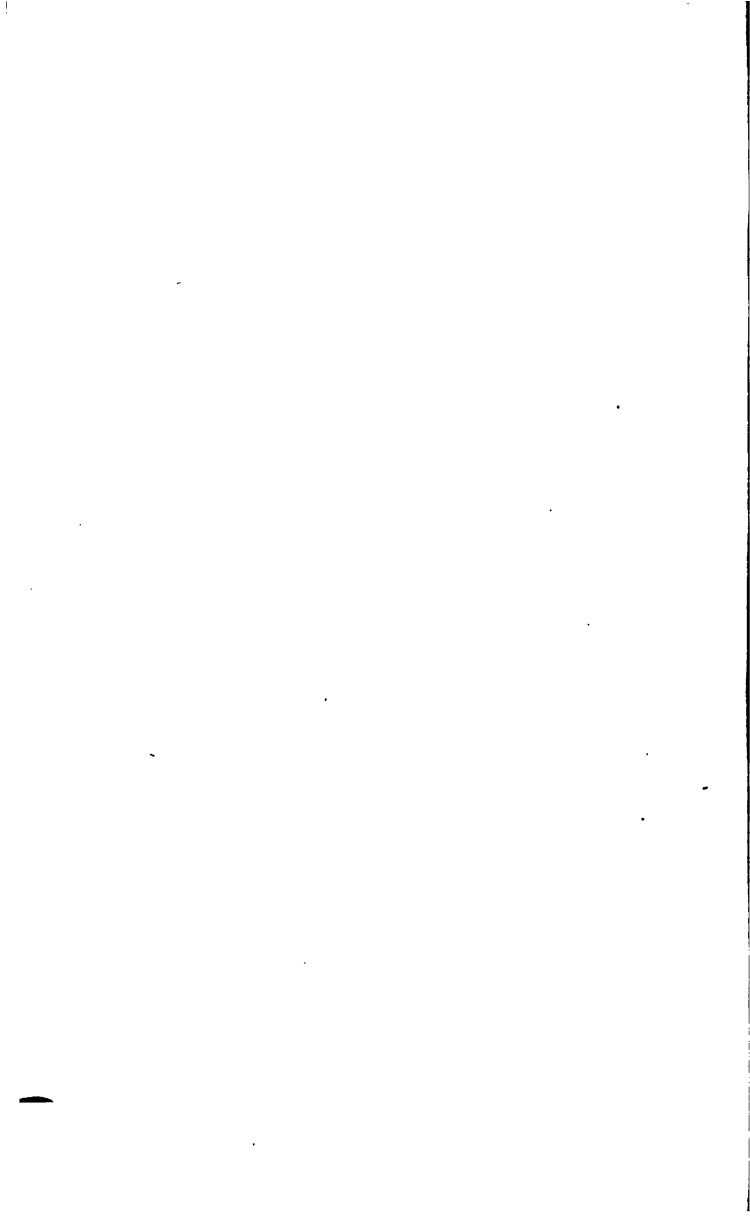
CHARLES GRIFFIN AND COMPANY,

10, STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

1867.







PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

EGEUS, *father to Hermia.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.

LYSANDER, *in love with Hermia.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.
Act V. sc. 1.

DEMETRIUS, *in love with Hermia.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

PHILOSTRATE, *master of the revels to Theseus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

QUINCE, *the carpenter.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.

SNUG, *the joiner.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.

BOTTOM, *the weaver.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2.

FLUTE, *the bellows-mender.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.

SNOUT, *the tinker.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.

STARVELING, *the tailor.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.

HIPPOLYTA, *Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

HERMIA, *daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.
Act V. sc. 1.

HELENA, *in love with Demetrius.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

OBBERON, *king of the fairies.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1
Act V. sc. 2.

TITANIA, *queen of the fairies.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.
Act V. sc. 2.

PUCK, *or Robin Goodfellow, a fairy.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2.

PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED, *fairies.*

Appear, Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.

Pyramus, Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, Lion, *characters in the Interlude
performed by the Clowns.*

Appear, Act V. sc. 1.

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE,—ATHENS, AND A WOOD NEAR.

'A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM' was first printed in 1600. In that year there appeared two editions of the play;—the one published by Thomas Fisher, a bookseller; the other by James Roberts, a printer. The differences between these two editions are very slight. The play was not reprinted after 1600, till it was collected into the folio of 1623; and the text in that edition differs in few instances from that of the quartos.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Room in the Palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.

THE. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

HIP. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

THE. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.

[Exit PHILOSTRATE.]

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

EGE. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

THE. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with thee?

EGE. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius: My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.—
Stand forth, Lysander:—and, my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats; messengers
Of strong prevaiement in unhardened youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness:—And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law,
Immediately provided in that case.

THE. What say you, Hermia? Be advis'd, fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

HER. So is Lysander.

THE. In himself he is:
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

HER. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

THE. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

HER. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,

In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

THE. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthly happier is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

HER. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

THE. Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon,
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship.)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else, to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

DEM. Relent, sweet Hermia;—And, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

LYS. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

EGE. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

LYS. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;

Lys. Keep promise, love: Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

HER. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

HEL. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.

Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!

Your eyes are load-stars; and your tongue's sweet air

More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,

When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

Sickness is catching; O, were favour so,

(Your words I catch,) fair Hermia, ere I go,

My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,

The rest I'll give to be to you translated.

O, teach me how you look; and with what art

You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

HER. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

HEL. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

HER. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

HEL. O, that my prayers could such affection move!

HER. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

HEL. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

HER. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

HEL. None. But your beauty; would that fault were mine!

HER. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.

Before the time I did Lysander see,

Seem'd Athens like a paradise to me:

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:

To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold

Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,

(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)

Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

HER. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,

Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight. *[Exit HER.]*

LYS. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! *[Exit LYSANDER.]*

HEL. How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vild, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy love is perjur'd everywhere:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in a Cottage.*

Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE, and
STARVELING.

QUIN. Is all our company here?

BOT. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

QUIN. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

BOT. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow on to a point.

QUIN. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

BOT. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll: Masters, spread yourselves.

QUIN. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

BOT. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

QUIN. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

BOT. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

QUIN. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

BOT. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

“The raging rocks
And shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish fates.”

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

QUIN. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

FLU. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. You must take Thisby on you.

FLU. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

QUIN. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

FLU. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

QUIN. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

BOT. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: I'll speak in a moustrous little voice;—"Thisne, Thisne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!"

QUIN. No, no, you must play Pyramus; and, Flute, you Thisby.

BOT. Well, proceed.

QUIN. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

STAR. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

SNOUT. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

SNUG. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

QUIN. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

BOT. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again."

QUIN. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

ALL. That would hang us, every mother's son.

BOT. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale.

QUIN. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus

is a sweet-faced man; a proper man as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

BOT. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

QUIN. Why, what you will.

BOT. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-coloured beard, your perfect yellow.

QUIN. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there we will rehearse: for if we meet in the city we shall be dogg'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties such as our play wants. I pray you fail me not.

BOT. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

QUIN. At the duke's oak we meet.

BOT. Enough. Hold, or cut bow-strings. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Wood near Athens.*

Enter a Fairy on one side, and PUCK on the other.

PUCK. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

FAL. Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough briar,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander everywhere,

Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green:

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:

I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

PUCK. The king doth keep his revels here to-night;
Take heed, the queen come not within his sight,
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling:
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there.

FAL. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Goodfellow; are you not he,
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern;
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

PUCK. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,

Marking th' embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind:
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
Following, (her womb then rich with my young squire,)
Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy:
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

OBE. How long within this wood intend you stay?

TITA. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

OBE. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

TITA. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away:
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[Exeunt TITANIA and her train.]

OBE. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

PUCK. I remember.

OBE. That very time I saw, (but thou couldst not,)
Flying between the cold-moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial votaress passed on;
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white, now purple with love's wound,—
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower: the herb I show'd thee once;
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb: and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

PUCK. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. *[Exit PUCK.]*

OBE. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it, with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

DEM. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me.
Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood.
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

HEL. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

DEM. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

HEL. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me),
Than to be used as you use your dog?

DEM. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

HEL. And I am sick when I look not on you.

DEM. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

HEL. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

DEM. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

HEL. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger: Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

DEM. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

HEL. Ay, in the temple, in the town, and field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:

We cannot fight for love, as men may do:
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt DEM. and HEL.*]

OBE. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

PUCK. Ay, there it is.

OBE. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove.
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady: Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care; that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

PUCK. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter TITANIA, with her train.

TITA. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;

Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
 To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
 The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
 At our quaint spirits: Sing me now asleep;
 Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

I.

1 FAI. You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
 Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
 Come not near our fairy queen:

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody
 Sing in our sweet lullaby;
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
 Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh;
 So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2 FAI. Weaving spiders, come not here:
 Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence.
 Beetles black, approach not near;
 Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

2 FAI. Hence, away; now all is well: •
 One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies.* TITANIA *sleeps.*

Enter OBERON.

OBE. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
 [*Squeezes the flower on* TITANIA'S *eyelids.*
 Do it for thy true-love take;
 Love and languish for his sake;

Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake, when some vile thing is near.

[*Exit.*]

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.

LYS. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way;
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

HER. Be it so, Lysander, find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

LYS. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.

HER. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

LYS. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

HER. Lysander riddles very prettily:—
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

LYS. Amen, Amen, to that fair prayer say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

HER. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!

[*They sleep.*]

Enter PUCK.

PUCK. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian find I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he my master said
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul; she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
So awake, when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon.

[*Exit.*]

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, *running.*

HEL. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

DEM. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

HEL. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

DEM. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go. [*Exit* DEMETRIUS.]

HEL. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.

Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;

For beasts that meet me run away for fear;

Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?

But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!

Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound!

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

LYS. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

[*Waking.*]

Transparent Helena! Nature shows her art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.

Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

HEL. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

LYS. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not Hermia, but Helena now I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd:

And reason says you are the worthier maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their season;

So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;

And touching now the point of human skill,

Reason becomes the marshal to my will,

And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook

Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

HEL. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?

When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?

Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,

That I did never, no, nor never can,

Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,

But you must flout my insufficiency?

Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,

In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well: perforce I must confess,

I thought you lord of more true gentleness.

O, that a lady of one man refus'd

Should of another therefore be abus'd!

[*Exit.*]

LYS. She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou there;

And never mayst thou come Lysander near!

For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things

The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;

Or, as the heresies that men do leave

Are hated most of those they did deceive;

So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated; but the most of me!
And all my powers address your love and might
To honour Helen, and to be her knight.

[*Exit.*]

HER. [*starting.*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best,
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear!
Methought a serpent ate my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves; I swoon almost with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Wood. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

BOT. Are we all met?

QUIN. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place
for our rehearsal: This green plot shall be our stage, this
hawthorn brake our tyring-house; and we will do it in
action, as we will do it before the duke.

BOT. Peter Quince,—

QUIN. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

BOT. There are things in this comedy of 'Pyramus and
Thisby' that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw
a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide.
How answer you that?

SNOUT. By 'rlakin, a parlous fear.

STAR. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is
done.

BOT. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

QUIN. Well, we will have such a prologue: and it shall be written in eight and six.

BOT. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

SNOUT. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

STAR. I fear it, I promise you.

BOT. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

SNOUT. Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

BOT. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are: and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

QUIN. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber: for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

SNUG. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

BOT. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

QUIN. Yes, it doth shine that night.

BOT. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

QUIN. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then there is another thing: we

must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

SNUG. You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

BOT. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

QUIN. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK behind.

PUCK. What hempen homespuns have we swaggering here,

So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

QUIN. Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

PYR. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet.

QUIN. Odours, odours.

PYR. ———odours savours sweet:

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*]

PUCK. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here!

[*Aside.—Exit.*]

THIS. Must I speak now?

QUIN. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

THIS. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily white of hue,

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,

Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

QUIN. Ninus' tomb, man: Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus, enter; your cue is past; it is, *never tire*.

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.

THIS. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

PYR. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine:—

QUIN. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.

Pray, masters! fly, masters! help! [*Exeunt Clowns.*]

PUCK. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*]

BOT. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afraid.

Re-enter SNOUT.

SNOUT. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

BOT. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own; Do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

QUIN. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*]

BOT. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*]

The oosel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill;

TIT. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

[*Waking*]

Bor. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
 The plain-song cuckoo gray,
 Whose note full many a man doth mark,
 And dares not answer, nay—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry *cuckoo* never so?

TITA. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

BOT. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

TITA. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

BOT. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

TITA. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit, of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED, *and four*
Fairies.

1 FAL. Ready.

2 Feb. And I

3 FAL And I.

4 FAL And I.

ALL

Where shall we go?

TITA. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries;
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 FAL. Hail, mortal!

2 FAL. Hail!

3 FAL. Hail!

4 FAL. Hail!

BOT. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.—I beseech
your worship's name.

COB. Cobweb.

BOT. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master
Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—
Your name, honest gentleman?

PEAS. Peas-blossom.

BOT. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your
mother, and to master Peas-cod, your father. Good master
Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—
Your name, I beseech you, sir?

MUS. Mustard-seed.

BOT. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience
well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured
many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your
kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you
more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

TITA. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Wood.**Enter OBERON.*

OBE. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

PUCK. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nowl I fixed on his head;
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes: When they him spy.
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So at his sight away his fellows fly:
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves; some, hats; from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

OBE. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I bid thee do?

PUCK. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That when he wak'd of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

OBE. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

PUCK. This is the woman, but not this the man.

DEM. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

HER. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me: Would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim.

DEM. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

HER. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

DEM. I'd rather give his carcase to my hounds.

HER. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the
bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
Oh, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O, brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?

An adder did it: for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

DEM. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

HER. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

DEM. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

HER. A privilege never to see me more.—

And from thy hated presence part I so:

See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

[Exit.

DEM. There is no following her in this fierce vein:

Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow

For debt that bankrout sleep doth sorrow owe;

Which now, in some slight measure, it will pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay. [Lies down.

OBE. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue

Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

PUCK. Then fate o'er-rules; that one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

OBE. About the wood go swifter than the wind,

And Helena of Athens look thou find:

All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer

With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood of her.

By some illusion see thou bring her here;

I'll charm his eyes against she doth appear.

PUCK. I go, I go; look, how I go;

Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

[Exit.

OBE. Flower of this purple die,

Hit with Cupid's archery,

Sink in apple of his eye!

When his love he doth espy

Let her shine as gloriously

As the Venus of the sky.

When thou wak'st, if she be by,

Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

PUCK. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

OB. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

PUCK. Then will two at once wop one—
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

LYS. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears.

Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

HEL. You do advance your cunning more and more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!

These vows are Hermia's; Will you give her o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:

Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,

Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

LYS. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

HEL. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

LYS. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

DEM. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?

Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,

Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,

When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss

This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

HEL. O, spite! O, hell! I see you are all bent
To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join, in souls, to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so.
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! None of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin; and extort.
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

LYS. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia: this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

HEL. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

DEM. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd;
And now to Helen it is home return'd,
There to remain.

LYS. Helen, it is not so.

DEM. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

HER. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense:

Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

LYS. Why should he stay whom love doth press to go?

HER. What love could press Lysander from my side?

LYS. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide;
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

HER. You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

HEL. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have all conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 't is not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

HER. I am amazed at your passionate words;

I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

HEL. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection;
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd!
This you should pity, rather than despise.

HEL. I understand not what you mean by this!

HEL. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 't is partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

LYS. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

HEL. O, excellent!

HEL. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

DEM. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

LYS. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak prayers.—
Helen, I love thee; by my life I do;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

DEM. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

LYS. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

DEM. Quick, come,—

HEL. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

LYS. Away, you Ethiope!

DEM. No, no, sir:—

Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!

LYS. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing, let loose;
Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

HER. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?

LYS. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! O, hated poison, hence!

HER. Do you not jest?

HEL. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.

LYS. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee

DEM. I would I had your bond; for I perceive
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

LYS. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

HER. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?

Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?

I am as fair now as I was erewhile.

Since night you lov'd me; yet, since night you left me:

Why then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—

In earnest, shall I say?

LYS. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, of doubt,
Be certain, nothing truer, 't is no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

HER. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

HEL. Fine, i' faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

HER. Puppet, why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem

Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

HEL. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

HER. Lower! hark, again.

HEL. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

HER. Why, get you gone: Who is 't that hinders you?

HEL. A foolish heart that I leave here behind.

HER. What, with Lysander?

HEL. With Demetrius.

LYS. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.

DEM. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

HEL. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd:
She was a vixen, when she went to school;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

HER. Little again? nothing but low and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

LYS. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.

DEM. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

LYS. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

DEM. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.

[*Exeunt* LYS. and DEM.]

HER. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.

HEL. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away.

[*Exit.*]

HER. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.

[*Exit, pursuing* HELENA.]

OBE. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries willingly.

PUCK. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

OBE. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye,
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,

To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

PUCK. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste;
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

OBE. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day. [Exit OBERON.]

PUCK. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

LYS. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

PUCK. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

LYS. I will be with thee straight.

PUCK. Follow me then to plainer ground.

[Exit LYS. as following the voice.]

Enter DEMETRIUS.

DEM. Lysander! speak again.

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

PUCK. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,

Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,

And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;

I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd

That draws a sword on thee.

DEM. Yea; art thou there?

PUCK. Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here.

[Exeunt.]

Re-enter LYSANDER.

LYS. He goes before me, and still dares me on;

When I come where he calls, then he is gone.

The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:

I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;

That fallen am I in dark uneven way,

And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day! *[Lies down.]*

For if but once thou show me thy gray light,

I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. *[Sleeps.]*

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

PUCK. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

DEM. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,

Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;

And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.

Where art thou now?

PUCK. Come hither; I am here.

DEM. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this
dear,

If ever I thy face by daylight see:

Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me

To measure out my length on this cold bed.

By day's approach look to be visited. *[Lies down and sleeps.]*

Enter HELENA.

HEL. O, weary night, O, long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest:—
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company. [Sleeps.]

PUCK. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four
Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

HER. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me, till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray! [Lies down.]

PUCK. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy
[Squeezing the juice on LYSANDER'S eye.]
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again,
And all shall be well.
[Exit PUCK.—DEM., HEL., &c., sleep.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Wood.*

Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM, Fairies attending; OBERON behind unseen.

TITA. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

BOT. Where's Peas-blossom?

PEAS. Ready.

BOT. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's monsieur Cobweb?

COB. Ready.

BOT. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's monsieur Mustard-seed

MUST. Ready.

BOT. Give me your neif, monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

MUST. What's your will?

BOT. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me I must scratch.

TITA. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

BOT. I have a reasonable good ear in music; let us have the tongs and the bones.

TITA. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

BOT. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

TITA. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

BOT. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas.
But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

TIT. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.
So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They sleep.*]

OBERON *advances.* Enter PUCK.

OB. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her and fall out with her:
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be thou, as thou wast wont to be,

[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*]

See, as thou wast wont to see:

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet queen.

TITA. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

OBE. There lies your love.

TITA. How came these things to pass!
O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!

OBE. Silence a while.—Robin, take off this head.—
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

TITA. Music, ho! music; such as charmeth sleep.

PUCK. When thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

OBE. Sound, music. [*Still music.*] Come, my queen, take
hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity;

And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,

And bless it to all fair posterity:

There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be

Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

PUCK. Fairy king, attend, and mark;

I do hear the morning lark.

OBE. Then, my queen, in silence sad,

Trip we after the night's shade:

We the globe can compass soon,

Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

TITA. Come, my lord; and in our flight,

Tell me how it came this night,

That I sleeping here was found,

With these mortals on the ground.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Horns sound within.*]

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train.

THE. Go one of you, find out the forester;

For now our observation is perform'd;

And since we have the vaward of the day,

My love shall hear the music of my hounds.

Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:

Despatch, I say, and find the forester.
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

HIP. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

THE. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what nymphs are these?

EGE. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.

THE. No doubt they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

EGE. It is, my lord.

THE. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and shout within. DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER, HERMIA,
and HELENA, wake and start up.

THE. Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

LYS. Pardon, my lord. [*He and the rest kneel to THESEUS.*]

THE. I pray you all, stand up.
I know, you two are rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,

That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

LYS. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half 'sleep, half waking: But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is;)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

EGE. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and me of my consent,—
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

DEM. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But, by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loath this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

THE. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we will hear more anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.

Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train.*]

DEM. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

HER. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When everything seems double.

HEL. So, methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

DEM. [Are you sure
That we are awake?] It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

HER. Yea, and my father.

HEL. And Hippolyta.

LYS. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

DEM. Why then, we are awake: let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [Exeunt.]

As they go out, BOTTOM awakes.

BOT. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—
my next is, "Most fair Pyramus."—Hey, ho!—Peter Quince!
Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling!
God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have
had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit
of man to say what dream it was:—Man is but an ass if
he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—
there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and me-
thought I had.—But man is but a patched fool if he will
offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath
not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not
able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report,
what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a
ballad of this dream: it shall be called *Bottom's Dream*,
because it hath no bottom; and it shall be in the latter
end of a play, before the *Pyramus* and *Thisby* to make it
the more *lamentable*. I shall *perform* it myself. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Athens. *A Room in Quince's House.**Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.*

QUIN. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

STAR. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

FLU. If he come not, then the play is marred; It goes not forward, doth it?

QUIN. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

FLU. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

QUIN. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

FLU. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

SNUG. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward we had all been made men.

FLU. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

BOT. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

QUIN. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

BOT. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.

QUIN. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

BOT. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel together; good to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet the palace; every man look o'er his part; for,

the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen: and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Athens. An Apartment in the Palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, and Attendants.

HIP. 'T is strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.
THE. More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—
That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination;
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear.

HIP. But all the story of the night told over,

And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA.

THE. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

LYS. More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

THE. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour
Call Philostrate.

PHILOST. Here, mighty Theseus.

THE. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?
What mask, what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

PHILOST. There is a brief, how many sports are rife;
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[Giving a paper.]

LYS. *[Reads.]* "The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung,
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."

THE. We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

LYS. "The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."

THE. That is an old device, and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

LYS. "The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary."

THE. That is some satire, keen, and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

LYS. "A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."

THE. Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?
That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord?

PHILOST. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long;
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

THE. What are they that do play it?

PHILOST. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

THE. And we will hear it.

PHILOST. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world,
(Unless you can find sport in their intents,)
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

THE. I will hear that play
For never anything can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.

[Exit PHILOSTRATE.]

HIP. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

THE. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

HIP. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

THE. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,

And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome: Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

PHILOST. So please your grace, the prologue is address'd.

THE. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*]

Enter Prologue.

PROL. If we offend, it is with our good will.

That you should think we come not to offend,

But with good will. To show our simple skill,

That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then, we come but in despite.

We do not come as minding to content you,

Our true intent is. All for your delight,

We are not here. That you should here repent you,

The actors are at hand; and, by their show,

You shall know all that you are like to know.

THE. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

LYS. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

HIP. Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

THE. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, and LION, as in dumb show.

PROL. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;

But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

This man is Pyramus, if you would know;

This beauteous lady Thisbe is, certain.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder:
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine: for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which by name Lion hight,
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright:
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall;
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt* PROL., THISBE, LION, and MOONSHINE.]

THE. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

DEM. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

WALL. In this same interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:
And such a wall as I would have you think,
That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

THE. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

DEM. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse,
my lord.

THE. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence.

Enter PYRAMUS.

PYR. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!
And thou, O wall, thou sweet and lovely wall,
That stands between her father's ground and mine;
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine
eyne. [WALL holds up his fingers.
Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;
Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

THE. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

BOT. No, in truth, sir, he should not. "Deceiving me" is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you:—Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

THIS. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

PYR. I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!

THIS. My love! thou art my love, I think.

PYR. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And like Limander am I trusty still.

THIS. And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.

PYR. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

THIS. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

PYR. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.

THIS. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

PYR. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

THIS. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.

WALL. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.

[*Exeunt WALL, PYRAMUS, and THISBE*]

THE. Now is the mural down between the two neighbour

DEM. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to
hear without warning.

HIP. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

THE. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst
are no worse, if imagination amend them.

HIP. It must be your imagination, then, and not theirs.

THE. If we imagine no worse of them than they of them-
selves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two
noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter LION and MOONSHINE.

LION. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion's fell, nor else no lion's dam:
For if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 't were pity of my life.

THE. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

DEM. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

LYS. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

THE. True; and a goose for his discretion.

DEM. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his
discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

THE. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour;
for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to
his discretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

MOON. This lantern doth the horned moon present.

DEM. He should have worn the horns on his head.

THE. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible with-
in the circumference.

MOON. This lantern doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man i' th' moon do seem to be.

THE. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern: How is it else the man i' the moon?

DEM. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you see, it is already in snuff.

HIP. I am weary of this moon: Would he would change.

THE. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

LYS. Proceed, Moon.

MOON. All that I have to say is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

DEM. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

THIS. This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?

LION. Oh—. [*The Lion roars.—THISBE runs off.*]

DEM. Well roared, lion.

THE. Well run, Thisbe.

HIP. Well shone, moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

THE. Well moused, lion.

[*The Lion tears THISBE's mantle, and exit.*]

DEM. And then came Pyramus.

LYS. And so the lion vanished.

Enter PYRAMUS.

PYR. Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

But stay;—O spite!

But mark;—Poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here?

Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What, stain'd with blood?
Approach ye furies fell!
O fates! come, come;
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

THE. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

HIP. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

PYB. O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with
cheer.

Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus:
Ay, that left pap
Where heart doth hop:—
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled:
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light!
Moon, take thy flight!
Now die, die, die, die, die.

[Dies—Exit MOONSHINE.]

DEM. No die, out an ace, for him; for he is but one.

LYS. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

THE. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

HIP. How chance Moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

THE. She will find him by starlight.—Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Enter THISBE.

HP. Methinks, she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

DEM. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

LYS. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

DEM. And thus she moans, *videlicet*.

THIS. Asleep, my love?

What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus, arise,

Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? A tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lily lips,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone:

Lovers, make moan!

His eyes were green as leeks.

O sisters three,

Come, come to me,

With hands as pale as milk;

Lay them in gore,

Since you have shore

With shears his thread of silk.

Tongue, not a word:

Come, trusty sword;

Come, blade, my breast imbrue;

And farewell, friends;

Thus Thisbe ends:

Adieu, adieu, adieu.

[*Dies.*

THE. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

DEM. Ay, and Wall too.

BOT. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance, between two of our company?

THE. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no

excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. *[Here a dance of Clowns]*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers to bed: 't is almost fairy time.
I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter PUCK.

PUCK. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch-ing loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide.
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON and TITANIA, with their train.

OBE. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire.

Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

TITA. First, rehearse this song by rote:
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG, AND DANCE.

OBE. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be:
And the issue there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace,
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.

Trip away;

Make no stay:

Meet me all by break of day.

[Exeunt OBERON, TITANIA, and train.]

PUCK. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, (and all is mended,)
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends, ere long:
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

[*Erit.*]

VARIOUS READINGS.

" I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows ;
Quite over-canopied with *lush* woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine :
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these *bowers* with dances and delight."

(ACT II., SC. 1.)

The reading given above is that of Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector. Mr. Collier says that '*luscious*' of the original is "too much for the verse;" and that "*bowers*," instead of the original "*flowers*," is "best adapted to the place,"—adding, "it is certain that the lush woodbine, musk roses, and eglantine, which quite over-canopied the bank, converted it into bow-ers."

Steevens, who hated variety in metre, gives us,

' I know a bank *whereon* the wild thyme blows.'

For the same love of counting syllables upon the fingers, the *luscious* woodbine of the old copies was changed into *lush* woodbine. Farmer, who knew as little about the melody of verse as Steevens, would read (omitting *quite*),

' O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine.'

Now, are we to abandon these lines, in their original integrity,

" As sweet, as musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung
with his hair,"

having rejected the bidding of the Steevenses and the Farmers, at the command of the corrector and emendator of the second folio? But, mending the sense as well as the metre (according to these notions), is the corrector to force on us *bowers* instead of *flowers*? What have the ox-lips, and the wild thyme, and the violet done, that they are to be excluded from Titania's bed?

"What! can you do me greater harm than hate?

"Hate me! wherefore? O, me! what means my love?"

(ACT III., Sc. 2.)

The original has—"What *news* my love?" Mr. Collier's Corrector has altered 'news' to '*means*.' "News," says Mr. Collier, "was formerly spelt *newes*, and so it stands in the folios, and the printer or copyist misread *meanes*."

The Corrector is, we think, right. Although 'news' was not always used in the present familiar sense, and may here signify "what is this new feeling?"—there is something harsh in the expression, and *meanes* might be safely adopted.

GLOSSARY.

ABRIDGMENT. Act V., Sc. 1. *

"Say, what abridgment have you for this evening."

What pastime, what employment, have you to abridge "the lazy time."

ABY IT. Act III., Sc. 2.

"Thou shalt aby it."

The word is also used by Demetrius in an earlier part of this scene. It means suffer for it. Beaumont and Fletcher have,

"Fool-hardy knight, full soon thou shalt aby
This foul reproach."

ADDRESSED. Act V., Sc. 1.

"So please your grace, the prologue is address'd."

Address'd is ready.

BARM. Act II., Sc. 1.

"Sometime make the drink to bear no barm."

Barm is still a provincial term for yeast. Burns has,

"Searching auld wives' barrels

Och-hon! the day!

That clarty barm should stain my laurels."

BERGOMASK DANCE. Act V., Sc. 1.

An Italian dance, after the manner of the peasants of Bergomasco.

BETEEM. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes."

Beteem is to give, to bestow. Spenser, in the 'Faerie Queen,'
has,

"So would I, said the enchanter, glad and fain,
Beteem to you his sword, you to defend."

BY 'BLAKIN. Act III., Sc. 1. A petty oath. By our ladykin, our
little lady.

CHANGELING. Act II., Sc. 1.

"She never had so sweet a changeling."

Changeling is a child procured in exchange.

CHEER. Act III., Sc. 2.

"All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer."

Face; from the French *chère*.

CHILDING. Act II., Sc. 2.

"The chiding autumnn."

Childing is producing. In his ninety-seventh sonnet, Shakspeare has the "teeming autumnn," which is the same idea.

COLLIED. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Brief as the lightning in the collied night."

Black, smutted. The word collied is still used in this sense by the colliers of Staffordshire. Shakspeare found it there, and removed it to the regions of poetry.

CONTINENTS. Act II., Sc. 2.

"That they have overborne their continents."

Their banks. A continent is that which contains or keeps in, from the Latin *continere*.

CURST. Act III., Sc. 2. Shrewish.

DEWBERRIES. Act III., Sc. 1.

"Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries."

The dewberry is the fruit of a kind of bramble, the *Rubus cæsius* of botanists, and is perfectly well known to every one who has lived in the country; but one of the commentators tells us that dewberries are gooseberries, and another that they are raspberries.

DO COY. Act IV., Sc. 1.

"While I thy amiable cheeks do coy."

Do coy is here to caress.

DUKE. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke."

Duke, a corruption of the Latin *dux*, a warlike leader, was used in a general and indefinite sense by our older writers. In

the common translation of the Bible, in Chronicles, we have a list of the Dukes of Edom. Gower has Duke Spartacus; Chaucer, Duke Theseus; and Stonyhurst, in his translation of the *Æneid*, Duke Æneas; so that Steevens was not justified in calling it "a misapplication of a modern title."

EIGHT AND SIX. Act III., Sc. 1.

"It shall be written in eight and six."

That is, written in verses of eight and six syllables alternately.

ERECLES. Act I., Sc. 2.

"This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein."

Hercules was one of the roaring heroes of the rude productions of the dramatists preceding Shakspeare.

FAIR. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Demetrius loves your fair."

Fair is here used as a substantive for beauty. In the 'Comedy of Errors' we have,

"My decayed fair,
A sunny look of his would soon repair."

FALL. Act V., Sc. 1.

"And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall."

The verb is here used actively, a common practice among our older writers.

FANCY'S FOLLOWERS. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers."

Fancy's followers are here the followers of love. Fancy is used in the same sense as in the song in the 'Merchant of Venice,'

"Tell me where is fancy bred ;"

and it is used in a similar way in three passages of the present play. In Act II., Sc. 2, we have,

"In maiden meditation, fancy free ;"

In Act III., Sc. 2,

"All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer ;"

And in Act IV., Sc. 1,

"Fair Helena in fancy following me."

FAVOUR. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Sickness is catching ; O, were favour so."

Favour is features, appearance, outward qualities. The word is used in the same sense in 'Cymbeline,' 'Measure for Measure,' and 'Hamlet.' We have still the expression *well-favoured* with the same meaning.

GLEEK. Act III., Sc. 1.

"I can gleeke upon occasion."

Probably from the Anglo-Saxon *glig*, joy, mirth, or singing. A *gligman* was a minstrel or a jester. Bottom here means to say that he can joke occasionally, though the word was often used in the sense of scorn or derision. In 'Romeo and Juliet,' Act IV., Sc. 5, we have,

"*Musician*. What will you give us?"

"*Peter*. No money, on my faith; but the gleeke."

And in 'Henry V.' Act V., Sc. I., Fluellen says,

"I have seen you gleeeking and gulling at this gentleman."

HENCHMAN. Act II., Sc. 2.

"I do but beg a little changeling boy
To be my henchman."

A henchman was originally an attendant on horseback, from the Anglo-Saxon *henges*, a horse. Chaucer has,

"And every knight had after him riding
Three henchmen him awaiting."

It came afterwards to signify a page of honour at court, and the office was abolished by Queen Elizabeth. It has also been conjectured to be derived from *haunchman*, one that follows his chief or lord at his haunch.

HOLD, OR OUT BOW-STRINGS. Act I., Sc. 2.

This is said, by Capell, to be a proverbial expression, derived from the days of archery; "when a party was made at butts, assurance of meeting was given in the words of that phrase."

IN A SPLEEN. Act I., Sc. 1.

"That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth."

In a sudden fit of passion or caprice.

INCREASE. Act II., Sc. 2.

"The mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which."

Their increase is their produce. The productions of the various seasons have so changed as to confound one with the other.

KNOT-GRASS. Act III., Sc. 2.

"You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made."

Richard Tomlinson, a botanical apothecary of the seventeenth century, says knot-grass is "a low reptant herb."

LATCHED. Act III., Sc. I.

"Hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice?"

Hanner says latch'd is lick'd o'er; but it is more probably
used in the common sense of closed, fastened.

LOB. Act II., Sc. 1.

"Farewell, thou lob of spirits."

Looby, lubber, lubbard.

LORDSHIP. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship."

Lordship is authority. Wickliffe's translation of the Bible
(Romans, chap. vi. ver. 9) has lordship, where the authorised
translation has dominion.

MIDDLE SUMMER'S SPRING. Act II., Sc. 2.

"Never, since the middle summer's spring."

The beginning of mid-summer. The spring is frequently
used by our early writers as the beginning, as "the spring
of the day."

MIGHT. Act V., Sc. 1.

"Noble respect takes it in might, not merit."

Might is here used to express the will, not the power. What
one mayeth—the will for the deed. See Tooke, 'Diversions
of Purley,' Part ii. c. 5.

NEIF. Act IV., Sc. 1.

"Give me your neif."

Neif is fist. In 'Henry IV.,' Part I., Act II., Sc. 4, we have
"Sweet knight, I kiss your neif." The word still exists in
Scotland, in the forms of Nieve and Nief.

NIGHT-RULE. Act III., Sc. 1.

"What night-rule now about this haunted grove?"

Night-rule is night-revel. The old spelling of *reuel* became
rule: and Douce says, that we thence obtained "the lord of
mis-rule."

NOWL. Act III., Sc. 2.

"An ass's nowl I fixed on his head."

The skull, head.

OES. Act III., Sc. 2.

"Than all yon fiery oes."

Oes are circles.

ORBS. Act II., Sc. 1.

"To dew her orbs upon the green."

The orbs are the fairy-rings upon the grass, which a beautiful superstition ascribes to their having formed the round of the night-tripping fairies.

OVERFLOWN. Act IV., Sc. 1.

"I would be loth to have you overflown with a honey-bag."

Flooded, drowned. Milton, in his 'Paradise Lost,' book iv.,

"Then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine."

The sense is the same, and the one passage elucidates the other.

PARLOUS. Act III., Sc. 1.

"A parlous fear."

A perilous fear.

PATCHED FOOL. Act IV., Sc. 1.

"But man is but a patched fool."

A fool in his official dress, his parti-coloured coat.

PAVED FOUNTAIN. Act II., Sc. 2.

"By paved fountain, or by rushy brook."

The paved fountain does not mean an artificially-paved fountain as Johnson has supposed, but a fountain or stream running over pebbles, as contrasted with the rushy brook. Drayton has "pearl-paved ford;" Marlow, the "pebble-paved channel;" and Milton, the "coral-paven bed."

PELTING. Act II., Sc. 2.

"Have every pelting river made so proud."

Something petty, of little worth, contemptible. The word is used in the same sense in 'Measure for Measure,' Act II., Sc. 2; and in 'Richard II.,' Act II., Sc. 1. It is said to be derived from the Teutonic *palt*, a rag, and that paltry, pelts (skins), and peltry, are from the same root.

PENSIONERS. Act II., Sc. 1.

"The cowslips tall her pensioners be."

The pensioners were Queen Elizabeth's favourite attendants, chosen from among the handsomest men of the first families, and whom Mrs. Quickly ('Merry Wives of Windsor,' Act II., Sc. 2) places above earls.

PREFERRED. Act IV., Sc. 2.

"Our play is preferred."

Preferred is not used here in the sense of chosen in preference, but in that of offered; as we say, a suit is preferred.

PROPERTIES. Act I., Sc. 2.

"I will draw a bill of properties."

The person who has charge of the wooden swords, pasteboard shields, and other such materials necessary for the business of the stage, is still called the property-man. The technicalities of the theatre are very enduring.

QUERN. Act II., Sc. 1.

"Sometimes labour in the quern."

Quern is a mill, from the Anglo-Saxon *cweorn* or *cwyrn*, generally used for a handmill.

REAR-MICE. Act II., Sc. 2.

"Some, war with rear-mice."

Rear-mice are bats.

SCRIP. Act I., Sc. 2.

"Call them . . . according to the scrip."

Scrip, script, is a written paper. Locke calls bills of exchange "scrips of paper," and the term is still in use upon the Stock Exchange.

SQUARE. Act II., Sc. 1. To quarrel. See 'Mnch Ado about Nothing,' Act I., Sc. 1.**SPOTTED.** Act I., Sc. 1.

"Upon this spotted and inconstant man."

Stained, or impure; the opposite of spotless.

VILD. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Things base and vild."

Vild, for vile, is repeatedly used by Shakspeare, as well as by Spenser and others, and we are, therefore, not justified in substituting vile, as has been done by modern editors.

WOOD. Act II., Sc. 2.

"And here am I, and wood within this wood."

Wood is mad. The word is still used in this sense in Scotland, under the form of *wud*.

PLOT AND CHARACTERS.

SCHLEGEL has happily remarked upon this drama, that "the most extraordinary combination of the most dissimilar ingredients seems to have arisen without effort by some ingenious and lucky accident; and the colours are of such clear transparency, that we think the whole of the variegated fabric may be blown away with a breath." It is not till after we have attentively studied this wonderful production that we understand how solidly the foundations of the fabric are laid. The 'Midsummer-Night's Dream' exhibits all that congruity of parts, that natural progression of scenes, that subordination of action and character to one leading design, that ultimate harmony evolved out of seeming confusion, which constitute the dramatic spirit. With "audience fit, though few," with a stage not encumbered with decorations, with actors approaching (if it were so possible) to the idea of grace and archness which belong to the fairy troop,—the subtle and evanescent beauties of this drama might not be wholly lost in the representation. But under the most favourable circumstances much would be sacrificed. It is in the closet that we must not only suffer our senses to be overpowered by its "indescribable profusion of imaginative poetry," but trace the instinctive felicity of Shakspeare in the "structure of the fable."

But, nevertheless, this is not a drama for analysis. It is too subtle and ethereal. To tell this fairy-tale in plain narrative, would be to destroy its exquisite beauty: to dissect its characters, with all their caprices and illusions, would be "wasteful and ridiculous excess." It is "a dream throughout," of which the fairy machinery has been truly described by Mr. Hallam, as "one of the most beautiful conceptions that ever visited the mind of a poet."

This "dream," however, is not an incoherent one. This drama is not "such stuff as dreams are made of." Malone has

endeavoured to show that it was one of our author's "*earliest attempts in comedy*." He derives the proof of this from "the poetry of this piece, glowing with all the warmth of a youthful and lively imagination, the many scenes which it contains of almost continual rhyme, the poverty of the fable, and want of discrimination among the higher personages."

We wholly dissent from this opinion. The poetry of this piece, the almost continual rhyme, and even the poverty of the fable, are to us evidences of the very highest art having obtained a perfect mastery of its materials after years of patient study. Of all the dramas of Shakspeare there is none more entirely harmonious than 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream.' All the incidents, all the characters, are in perfect subordination to the will of the poet. "Throughout the whole piece," says Malone, "the more exalted characters are subservient to the interests of those beneath them." Precisely so. An unpractised author—one who had not "a youthful and lively imagination" under perfect control,—when he had got hold of the Theseus and Hippolyta of the heroic ages, would have made them ultra-heroical. They would have commanded events, instead of moving with the supernatural influence around them in harmony and proportion. "Theseus, the associate of Hercules, is not engaged in any adventure worthy of his rank or reputation, nor is he in reality an agent throughout the play." Precisely so. An immature poet, again, if the marvellous creation of Oberon, and Titania, and Puck could have entered into such a mind, would have laboured to make the power of the fairies produce some strange and striking events. But the exquisite beauty of Shakspeare's conception is, that, under the supernatural influence, "the human mortals" move precisely according to their respective natures and habits. Demetrius and Lysander are impatient and revengeful; Helena is dignified and affectionate, with a spice of female error; Hermia is somewhat vain and shrewish. And then Bottom! Who but the most skilful artist could have given us such a character? Malone says, that in Bottom, Shakspeare intended to ridicule "the ambition of a theatrical candidate for applause." Why, Bottom the weaver is the representative of the whole human race; the personification

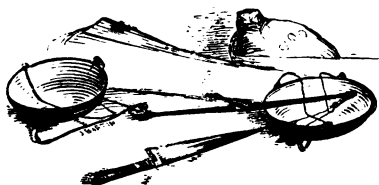
of that self-love which the simple cannot conceal, and the wise can with difficulty suppress.

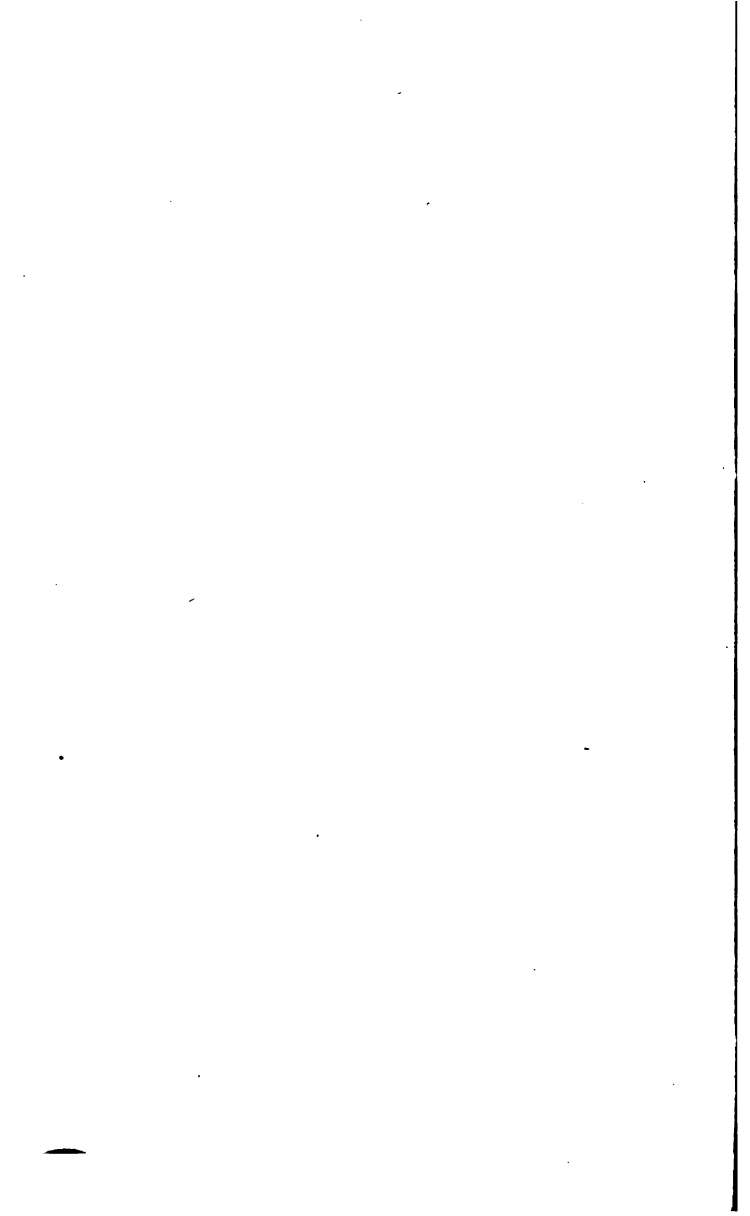
There is, perhaps, no play of Shakspeare that demands such an entire surrender of the mind to its poetical spirit. We believe that if any single composition were required to exhibit the power of the English language for purposes of poetry, that composition would be the 'Midsummer-Night's Dream.'



THE MERCHANT OF

VENICE





PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

PRINCE OF ARRAGON, *suitor to Portia*.

Appears, Act II. sc. 9.

PRINCE OF MOROCCO, *suitor to Portia*.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 7.

ANTONIO, *the Merchant of Venice*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 6. Act III. sc. 3.

Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

BASSANIO, *friend to Antonio*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.

Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

SOLANIO, *friend to Antonio and Bassanio*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 4; sc. 8. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Act IV. sc. 1.

SALARINO, *friend to Antonio and Bassanio*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 8.

Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1.

GRATIANO, *friend to Antonio and Bassanio*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 2.

Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

LORENZO, *in love with Jessica*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 4; sc. 6.

Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.

SHYLOCK, *a Jew*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3.

Act IV. sc. 1.

TUBAL, *a Jew, friend to Shylock*.

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *a clown, servant to Shylock*.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 5.

Act V. sc. 1.

Old GONDO, father to Launcelot.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

BALTHAZAR, servant to Portia.

Appears, Act III. sc. 4.

STEPHANO, servant to Portia.

Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

PORTIA, a rich heiress.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 7; sc. 9.

Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

NERISSA, waiting-maid to Portia.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 7; sc. 9.

Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

Appears, Act II. sc. 3; sc. 5; sc. 6.

Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.

*Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler,
Servants, and other Attendants.*

SCENE,—PARTLY AT VENICE; AND PARTLY AT BELMONT, THE SEAT
OF PORTIA, ON THE CONTINENT.

'THE MERCHANT OF VENICE' was first printed in 1600, two editions appearing in the same year—the one bearing the name of a publisher, Thomas Heyes, the other that of a printer, J. Roberts. The play was not reprinted till it appeared in the folio of 1623. In that edition there are a few variations from the quartos. All these editions present the internal evidence of having been printed from correct copies. 'The Merchant of Venice' is one of the plays of Shakspeare mentioned by Francis Meres in 1598, and it is the last mentioned in his list.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SOLANIO.

ANT. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 't is made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

SALAR. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

SOLAN. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

SALAR. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.

I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

ANT. Believe me, no; I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

SALAR. Why, then you are in love.

ANT.

Fie, fie!

SALAR. Not in love neither? Then let us say, you are sad
Because you are not merry: an 't were as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper:
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they 'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

SOLAN. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.

SALAR. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

ANT. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

SALAR. Good morrow, my good lords.

BASS. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say,
when?

You grow exceeding strange: Must it be so?

SALAR. We 'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[Exeunt SALARINO and SOLANIO.]

LOR. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time
I pray you have in mind where we must meet.

BASS. I will not fail you.

GRA. You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

ANT. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

GRA. Let me play the Fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, "I am sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

LOR. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

GRA. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

ANT. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

GRA. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt GRATIANO and LORENZO.*]

ANT. Is that anything now?

BASS. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more
than any man in all Venice: His reasons are two grains of
wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day
ere you find them; and when you have them they are not
worth the search.

ANT. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

BASS. 'T is not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd: To you, Antonio,
I owe the most in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

ANT. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd

My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

BASS. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

ANT. You know me well: and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore speak.

BASS. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues. Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O, my Antonio! had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

ANT. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;

Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

POR. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

NER. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: It is no small happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

POR. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

NER. They would be better, if well followed.

POR. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

NER. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you,)

will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

POR. I pray thee, overname them; and as thou namest them I will describe them; and according to my description level at my affection.

NER. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

POR. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith.

NER. Then, is there the County Palatine.

POR. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, "An you will not have me, choose;" he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather to be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

NER. How say you by the French lord, monsieur le Bon?

POR. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker. But he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle sing he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him I should marry twenty husbands: If he would despise me I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness I shall never requite him.

NER. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

POR. You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture. But, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

NER. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

POR. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

NER. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

POR. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

NER. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will if you should refuse to accept him.

POR. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

NER. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is, indeed, to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

POR. If I live to be as old as Sibylla I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I wish them a fair departure.

NER. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the marquis of Montferrat?

POR. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think so was he called.

NER. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

POR. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise. How now! what news?

Enter a Servant.

SERV. The four strangers seek you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

POR. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—Venice. *A public Place.*

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

SHY. Three thousand ducats,—well.

BASS. Ay, sir, for three months.

SHY. For three months,—well.

BASS. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

SHY. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

BASS. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

SHY. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

BASS. Your answer to that.

SHY. Antonio is a good man.

BASS. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

SHY. Oh no, no, no, no;—my meaning in saying he is a good man is, to have you understand me that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and

rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient;—three thousand ducats;—I think I may take his bond.

BASS. Be assured you may.

SHY. I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured I will bethink me: May I speak with Antonio?

BASS. If it please you to dine with us.

SHY. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into! I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.—What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

BASS. This is signior Antonio.

SHY. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks! I hate him for he is a Christian: But more, for that, in low simplicity, He lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation; and he rails, Even there where merchants most do congregate, On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift, Which he calls interest: Cursed be my tribe If I forgive him!

BASS. Shylock, do you hear?

SHY. I am debating of my present store: And, by the near guess of my memory, I cannot instantly raise up the gross Of full three thousand ducats: What of that? Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe, Will furnish me: But soft: How many months Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior: [*To ANTONIO.*] Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

ANT. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow, By taking, nor by giving of excess, Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend, I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd

How much you would?

SHY. Ay, ay, three thousand ducata.

ANT. And for three months.

SHY. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and, let me see. But hear you:
Methought you said, you neither lend nor borrow,
Upon advantage.

ANT. I do never use it.

SHY. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

ANT. And what of him? did he take interest?

SHY. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall, as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd pill'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning-time
Fall particolour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

ANT. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

SHY. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.

ANT. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;

O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

SHY. Three thousand ducats,—'t is a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

ANT. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

SHY. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to then: you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys;" You say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
"Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys?"

ANT. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalties.

SHY. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love;
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with;
Supply your present wants, and take no doit

Of usance for my moneys, and you 'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

BASS. This were kindness.

SHY. This kindness will I show:

Go with me to a notary: seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

ANT. Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

BASS. You shall not seal to such a bond for me;
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

ANT. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

SHY. O father Abraham, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour I extend this friendship;
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

ANT. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

SHY. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you.

[*Exit.*]

ANT. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

BASS. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

ANT. Come on; in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and his Train; PORTIA, NERISSA, and other of her Attendants.

MOR. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear,
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

POR. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

MOR. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince

That won three fields of sultan Solyman,
I would o'er-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

POR. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.

MOR. Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

POR. First, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

MOR. Good fortune then! [*Cornets.*
To make me bless'd, or curs'd'st among men. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter LAUNCELOT GORBO.

LAUN. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master: The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me; saying to me,—Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away:—My conscience says,—no; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or (as aforesaid) honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run: scorn running with thy heels: Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack. Via! says the fiend; away! says the fiend, for the heavens; rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—my honest friend, Launcelot, being an honest man's son, or rather an honest woman's son;—for,

indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, Launcelot, budge not: budge, says the fiend; budge not, says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation: and, in my conscience, my conscience is a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter Old GOBBO, with a basket.

GOB. Master, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to master Jew's?

LAUN. [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try conclusions with him.

GOB. Master young gentleman, I pray you which is the way to master Jew's?

LAUN. Turn upon your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

GOB. By God's sonties, 't will be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot that dwells with him dwell with him, or no?

LAUN. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now—[*aside*—]—now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

GOB. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

LAUN. Well, let his father be what a will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

GOB. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot.

LAUN. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young master Launcelot.

GOB. Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

LAUN. *Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

GOB. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

LAUN. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

GOB. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive or dead?

LAUN. Do you not know me, father?

GOB. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

LAUN. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

GOB. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

LAUN. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

GOB. I cannot think you are my son.

LAUN. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery, your wife, is my mother.

GOB. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my phill-horse has on his tail.

LAUN. It should seem then that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

GOB. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

LAUN. Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew. Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANTIO, with LEONARDO, and other Followers.

BASS. You may do so:—but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [Exit a Servant.]

LAUN. To him, father.

GOB. God bless your worship!

BASS. Gramercy! Wouldst thou aught with me?

GOB. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

LAUN. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

GOB. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve,—

LAUN. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

GOB. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins:

LAUN. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

GOB. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

LAUN. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

BASS. One speak for both:—What would you?

LAUN. Serve you, sir.

GOB. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

BASS. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit:

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

LAUN. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

BASS. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son:—
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out:—give him a livery [To his Followers.
More guarded than his fellows': See it done.

LAUN. Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no!—I have ne'er a tongue in my head!—Well [*looking on his palm*]; if any man in Italy have a fairer table; which doth offer to swear upon a book I shall have good fortune! Go to, here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: Alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows and nine maids, is a simple coming in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come. I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt LAUNCELOT and Old GOBBO.*]

BASS. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

LEON. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

GRA. Where's your master?

LEON. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit LEON.*]

GRA. Signior Bassanio,—

BASS. Gratiano!

GRA. I have a suit to you.

BASS. You have obtain'd it.

GRA. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

BASS. Why, then you must.—But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou'rt too wild, too rude and bold of voice;

Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where they are not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal:—pray thee take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconster'd in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

GRA. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam,—never trust me more.

BASS. Well, we shall see your bearing.

GRA. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

BASS. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: But fare you well,
I have some business.

GRA. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Venice. *A Room in Shylock's House.*

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

JES. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:
But fare thee well: there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

LAUN. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived: But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu! *[Exit.]*

JES. Farewell, good Launcelot.
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SOLANIO.

LOR. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time;
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

GRA. We have not made good preparation.

SALAR. We have not spoke us yet of torchbearers.

SOLAN. 'T is vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

LOR. 'T is now but four o'clock; we have two hours
To furnish us.—

Enter LAUNCELOT with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

LAUN. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall
seem to signify.

LOR. I know the hand: in faith, 't is a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

GRA. Love-news, in faith.

LAUN. By your leave, sir.

LOR. Whither goest thou?

LAUN. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup
to-night with my new master the Christian.

LOR. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica,

I will not fail her;—speak it privately: go.

Gentlemen, [Exit LAUNCELOT.

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?

I am provided of a torchbearer.

SALAR. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

SOLAN. And so will I.

LOR. Meet me and Gratiano

At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

SALAR. 'T is good we do so. [Exeunt SALAR. and SOLAN.

GRA. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

LOR. I must needs tell thee all: She hath directed

How I shall take her from her father's house;

What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;

What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,

It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:

And never dare misfortune cross her foot,

Unless she do it under this excuse,—

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:

Fair Jessica shall be my torchbearer. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Venice. *Before Shylock's House.*

Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.

SHY. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:

What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandise,

As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!—

And sleep, and snore, and rend apparel out;—

Why, Jessica, I say!

LAUN. Why, Jessica!

SHY. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

LAUN. Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

JES. Call you? What is your will?

SHY. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica;

There are my keys:—But wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house.—I am right loth to go;
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

LAUN. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

SHY. So do I his.

LAUN. And they have conspired together,—I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

SHY. What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
Say, I will come.

LAUN. I will go before, sir.—
Mistress, look out at window, for all this;

There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [Exit LAUN.

SHY. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring; ha?

JES. His words were, Farewell, mistress; nothing else.

SHY. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;

Do as I bid you,
Shut doors after you: Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

[Exit.]

JES. Farewell; and if my fortune be not cross'd,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost.

[Exit.]

SCENE VI.—*The same.**Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.*

GRA. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.

SALAR. His hour is almost past.

GRA. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

SALAR. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

GRA. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younger, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

SALAR. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this hereafter.

LOR. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode:
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA, above, in boy's clothes.

JES. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

LOR. Lorenzo, and thy love.

JES. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I so much? and now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

LOR. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that thou art.

JES. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 't is night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

LOR. Descend, for you must be my torchbearer.

JES. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too, too light.
Why, 't is an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscur'd.

LOR. So you are, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

JES. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[Exit, from above.]

GRA. Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.

LOR. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily:
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, below.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[Exit, with JESSICA and SALARINO.]

Enter ANTONIO.

ANT. Who 's there?

GRA. Signior Antonio?

ANT. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'T is nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you:
No masque to-night; the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

GRA. I am glad on 't; I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and both their Trains.

POR. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice.

MOR. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears:

“Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.”

The second, silver, which this promise carries:

“Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.”

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt:

“Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.”

How shall I know if I do choose the right?

POR. The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

MOR. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see.
I will survey the inscriptions back again:
What says this leaden casket:

“Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.”

Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens: Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;

I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.

What says the silver, with her virgin hue?

“Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.”

As much as he deserves!—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand :
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough ; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady :
And yet to be afraid of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve!—Why, that 's the lady :
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding ;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?—
Let 's see once more this saying grav'd in gold :

“ Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.”

Why, that 's the lady: all the world desires her :
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia :
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits ; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is 't like that lead contains her? 'T were damnation
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she 's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold ; but that 's insculp'd upon ;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key ;
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. *[He unlocks the golden casket.]*

MOR. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll? I'll read the writing.

"All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold."

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:

Then, farewell heat; and welcome frost.—

Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

[Exit.]

POR. A gentle riddance:—Draw the curtains, go;—
Let all of his complexion choose me so.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SALARINO and SOLANIO.

SALAR. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

SOLAN. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

SALAR. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica;
Besides, Antonio certified the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

SOLAN. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
"My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian?—O my Christian ducats!—

Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!"

SALAR. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

SOLAN. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

SALAR. Marry, well remember'd:
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me,—in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

SOLAN. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

SALAR. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return; he answer'd—"Do not so,
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:"
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

SOLAN. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

SALAR. Do we so.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IX.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.**Enter NERISSA, with a Servant.*

NER. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain straight;
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA,
and their Trains.*

POR. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince;
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnis'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

AR. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 't was I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

POR. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

AR. And so have I address'd me: Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.

“Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath:”
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:

“Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.”
What many men desire.—That many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to th' interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,

Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:"

And well said too. For who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit! Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."

I will assume desert:—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

POR. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

AR. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

POR. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

AR. What is here?

"The fire seven times tried this;
Seven times tried that judgment is
That did never choose amiss:
Some there be that shadows kiss;

Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So begone; you are sped."

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt ARRAGON and Train*]

POR. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

NER. The ancient saying is no heresy;—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

POR. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Where is my lady?

POR. Here; what would my lord?

SERV. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord:
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

POR. No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid,
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

NER. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.**Enter SOLANIO and SALARINO.*

SOLAN. Now, what news on the Rialto?

SALAR. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wracked on the narrow seas,—the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

SOLAN. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband: But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

SALAR. Come, the full stop.

SOLAN. Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

SALAR. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

SOLAN. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

SHY. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

SALAR. That's certain. I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

SOLAN. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

SHY. She is damned for it.

SALAR. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

SHY. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

SOLAN. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

SHY. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

SALAR. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish:—But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

SHY. There I have another bad match: a bankrout, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart. Let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

SALAR. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh? What's that good for?

SHY. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge: If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

SALAR. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

SOLAN. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[Exeunt SOLANIO, SALARINO, and Servant.]

SHY. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

TUB. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

SHY. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not how much is spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding.

TUB. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

SHY. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

TUB. —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

SHY. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

TUB. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wrack.

SHY. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

TUB. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats!

SHY. Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

TUB. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

SHY. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

TUB. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

SHY. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my purpouse: I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

TUB. But Antonio is certainly undone.

SHY. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, fee an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have

the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will: Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants.
The caskets are set out.

POR. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There 's something tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality:
But lest you should not understand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you 'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours: O! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.
I speak too long; but 't is to peize the time;
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

BASS. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

POR. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

BASS. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

POR. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak anything.

BASS. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

POR. Well, then, confess, and live.

BASS. Confess, and love,

Had been the very sum of my confession :

O happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance!

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

POR. Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;

If you do love me, you will find me out.

Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.

Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,

Fading in music: that the comparison

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,

And watery death-bed for him: He may win;

And what is music then? then music is

Even as the flourish when true subjects bow

To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,

That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,

With no less presence, but with much more love,

Than young Alcides, when he did redeem

The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy

To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,

The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,

With bleared visages, come forth to view

The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!

Live thou, I live:—With much, much more dismay

I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

Music, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.

SONG.

1. Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

2. It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

ALL. Ding, dong, bell.

BASS. So may the outward shows be least themselves;
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 't is purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian; beauty, in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man. But thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,

Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

POR. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealousy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

BASS. What find I here?

[Opening the leaden casket.]

Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd: Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprising it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

“You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true! .
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.”

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave :
I come by note, to give and to receive.

[Kissing her.]

Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

POR. You see, my lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself:
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord,—I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

BASS. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear

Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd: But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

NER. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord and lady!

GRA. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And, when your honours mean to solemnise
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

BASS. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

GRA. I thank your lordship; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I sweat again,
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

POR. Is this true, Nerissa?

NER. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

BASS. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

GRA. Yes, faith, my lord.

BASS. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

GRA. We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats.

NER. What, and stake down?

GRA. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.
But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Solanio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SOLANIO.

BASS. Lorenzo, and Solanio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

POR. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.

LOR. I thank your honour:—For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Solanio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

SOLAN. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*]

BASS. Ere I ope this letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

SOLAN. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

GRA. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Solanio. What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

SOLAN. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!

POR. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek;
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.

BASS. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady

When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart: When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Solanio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

SOLAN. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

JES. When I was with him, I have heard him swea.
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

POR. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

BASS. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

POR. What sum owes he the Jew?

BASS. For me, three thousand ducats.

POR.

What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife:
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Nerissa, and myself, meantime,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

BASS. [*Reads.*]

"Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death; notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

POR. O love, despatch all business, and be gone.

BASS. Since I have your good leave to go away,

I will make haste: but, till I come again,

No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,

Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler.

SHY. Gaoler, look to him. Tell not me of mercy;—
This is the fool that lends out money gratis;—
Gaoler, look to him.

ANT. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

SHY. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause:
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

ANT. I pray thee, hear me speak.

SHY. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond. [*Exit SHYLOCK.*]

SALAR. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

ANT. Let him alone;

I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

SALAR. I am sure the duke

Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

ANT. The duke cannot deny the course of law,
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice; if it be denied,
'T will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh

To-morrow to my bloody creditor.

Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Bassanio comè

To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and BALTHAZAR.

LOR. Madam, although I speak it in your presence.
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

POR. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord: If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;

The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

LOR. Madam, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

POR. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

LOR. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

JES. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

POR. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[*Exeunt JESSICA and LORENZO.*]

Now, Balthazar,

As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice:—waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

BAITH. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [Exit.]

POR. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

NER. Shall they see us?

POR. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,

Which I denying they fell sick and died ;
I could not do withal : then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them :
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth :—I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

NER. Why, shall we turn to men ?

POR. Fie ! what a question 's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter !
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate ; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V.—*The same. A Garden.*

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.

LAUN. Yes, truly ;—for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children ; therefore, I promise you I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter : Therefore, be of good cheer ; for, truly, I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good ; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

JES. And what hope is that, I pray thee ?

LAUN. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

JES. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed ; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

LAUN. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother : thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother ; well, you are gone both ways.

JES. I shall be saved by my husband ; he hath made me a Christian.

LAUN. Truly, the more to blame he : we were Christians enough before ; e'en as many as could well live, one by another : This making of Christians will raise the price of

hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

JES. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

LOR. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

JES. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo. Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

LOR. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly; the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

LAUN. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

LOR. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

LAUN. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

LOR. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

LAUN. That is done, too, sir: only, cover is the word.

LOR. Will you cover, then, sir?

LAUN. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

LOR. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning; go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

LAUN. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming into dinner, sir, why let it be as humours and conceits shall govern.

[Exit LAUNCELOT.]

LOR. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory

An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion;—
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

JES. Past all expressing: It is very meet,
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

LOR. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

JES. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

LOR. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

JES. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

LOR. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoever thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

JES. Well, I'll set you forth.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Court of Justice.*

*Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO,
SALARINO, SOLANIO, and others.*

DUKE. What, is Antonio here?

ANT. Ready, so please your grace.

DUKE. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

ANT. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

DUKE. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

SOLAN. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

DUKE. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 't is thought
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

SHY. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.

You 'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I 'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: Is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
Master of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes: Now, for your answer.
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bagpipe,—but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

BASS. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

SHY. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

BASS. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

SHY. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

BASS. Every offence is not a hate at first.

SHY. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

ANT. I pray you, think you question with the Jew,
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)

His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

BASS. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

SHY. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them,—I would have my bond.

DUKE. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

SHY. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you.
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 't is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: answer, shall I have it?

DUKE. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

SOLAN. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

DUKE. Bring us the letters; Call the messenger.

BASS. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man! courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

ANT. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

DUKE. Come you, from Padua, from Bellario?

NER. From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace.

[Presents a letter.]

BASS. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

SHY. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there.

GRA. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

SHY. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

GRA. O, be thou damn'd, execrable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, sterv'd, and ravenous.

SHY. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth; or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

DUKE. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court:—
Where is he?

NER. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

DUKE. With all my heart:—some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter. *[Clerk reads.]*

“Your grace shall understand that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of

Rome; his name is Balthasar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend), comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation."

DUKE. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

POR. I did, my lord.

DUKE. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

POR. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

DUKE. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

POR. Is your name Shylock?

SHY. Shylock is my name.

POR. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger, do you not? [To ANTONIO.

ANT. Ay, so he says.

POR. Do you confess the bond?

ANT. I do.

POR. Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHY. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

POR. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

SHY. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

POR. Is he not able to discharge the money?

BASS. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

POR. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:

'T will be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

SHY. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

POR. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

SHY. Here 't is, most reverend doctor, here it is.

POR. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

SHY. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

POR. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

SHY. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

ANT. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

POR. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

SHY. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

POR. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

SHY. 'T is very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

POR. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

SHY. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

POR. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh the flesh?

SHY. I have them ready.

POR. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

SHY. Is it so nominated in the bond?

POR. It is not so express'd; But what of that?
'T were good you do so much for charity.

SHY. I cannot find it; 't is not in the bond.

POR. Come, merchant, have you anything to say?

ANT. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

BASS. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life;
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

POR. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

GRA. I have a wife, whom I protest I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

NER. 'T is well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

SHY. These be the Christian husbands: I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! [*Aside.*]
We trifle time; I pray thee pursue sentence.

POR. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

SHY. Most rightful judge!

POR. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

SHY. Most learned judge!—A sentence; come, prepare.

POR. Tarry a little;—there is something else.—

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are a pound of flesh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

GRA. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew!—O learned judge!

SHY. Is that the law?

POR. Thyself shall see the act:

For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

GRA. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!

SHY. I take this offer then,—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

BASS. Here is the money.

POR. Soft.

The Jew shall have all justice;—soft;—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

GRA. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

POR. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple,—nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

GRA. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

POR. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

SHY. Give me my principal, and let me go.

BASS. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

POR. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

GRA. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

SHY. Shall I not have barely my principal?

POR. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

SHY. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

POR. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

GRA. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

DUKE. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

POR. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

SHY. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

POR. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

GRA. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

ANT. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have

The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter ;
Two things provided more,—That for this favour,
He presently become a Christian ;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

DUKE. He shall do this ; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

POR. Art thou contented, Jew ; what dost thou say ?

SHY. I am content.

POR. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

SHY. I pray you give me leave to go from hence :
I am not well ; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

DUKE. Get thee gone, but do it.

GRA. In christening, thou shalt have two godfathers ;
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font.

[Exit SHYLOCK.]

DUKE. Sir, I entreat you with me home to dinner.

POR. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon.
I must away this night toward Padua ;
And it is meet I presently set forth.

DUKE. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman ;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[Exeunt DUKE, Magnificoes, and Train.]

BASS. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties ; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

ANT. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

POR. He is well paid that is well satisfied :
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid ;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.

I pray you know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

BASS. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further;
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

POR. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

BASS. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

POR. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

BASS. There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this I pray you pardon me.

POR. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

BASS. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

POR. That'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* PORTIA and NERISSA.]

ANT. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued against your wife's commandment.

BASS. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house:—away, make haste. [*Exit* GRATIANO]
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—Venice. *A Street.**Enter* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

POR. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

GRA. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

POR. That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

GRA. That will I do.

NER. Sir, I would speak with you:—
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [To PORTIA.
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

POR. Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old swearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.

NER. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?

[Exeunt.

ACT V.SCENE I.—Belmont. *Avenue to Portia's House.**Enter* LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

LOR. The moon shines bright:—In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise,—in such a night,

Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

JES. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

LOR. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

JES. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

LOR. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

JES. In such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

LOR. In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

JES. I would out-night you, did no body come:
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

LOR. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

STEPH. A friend.

LOR. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you,
friend.

STEPH. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont; she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

LOR. Who comes with her?

STEPH. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.

I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

LOR. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

LAUN. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!

LOR. Who calls?

LAUN. Sola! Did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress
Lorenzo? sola, sola!

LOR. Leave hollaing, man; here.

LAUN. Sola! Where? where?

LOR. Here.

LAUN. Tell him there's a post come from my master, with
his horn full of good news; my master will be here ere
morning. *[Exit.*

LOR. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter:—Why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand:
And bring your music forth into the air. *[Exit STEPHANO.*
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress ear,
And draw her home with music. *[Music.*

JES. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

LOR. The reason is your spirits are attentive :
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music : Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature ;
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus :
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA at a distance.

POR. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

NER. When the moon shone we did not see the candle.

POR. So doth the greater glory dim the less :
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by ; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music ! hark !

NER. It is your music, madam, of the house.

POR. Nothing is good, I see, without respect ;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

NER. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

POR. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended ; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are

To their right praise, and true perfection!—
Peace! How the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd!

[*Music ceases.*]

LOR. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

POR. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

LOR. Dear lady, welcome home.

POR. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

LOR. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

POR. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo:—Jessica, nor you. [*A tucket sounds.*]

LOR. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

POR. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick.
It looks a little paler; 't is a day
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their Followers.

BASS. We should hold day with the antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

POR. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me;
But God sort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

BASS. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend.—
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

POR. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

ANT. No more than I am well acquitted of.

POR. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,

Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.

[GRATIANO and NERISSA seem to talk apart.]

GRA. By yonder moon, I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

POR. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?

GRA. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose posy was
For all the world, like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."

NER. What talk you of the posy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till the hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

GRA. He will, an if he live to be a man.

NER. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

GRA. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not, for my heart deny him.

POR. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands,—
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An't were to me, I should be mad at it.

BASS. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear, I lost the ring defending it.

GRA. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away

[Aside.]

Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.

POR. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

BASS. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

POR. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

NER. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

BASS. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

POR. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for 't, but some woman had the ring.

BASS. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;

I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it: Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

POR. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him anything I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus;
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

NER. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

GRA. Well, do you so: let not me take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

ANT. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

POR. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

BASS. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

POR. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself:
In each eye one:—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

BASS. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

ANT. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,

[To PORTIA.]

Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord

Will never more break faith advisedly.

POR. Then you shall be his surety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.

ANT. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

BASS. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

POR. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

NER. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

GRA. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?

POR. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but e'en now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

ANT. I am dumb.

BASS. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

GRA. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

NER. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

BASS. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;
When I am absent then lie with my wife.

ANT. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

POR. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

NER. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—

There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

LOR. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

POR. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full: Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

GRA. Let it be so; The first inter'gatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[*Exeunt.*]

VARIOUS READINGS.

"Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the *burning* sun." (ACT II., Sc. 1.)

This is Mr. Collier's reading, after his folio Corrector, in the place of "the *burnish'd* sun." The African prince, according to Mr. Collier, "is speaking of his black complexion as the effect of the sun's rays. To speak of the sun as artificially burnish'd is very unworthy."

How easy is it to make the prosaic look "much more proper" (as this new reading is eulogised) than the poetical. The "burning" sun gives no notion of the *brightness* to which the Moor's complexion was the *shadow*. What is intensely polished appears to burn; and the active verbs "burn" and "burnish," are synonymous. Crashaw uses the same epithet, in the same way:—

"The judge of torments, and the
king of tears,
He fills a *burnish'd* throne of
quenchless fire."

"Well, the most *contagious* fiend bids me pack."
(ACT II., Sc. 2.)

"Launcelot," says Mr. Collier, "in the old copies calls the devil a *courageous* fiend,—a word certainly very ill applied, when he is advising the boy to run away."

When the Corrector, in his dashing way, not having the slightest conception of humour, changed the epithet to *contagious*, he forgot to change the words of the next sentence, which carry on the humour: "rouse up a *brave* mind, says the fiend, and *run*."

"Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian; beauty, in a word," &c.

(ACT III., Sc. 2.)

The ordinary reading is "veiling an Indian beauty." The MS. Corrector, by this slight change in the punctuation, has removed a diffi-

We have adopted the corrected punctuation, without any doubt; for it is an unforced, and therefore valuable, change.

culty; for Mr. Collier justly says, that "beauty," so punctuated, was the converse of what the poet intended.

"Why he a *bolten* bagpipe."

(ACT IV., Sc. 1.)

Shakspeare's word, according to Mr. Collier, was unquestionably *bolten*, from the Anglo-Saxon, which means swollen.

Woollen is the original word. Steevens reads *swollen*. Douce adheres to *woollen*, as the Northern bagpipe is covered with cloth.

GLOSSARY.

BLACK MONDAY. Act II., Sc. 5.

According to Stow, the chronicler, the Easter Monday of 1360 (April 14, 34 Edw. III.) was so called because then "King Edward, with his host, lay before the city of Paris, which day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold, that many men died on their horses' backs."

BREAK-UP. Act II., Sc. 4.

"An it shall please you to break up this."

Steevens has said that to *break-up* is a term of carving, otherwise it would hardly need to be explained to mean to open. In the 'Winter's Tale' we have "break-up the seals, and read."

CONTAIN. Act V., Sc. 1.

"Or your own honour to contain the ring."

Contain is here used as synonymous with *retain*.

DANGER. Act IV., Sc. 1.

"You stand within his danger."

Dr. Jamieson says, "In his dawnger, under his dawnger, in his power as a captive. The old French *danger* frequently occurs as signifying power, dominion." Steevens quotes a passage in which the phrase is used for debt, but Portia uses it in a wider sense than this.

DWELL. Act I., Sc. 3.

"I'll rather dwell in my necessity."

I'd rather continue, remain, in my necessity.

EANLINGS. Act I., Sc. 3.

"All the eanlings which were streak'd or pied."

Eanlings are lambs just dropped.

ENVY. Act IV., Sc. 1.

"Out of his envy's reach."

Envy is here used in the sense of *hatred*, *malice*; as in Mark xv. 10, "For he knew that the chief priests had delivered him for envy."

FALL. Act I., Sc. 3.

"Did in eaning-time

Fall party-colour'd lambs."

Fall, as in many other instances, is here used actively to let fall.

FEARFUL GUARD. Act I., Sc. 3.

"See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave."

A fearful guard is a guard that is the cause of fear.

FOND. Act III., Sc. 3.

"I do wonder,

Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond."

The old word *fond* is generally used in the sense of foolish, but here it seems to have the more modern sense of indulgent, tender, weakly compassionate.

FOR THE HEAVENS. Act II., Sc. 2.

"A petty oath," according to Gifford. It occurs in Ben Jonson and Dekker.

GEAR. Act I., Sc. 1.

"I'll grow a talker for this gear."

A colloquial expression, meaning for this matter. The Anglo-Saxon *gearwian*, is, to prepare, to make ready; *gear* is the thing prepared,—the business or matter in question.

GUARDED. Act II., Sc. 2.

"Give him a livery

More guarded than his fellows."

More ornamented, laced, fringed.

GUILED. Act III., Sc. 2.

"This ornament is but the guiled shore."

Guiled is here used actively for guiling—deceiving. The active and passive participles are often substituted each for the other, by Shakspeare, and the other Elizabethan poets.

IMPERTINENT. Act II., Sc. 2.

"The suit is impertinent to myself."

Launcelot means pertinent. Though one "who can play upon a word," he is yet a blunderer.

INEXECRABLE. Act IV., Sc. 1.

"Inexecrable dog!"

The *in* is used as an augmentative particle, the meaning being most execrable.

INTERGATORIES. Act V., Sc. 1. Interrogatories. This elision is several times used by Ben Jonson.

KNAPP'D. Act III., Sc. 1.

"As ever knapp'd ginger."

To knap is to break off short, to snap. The word is still used in the north: *knapping stanes* is to break stones small for the roads.

O'ERLOOK'D. Act III., Sc. 2.

"Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me."

The word is here used in the sense derived from the popular superstition, still current in the East and even in Ireland, of the effects of an evil eye, and of the influence of fairies and witches. The *eyes* of Bassanio have *o'erlook'd* Portia, and she yields to the enchantment. In the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' we have the same idea:—

"Vild worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth."

OSTENT. Act II., Sc. 2.

"Like one well studied in a sad ostent."

Ostent is display.

PATCH. Act II., Sc. 5.

"The patch is kind enough."

The term patch was occasionally applied to the domestic fool, probably from the patched dress of his class, and in this way the word may have come to be used as an expression of contempt. The usurper in 'Hamlet,' the "vice of kings," was "a king of shreds and patches;" and in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' we have,—

"A crew of patches, rude mechanicals."

Shylock here uses the word in this sense. But Horne Tooke says, that patch is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *Pæcan*, *Pæccan*, to deceive by false appearances, by imitation, &c., to counterfeit.

PATINES. Act V., Sc. 1.

"The floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold."

A *patine* is the small flat dish or plate used in the service of the altar. In the folio the word is spelt *patens*.

PEIZE. Act III., Sc. 2.

"But 't is to peize the time."

Poise and *peise* are the same words. To weigh the time is to keep it in the balance—to delay it.

PHILL-HORSE. Act II., Sc. 2.

"Dobbin, my phill-horse."

The horse in the shafts; it is the same as thill-horse, a word still in use in the midland counties.

PILL'D. Act I., Sc. 3.

"The skilful shepherd pill'd me certain wands."

In the passage of Genesis to which Shylock alludes, the word *pilled* is used in the old as well as in the present translations of the Bible. It is synonymous with *peeled*, and is usually so printed in the above passage.

PORT. Act I., Sc. 1.

"By something showing a more swelling port."

Port is bearing, carriage, appearance.

POSSESS'D. Act I., Sc. 3.

"Is he yet possess'd

How much you would?"

Possess'd is informed.

PREST. Act I., Sc. 1.

"And I am prest unto it."

Ready. It is used in the same sense in 'Romeo and Juliet,' and in 'Pericles.'

REASON'D. Act II., Sc. 8.

"I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday."

Reason'd is here used for *discoursed*. Beaumont and Fletcher use it in a like manner,—

"There is no end of women's reasoning."

REGREETS. Act II., Sc. 9.

"From whom he bringeth sensible regrets."

Salutations, greetings.

RESPECTIVE. Act V., Sc. 1.

"You should have been respective."

Respective is here *regardful*, had more respect, regard, for.

SAND-BLIND. Act II., Sc. 2.

"Being more than sand-blind, high gravel-blind."

Sand-blind is having an imperfect sight, as if there was sand

in the eye. Gravel-blind is an exaggeration of Launcelot's of his own coinage, to express a higher degree of blindness. Pur-blind, if we may judge from a sentence in Latimer, is something less than sand-blind; "they be pur-blind and sand-blind."

SCARFED BARK. Act II., Sc. 6.

"The scarfed bark puts from her native bay."

A scarfed bark is a bark gay in the streamers.

SOMETIMES. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Sometimes from her eyes."

Sometimes is here used in the sense of formerly, in past times.

SONTIES. Act II., Sc. 2.

"By God's sonties."

A petty oath; the word is sometimes spelt *santies*, sanctities or holiness.

SORE. Act V., Sc. 1.

"So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring."

Sore is excessively, extremely, much.

SPET. Act I., Sc. 3.

"And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine."

In Shakspeare's time the generally-received orthography of *spet* was *spet*. Milton uses it thus:—

"The womb

Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom."

SQUANDER'D. Act I., Sc. 3.

"And other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad."

The meaning of squandered here is simply scattered. Mr. Waldron has given an example of this meaning of the word from Howell's Letters. "The Jews, once an elect people, but now grown contemptible, and strangely squandered up and down the world." In Dryden's 'Annus Mirabilis' we have the same expression applied to ships:—

"They drive, they squander, the huge Belgian fleet."

In Woodfall's 'Theatrical Repository,' 1801, Mr. Waldron states that "Macklin, mistakenly, spoke the word with a tone of reprobation, implying that Antonio had, as we say of prodigals, unthriftilly squandered his wealth."

STERV'D. Act IV., Sc. 1.

"Are wolfish, bloody, sterv'd, and ravenous."

Synonymous with starved, hungry.

TEN MORE. Act IV., Sc. 1.

"Thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows."

Jurymen were jestingly called godfathers. "Godfathers-in-law," as Ben Jonson has it.

TRANECT. Act III., Sc. 4.

"Unto the tranect, to the common ferry."

This is the only instance known of the use of the word *tranect* in English, and yet there is little doubt that the word is correct. *Tranare* and *trainare* are interpreted by Florio not only as to draw, which is the common acceptation, but as to pass or swim over. Thus the *tranect* was most probably the tow-boat of the ferry.

TRUTH. Act IV., Sc. 1.

"That malice bears down truth."

Truth is here used in the sense of honesty.

UNFURNISHED. Act III., Sc. 2.

"And leave itself unfurnish'd."

Unsurrounded by the other features.

USE. Act IV., Sc. 1.

"The other half in use."

In *usance*, lent on interest.

UPON THE HIP. Act I., Sc. 3.

"If I can catch him once upon the hip."

Johnson says the expression is taken from the practice of wrestling. In 'Othello' the expression is repeated,—

"I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip."

VAILING. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs."

To *vail* is to let down, to lower. The high-top was shattered, fallen, when the ship was on the shallows.

VENTURES. Act I., Sc. 1.

"My ventures are not in one bottom trusted."

This is, no doubt, a sort of proverbial phrase; a more elegant rendering of the common one as to having "all one's eggs in one basket." In his 'History of Richard III.' Sir Thomas More has—"for what wise merchant adventureth all his goods in one ship?"

WIT. Act II., Sc. 1.

"And hedg'd me by his wit."

Wit is here used in its ancient sense of mental power in general. To *wite*, from the Anglo-Saxon *witan*, is to know.

YOUNGER. Act II., Sc. 6.

"How like a younger, or a prodigal."

It is the same word as *younger* or *youngling*.

PLOT AND CHARACTERS.

WHAT a wonderful universality there is in many of those stories which have taken root in the popular mind. They belong to past centuries and countries far distant; and yet they seem to be contemporary and indigenous. Such is the main story of the *pound of flesh*, as well as the secondary plot of the *caskets*. Shakspeare has blended these two great features of the play with the most consummate dramatic skill.

It was from an Italian writer, Ser Giovanni, the author of a collection of tales, called '*Il Pecorone*,' written in the fourteenth century, and first published at Milan in 1558, that Shakspeare unquestionably derived some of the incidents of his story. A full epitome of a scarce translation of the tale, was first given in Johnson's edition of Shakspeare, and is reprinted all the variorum editions. In this story we have a rich lady at *Belmont*, who is to be won upon certain conditions; and she is finally the prize of a young merchant, whose friend, having become surety for him to a Jew, under the same penalty as in the play, is rescued from the forfeiture by the adroitness of the married lady, who is disguised as a lawyer. The pretended judge receives, as in the comedy, her marriage ring as a gratuity, and afterwards banters her husband, in the same way, upon the loss of it.

Some of the stories of '*Il Pecorone*,' as indeed of Boccaccio, and other early Italian writers, appear to have been the common property of Europe, derived from some Oriental origin. Mr. Douce has given an extremely curious extract from the English '*Gesta Romanorum*,'—"a Manuscript, preserved in the Harleian Collection, No. 7333, written in the reign of Henry the Sixth," in which the daughter of "Selestinus, a wise emperor in Rome," exacts somewhat similar conditions, from a knight who loved her, as the lady in the '*Pecorone*.' Being reduced to poverty by a compliance with these conditions, he applies to a merchant to lend him money;

and the loan is granted under the following covenant:—
“And the covenant shall be this, that thou make to me a charter of thine own blood, in condition that if thou keep not the day of payment, it shall be lawful to me for to draw away all the flesh of thy body from the bone with a sharp sword, and, if thou wilt assent hereto, I shall fulfille thy will.”
In this ancient story the borrower of the money makes himself subject to the penalty without the intervention of a friend; and, having forgotten the day of payment, is authorised by his wife to give any sum which is demanded. The money is refused by the merchant, and the charter of blood exacted. The story thus continues:—“Now, in all this time, the damsel his love had sent knights for to espy and inquire how the law was pursued against him. And, when she heard tell that the law passed against him, she cut off all the long hair of her head, and clad her in precious clothing like to a man, and went to the palace where her leman was to be judged, and saluted the justice, and all trowed that she had been a knight. And the judge inquired of what country she was, and what she had to do there. She said, I am a knight, and come of far country; and hear tidings that there is a knight among you that should be judged to death, for an obligation that he made to a merchant, and therefore I am come to deliver him. Then the judge said, It is law of the emperor, that whosoever bindeth him with his own proper will and consent without any constraining, he shall be served so again. When the damsel heard this, she turned to the merchant and said, Dear friend, what profit is it to thee that this knight, that standeth here, ready to the doom, be slain? It were better to thee to have money than to have him slain. Thou speakest all in vain, quoth the merchant; for, without doubt, I will have the law, since he bound himself so freely; and therefore he shall have none other grace than law will, for he came to me, and I not to him. I desire him not thereto against his will. Then, said she, I pray thee how much shall I give to have my petition? I shall give thee thy money double; and, if that be not pleasing to thee, ask of me what thou wilt, and thou shalt have. Then said he, Thou heardest me never say but that I would have my covenant kept. Truly, said she; and I say before you, Sir Judge, and

before you all, thou shalt believe me with a right knowledge of that I shall say to you. Ye have heard how much I have proffered this merchant for the life of this knight, and he forsaketh all and asketh for more, and that liketh me much. And therefore, lordings that be here, hear me what I shall say. Ye know well that the knight bound him by letter that the merchant should have power to cut his flesh from the bones, but there was no covenant made of shedding of blood. Thereof was nothing spoken; and, therefore, let him set hand on him anon; and if he shed any blood with his shaving of the flesh, forsooth, then shall the king have good law upon him. And when the merchant heard this, he said, Give me my money, and I forgive my action. Forsooth, quoth she, thou shalt not have one penny, for before all this company I proffered to thee all that I might, and thou forsook it, and saidst loudly, I shall have my covenant; and therefore do thy best with him, but look that thou shed no blood, I charge thee, for it is not thine, and no covenant was thereof. Then the merchant, seeing this, went away confounded; and so was the knight's life saved, and no penny paid."

In Mr. Douce's elaborate treatise upon the most singular collection of ancient stories, the '*Gesta Romanorum*,' we have the following analysis of the ninety-ninth chapter of the English '*Gesta*;' which, Mr. Douce says, "is obviously the story which supplied the caskets of 'The Merchant of Venice.'" "A marriage was proposed between the son of Anselmus, emperor of Rome, and the daughter of the King of Apulia. The young lady in her voyage was shipwrecked and swallowed by a whale. In this situation she contrived to make a fire and to wound the animal with a knife, so that he was driven towards the shore, and slain of an earl named Pirius, who delivered the princess and took her under his protection. On relating her story, she was conveyed to the emperor. In order to prove whether she was worthy to receive the hand of his son, he placed before her three vessels. The first was of gold, and filled with dead men's bones; on it was this inscription—'*Who chooses me shall find what he deserves*.' The second was of silver, filled with earth, and thus inscribed—'*Who chooses me shall find what nature covets*.' The third vessel was of lead, but filled with precious stones; it had this

inscription—*'Who chooses me shall find what God hath placed.'* The emperor then commanded her to choose one of the vessels, informing her that, if she made choice of that which should profit herself and others, she would obtain his son; if of what should profit neither herself nor others, she would lose him. The princess, after praying to God for assistance, preferred the leaden vessel. The emperor informed her that she had chosen as he wished, and immediately united her with his son."

Thus, then, out of these very ancient legends, and their Italian adaptations, Shakspeare has worked up one of the most attractive of his plays.

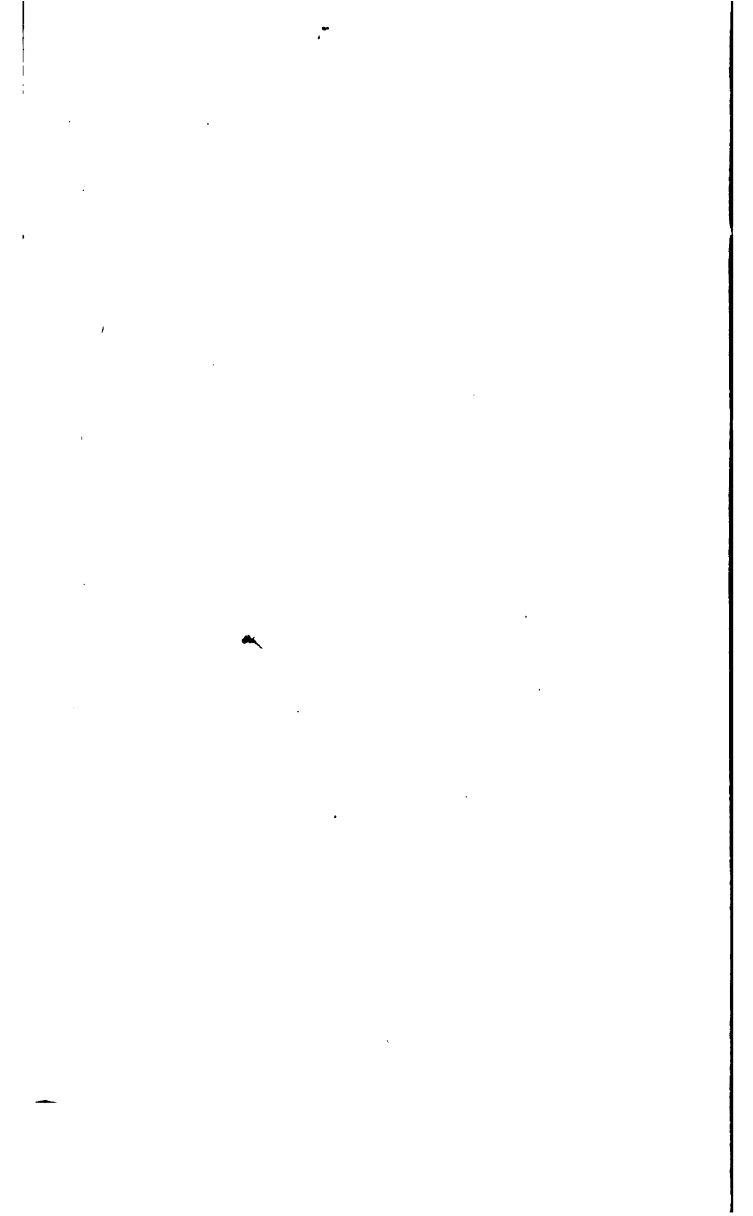
A German critic, Dr. Ulrici, has presented to us the entire plot of *'The Merchant of Venice'* under a very original aspect. His object has been to discover, what he maintains had not been previously discovered, the fundamental idea of the drama—the link which holds together all its apparently heterogeneous parts. The critic first passes the several characters in review. Antonio is the noble and great-hearted, yielding to a passive melancholy, produced by the weight of a too agitating life of action; Bassanio, somewhat inconsiderate, but generous and sensible, is the genuine Italian gentleman, in the best sense of the word; Portia is most amiable, and intellectually rich; Jessica is a child of nature, lost in an oriental love enthusiasm. The critic presents these characteristics in a very few words; but his portrait of Shylock is more elaborate. He is the well-struck image of the Jewish character in general—of the fallen member of a race dispersed over the whole earth, and enduring long centuries of persecution. Their firmness had become obstinacy; their quickness of intellect, craft; their love of possessions, a revolting avarice. "Nothing," says Dr. Ulrici, "had kept its rank in their universal decay, but the unconquerable constancy, the dry mummy-like tenacity of the Jewish nature. So appears Shylock—a pitiable ruin of a great and significant by-past time—the glimmering ash-spark of a faded splendour which can no longer warm or preserve, but can yet burn or destroy. We are as little able to deny him our compassion, as we can withhold our disgust against his modes of thinking and acting."

Throughout many of Shakspeare's plays, according to Dr. Ulrici, the leading fundamental idea, concentrated in itself, is so intentionally hidden—the *single* makes itself so decidedly important, and comes before us so free, and self-sustained, and complete,—that the entire work is occasionally exposed to the ungrounded reproach of looseness of plan and want of coherency. On the other hand, there are sufficient intimations of the meaning of the whole scattered throughout; so that whoever has in some degree penetrated into the depths of the Shakspearean art cannot well go wrong. The sense and significance of the process between Antonio and the Jew rest clearly upon the old juridical precept, *Summum jus, summa injuria* (the strictest law the highest injustice). Shylock has, clearly, all that is material, except justice, on his side; but, while he seizes and follows his right to the letter, he falls through it into the deepest and most criminal injustice; and the same injustice, through the internal necessity which belongs to the nature of sin, falls back destructively on his own head. The same aspect in which this principle is presented to us in its extremest harshness, in the case of Shylock, shows itself in various outbursts of light and shadow throughout all the remaining elements of this drama. The arbitrary will of her father, which fetters Portia's inclination, and robs her of all participation in the choice of a husband, rests certainly upon paternal right; but even this right, when carried to an extreme, becomes the highest injustice. The injustice which lies in the enforcement of this paternal right would have fallen with tragical weight, if *chance* had not conducted it to a fortunate issue. The flight and marriage of Jessica, against her father's will, comprehends a manifest injustice. Nevertheless, who will condemn her for having withdrawn herself from the power of such a father? In the sentence laid upon the Jew, by which he is compelled to recognise the marriage of his daughter, is again reflected the precept—*Summum jus, summa injuria*; right and unright are here so closely driven up into the same limit, that they are no longer separated, but immediately pass over one to the other. Thus we see that the different, and apparently heterogeneous, events unite themselves in the whole into one point.



AS YOU LIKE IT.





PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE, *living in exile.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 4.

FREDERICK, *brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dominions.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

AMIEKE, *a lord attending upon the Duke in his banishment.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 4.

JAQUES, *a lord attending upon the Duke in his banishment.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 5; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3.

Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 4.

LE BEAU, *a courtier attending upon Frederick.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

CHARLES, *wrestler to Frederick.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2.

OLIVER, *son of Sir Rowland de Bois.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3.

Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

JAQUES, *son of Sir Rowland de Bois.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 4.

ORLANDO, *son of Sir Rowland de Bois.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7.

Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

ADAM, *servant to Oliver.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7.

DENNIS, *servant to Oliver.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

TOUCHSTONE, *a clown.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3.

Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, *a vicar.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 3.

CORIN, *a shepherd.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.

SILVIUS, *a shepherd.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

WILLIAM, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

A person representing Hymen.

Appears, Act V. sc. 4.

ROSALIND, *daughter to the banished Duke.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 4.
Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

CELIA, *daughter to Frederick.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 4.
Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 4.

PHEB, *a shepherdess.*

Appears, Act. III. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

AUDREY, *a country wench.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.

SCENE,—FIRST, NEAR OLIVER'S HOUSE; AFTERWARDS, PARTLY IN THE
USURPER'S COURT, AND PARTLY IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

'AS YOU LIKE IT' was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. There appears to have been an intention to publish it separately, for we find it entered in the registers of the Stationers' Company, together with 'Henry V.' and 'Much Ado about Nothing.' There is no exact date to this entry, but it is conjectured to have been made in 1600. The text of the original folio is, upon the whole, a very correct one.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Orchard, near Oliver's House.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

ORL. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poor a thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept. For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

ADAM. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

ORL. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

OLI. Now, sir! what make you here?

ORL. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

OLI. What mar you then, sir?

ORL. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

OLI. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

ORL. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

OLI. Know you where you are, sir?

ORL. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

OLI. Know you before whom, sir?

ORL. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

OLI. What, boy!

ORL. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

OLI. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

ORL. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

ADAM. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

OLI. Let me go, I say.

ORL. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentlemanlike qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

OLI. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

ORI. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

OLI. Get you with him, you old dog.

ADAM. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*]

OLI. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

DEN. Calls your worship?

OLI. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

DEN. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

OLI. Call him in. [*Exit DENNIS.*]—'T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

CHA. Good morrow to your worship.

OLI. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the news at the new court?

CHA. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke: and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

OLI. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

CHA. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

OLI. Where will the old duke live?

CHA. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

OLI. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

CHA. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

OLI. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but, should I anatomise him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

CHA. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow I'll give him his payment: If ever he go alone

again I 'll never wrestle for prize more: And so, God keep your worship! [Exit.

OLL. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I 'll go about. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

CEL. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

ROS. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

CEL. Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

ROS. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

CEL. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father, perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour I will; and when I break that oath let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

ROS. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see;—what think you of falling in love?

CEL. Marry, I prithee do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

ROS. What shall be our sport then?

CEL. Let us sit, and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

ROS. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

CEL. 'T is true: for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

ROS. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

CEL. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire? Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

ROS. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

CEL. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

TOUCH. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

CEL. Were you made the messenger?

TOUCH. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

ROS. Where learned you that oath, fool?

TOUCH. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught; now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

CEL. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

ROS. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

TOUCH. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

CEL. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

TOUCH. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

CEL. Prithee, who is 't that thou mean'st?

TOUCH. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

CEL. My father's love is enough to honour him enough: speak no more of him; you 'll be whipped for taxation, one of these days.

TOUCH. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

CEL. By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes monsieur le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

ROS. With his mouth full of news.

CEL. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

ROS. Then shall we be news-crammed.

CEL. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Bon jour, monsieur le Beau: What 's the news?

LE BEAU. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

CEL. Sport? Of what colour?

LE BEAU. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

ROS. As wit and fortune will.

TOUCH. Or as the destinies decree.

CEL. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

TOUCH. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

ROS. Thou lovest thy old smell.

LE BEAU. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

ROS. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

LE BEAU. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

CEL. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

LE BEAU. There comes an old man, and his three sons,—

CEL. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

LE BEAU. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—

ROS. With bills on their necks,—“Be it known unto all men by these presents,”——

LE BEAU. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke’s wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

ROS. Alas!

TOUCH. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

LE BEAU. Why, this that I speak of.

TOUCH. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

CEL. Or I, I promise thee.

ROS. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

LE BEAU. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

CEL. Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

DUKE F. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

ROS. Is yonder the man?

LE BEAU. Even he, madam.

CEL. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

DUKE F. How now, daughter and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

ROS. Ay, my liege; so please you give us leave.

DUKE F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger’s

youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

CEL. Call him hither, good monsieur le Beau.

DUKE F. Do so; I'll not be by. [Duke goes apart.]

LE BEAU. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

ORL. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

ROS. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

ORL. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

CEL. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

ROS. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

ORL. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

ROS. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

CEL. And mine, to eke out hers.

ROS. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

CEL. Your heart's desires be with you.

CHA. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

ORL. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

DUKE F. You shall try but one fall.

CHA. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him

to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

ORL. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

ROS. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

CEL. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle.

ROS. O excellent young man!

CEL. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [CHARLES is thrown. Shout.

DUKE F. No more, no more.

ORL. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

DUKE F. How dost thou, Charles?

LE BEAU. He cannot speak, my lord.

DUKE F. Bear him away. [CHARLES is borne out.

What is thy name, young man?

ORL. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

DUKE F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke FRED., Train, and LE BEAU.*

CEL. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

ORL. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

ROS. My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

CEL. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd;
If you do keep your promises in love

But justly as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

ROS.

Gentleman,

[Giving him a chain from her neck.]

Wear this for me,—one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

CEL. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

ORL. Can I not say I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

ROS. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:
I'll ask him what he would:—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

CEL. Will you go, coz?

ROS. Have with you:—Fare you well.

[Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.]

ORL. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

LE BEAU. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place: Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than I to speak of.

ORL. I thank you, sir; and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling?

LE BEAU. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.

But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

ORL. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well!

[Exit LE BEAU]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Rosalind!

[Exit]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

CEL. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy!—
not a word?

ROS. Not one to throw at a dog.

CEL. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon
curs; throw some of them at me: come, lame me with
reasons.

ROS. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one
should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

CEL. But is all this for your father?

ROS. No, some of it is for my father's child: O, how full
of briars is this working-day world!

CEL. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holi-
day foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very
petticoats will catch them.

ROS. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in
my heart.

CEL. Hem them away.

ROS. I would try; if I could cry hem, and have him.

CEL. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

ROS. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

CEL. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in
despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let

us talk in good earnest: Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son?

ROS. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

CEL. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

ROS. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

CEL. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

ROS. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

CEL. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, with Lords.

DUKE F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

ROS. Me, uncle?

DUKE F. You, cousin:

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

ROS. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

DUKE F. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

ROS. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

DUKE F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

ROS. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends.

What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

CEL. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

DUKE F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

CEL. I did not then entreat to have her stay,
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

DUKE F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
When she is gone: then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

CEL. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege;
I can't live out of her company.

DUKE F. You are a fool:—You, niece, provide yourself;
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[Exeunt Duke FREDERICK and Lords.]

CEL. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

ROS. I have more cause.

CEL. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful; 'know'st thou not the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

ROS. That he hath not.

CEL. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

ROS. Why, whither shall we go?

CEL. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

ROS. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

CEL. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face,
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

ROS. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

CEL. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

ROS. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

CEL. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

ROS. But, cousin, what if we essay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

CEL. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight: Now go in we content,
To liberty, and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt.*]

Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish ; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase : and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralise this spectacle?

1 LORD. O yea, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much." Then being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
"T is right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part
The flux of company:" Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; "Ay," quoth Jaques,
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'T is just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: swearing, that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

DUKE S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 LORD. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

DUKE S. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 LORD. I'll bring you to him straight.

[*Excerpt*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.

DUKE F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 LORD. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 LORD. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

DUKE F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Before Oliver's House.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

ORL. Who's there?

ADAM. What! my young master!—O, my gentle master,
O, my sweet master, O you memory
Of old sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?

No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

ORL. Why, what's the matter?

ADAM. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son; I will not call him son—
Of him I was about to call his father)—
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place, this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

ORL. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

ADAM. No matter whither, so you come not here.

ORL. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

ADAM. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood:
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo

The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

ORL. O good old man; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:
But come thy ways, we'll go along together:
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

ADAM. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore, it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA dressed like a
Shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.*

ROS. O Jupiter! how merry are my spirits!

TOUCH. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

ROS. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

CEL. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

TOUCH. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than

bear you: yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

ROS. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

TOUCH. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

ROS. Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

COR. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

SIL. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

COR. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

SIL. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover

As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:

But if thy love were ever like to mine,

(As sure I think did never man love so,)

How many actions most ridiculous

Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

COR. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SIL. O, thou didst then never love so heartily:

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly

That ever love did make thee run into,

Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,

Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not broke from company

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not lov'd: O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[Exit SILVIUS.]

ROS. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

TOUCH. And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming anight to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batler, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her

them again, said, with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake." We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

ROS. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.

TOUCH. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

ROS. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion

Is much upon my fashion.

TOUCH. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

CEL. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

TOUCH. Holla; you clown!

ROS. Peace, fool; he 's not thy kinsman.

COR. Who calls?

TOUCH. Your betters, sir.

COR. Else are they very wretched.

ROS. Peace, I say:—Good even to you, friend.

COR. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

ROS. I prithee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

COR. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

ROS. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

COR. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,

That little cares for buying anything.

ROS. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

CEL. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

COR. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold:
Go with me; if you like upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.

SONG.

AMIENS. Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

JAQ. More, more, I prithee, more.

AMI. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

JAQ. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs: More, I prithee, more.

AMI. My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you.

JAQ. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing: Come, more; another stanza; Call you 'em stanzas?

AMI. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

JAQ. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing: Will you sing?

AMI. More at your request than to please myself.

JAQ. Well then, if ever I thank any man I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two

dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

AMI. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree:—he hath been all this day to look you.

JAQ. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [*All together here*]
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

JAQ. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

AMI. And I'll sing it.

JAQ. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme;
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

AMI. What's that *ducdàme*?

JAQ. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

AMI. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepared.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same.**Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

ADAM. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

ORL. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable, hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerly: and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same.*

A table set out. Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, Lords, and others

DUKE S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

1 LORD. My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

DUKE S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:—
Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAKES.

1 LORD. He saves my labour by his own approach.

DUKE S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What! you look merrily.

JAK. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world:
As I do live by food, I met a fool;

Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
“Good morrow, fool,” quoth I: “No, sir,” quoth he,
“Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune:”
And then he drew a dial from his poke;
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, “It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see,” quoth he, “how the world wags:
’Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after one hour more, ’t will be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.” When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

DUKE S. What fool is this?

JAQ. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier;
And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

DUKE S. Thou shalt have one.

JAQ. It is my only suit:
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh: And why, sir, must they so?
The why is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit

Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomis'd
Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

DUKE S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

JAQ. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

DUKE S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

JAQ. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the weary very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name
When that I say, The city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not on my cost,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; How then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

ORL. Forbear, and eat no more.

JAQ. Why, I have eat none yet.

ORL. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

JAQ. Of what kind should ~~this~~ cock come of?

DUKE S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress;
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

ORL. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture. But, forbear, I say;
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

JAC. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

DUKE S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall
force

More than your force move us to gentleness.

ORL. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

DUKE S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

ORL. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 't is to pity and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

DUKE S. True is it that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

ORL. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step

Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

DUKE S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

ORL. I thank ye: and be bless'd for your good comfort!

[*Exit.*]

DUKE S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

JAQ. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: and then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: and then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

DUKE S. Welcome: Set down your venerable burthen,
And let him feed.

ORL. I thank you most for him.

ADAM. So had you need;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

DUKE S. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes:—
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

AMIENS sings.

SONG.

I.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen.
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! &c.

DUKE S. If that you were the good sir Rowland's son,—
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke
That lov'd your father: The residue of your fortune,

Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is;
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.

DUKE F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present: But look to it;
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

OLL. O, that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

DUKE F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

ORL. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.

O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

[Exit]

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

COR. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

TOUCH. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life it is naught. In respect that it is solitary I like it very well; but in respect that it is private it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

COR. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends: That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun: That he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

TOUCH. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

COR. No, truly.

TOUCH. Then thou art damned.

COR. Nay, I hope,——

TOUCH. Truly, thou art damned; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

COR. For not being at court? Your reason.

TOUCH. Why, if thou never wast at court thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

COR. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

TOUCH. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

COR. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

TOUCH. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance, I say; come.

COR. Besides, our hands are hard.

TOUCH. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again: A more sounder instance, come.

COR. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; And would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

TOUCH. Most shallow man! Thou worms'-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh: Indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

COR. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

TOUCH. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

COR. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

TOUCH. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

COR. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress' brother.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.

ROS. "From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind."

TOUCH. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rank to market.

ROS. Out, fool!

TOUCH. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Wintred-garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: Why do you infect yourself with them?

ROS. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

TOUCH. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

ROS. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit in the country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

TOUCH. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, reading a paper.

ROS. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading ; stand aside.

CEL. "Why should this desert be?

For it is unpeopled? No;

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

That shall civil sayings show.

Some, how brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage;

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age.

Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence' end,

Will I Rosalinda write;

Teaching all that read, to know

The quintessence of every sprite

Heaven would in little show.

Therefore heaven nature charg'd

That one body should be fill'd

With all graces wide enlarg'd:

Nature presently distill'd

Helen's cheek, but not her heart;

Cleopatra's majesty;

Atalanta's better part;

Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts

By heavenly synod was devis'd;

Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,

To have the touches dearest priz'd.

Heaven would that she these gifts should have,

And I to live and die her slave."

ROS. O most gentle Jupiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, "Have patience, good people!"

CEL. How now! back, friends;—Shepherd, go off a little: go with him, sirrah.

TOUCH. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE*]

CEL. Didst thou hear these verses?

ROS. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

CEL. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

ROS. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

CEL. But didst thou hear, without wondering, how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

ROS. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

CEL. Trow you who hath done this?

ROS. Is it a man?

CEL. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

ROS. I prithee, who?

CEL. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

ROS. Nay, but who is it?

CEL. Is it possible?

ROS. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

CEL. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping.

ROS. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery. I prithee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

CEL. So you may put a man in your belly.

ROS. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

CEL. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

ROS. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

CEL. It is young Orlando; that tripped up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

ROS. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.

CEL. I' faith, coz, 't is he.

ROS. Orlando?

CEL. Orlando.

ROS. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

CEL. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 't is a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

ROS. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

CEL. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

ROS. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

CEL. Give me audience, good madam.

ROS. Proceed.

CEL. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

ROS. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

CEL. Cry, holla! to the tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

ROS. O ominous! he comes to kill my hart!

CEL. I would sing my song without a burthen: thou bring'st me out of tune.

ROS. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

CEL. You bring me out:—Soft! comes he not here?

ROS. 'T is he; slink by, and note him.

[CELIA and ROSALIND retire.]

JAQ. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

ORL. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

JAQ. God be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

ORL. I do desire we may be better strangers.

JAQ. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

ORL. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

JAQ. Rosalind is your love's name?

ORL. Yes, just.

JAQ. I do not like her name.

ORL. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

JAQ. What stature is she of?

ORL. Just as high as my heart.

JAQ. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

ORL. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

JAQ. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

ORL. I will chide no breather in the world but myself; against whom I know most faults.

JAQ. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

ORL. 'T is a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

JAQ. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

ORL. He is drowned in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

JAQ. There shall I see mine own figure.

ORL. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cipher.

JAQ. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior Love.

ORL. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monsieur Melancholy.

[*Exit JAQUES—CELIA and ROSALIND come forward.*]

ROS. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

ORL. Very well; What would you?

ROS. I pray you, what is 't a clock?

ORL. You should ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.

ROS. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

ORL. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

ROS. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you whb Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

ORL. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

ROS. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnised: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

ORL. Who ambles Time withal?

ROS. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burthen of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury: These Time ambles withal.

ORL. Who doth he gallop withal?

ROS. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

ORL. Who stays it still withal?

ROS. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

ORL. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

ROS. With this shepherdess, my sister; here, in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

ORL. Are you native of this place?

ROS. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

ORL. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

ROS. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

ORL. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

ROS. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as halfpence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

ORL. I prithee recount some of them.

ROS. No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

ORL. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

ROS. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

ORL. What were his marks?

ROS. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye, and sunken; which you have not: an unquestionable spirit; which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not: (but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue:) Then your nose

should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

ORL. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROS. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

ORL. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

ROS. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

ORL. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROS. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

ORL. Did you ever cure any so?

ROS. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

ORL. I would not be cured, youth.

ROS. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

ORL. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

ROS. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

ORL. With all my heart, good youth.

ROS. Nay, you must call me Rosalind:—Come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt]

SCENE III.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JAKES at a distance, observing them.

TOUCH. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

AUD. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features!

TOUCH. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

JAK. O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatched house! [Aside]

TOUCH. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room: Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

AUD. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

TOUCH. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

AUD. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

TOUCH. I do, truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet I might have some hope thou didst feign.

AUD. Would you not have me honest?

TOUCH. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

JAK. A material fool!

[Aside]

AUD. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

TOUCH. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

AUD. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

TOUCH. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! slut-tishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

JAQ. I would fain see this meeting. [*Aside.*]

AUD. Well, the gods give us joy!

TOUCH. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 't is none of his own getting. Horns? Even so: Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No; as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Here comes sir Oliver:—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: Will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

SIR OLL. Is there none here to give the woman?

TOUCH. I will not take her on gift of any man.

SIR OLL. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

JAQ. [*discovering himself.*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

TOUCH. Good even, good master "What ye call 't:" How do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir:—Nay; pray be covered.

J^{AQ}. Will you be married, motley?

TOUCH. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his cur and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

J^{AQ}. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: the fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; the one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

TOUCH. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse me hereafter to leave my wife. [Exit TOUCHSTONE]

J^{AQ}. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

TOUCH. Come, sweet Audrey:
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good master Oliver!

Not O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee:
But wind away,
Begone I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt J^{AQ}UES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY*]

SIR OLI. 'T is no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of the alley shall flout me out of my calling. [Exit]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Before a Cottage.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

ROS. Never talk to me, I will weep.

CEL. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to comfort that tears do not become a man.

ROS. But have I not cause to weep?

CEL. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

ROS. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

CEL. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kinsmen are Judas's own children.

ROS. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

CEL. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

ROS. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

CEL. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

ROS. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

CEL. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

ROS. Do you think so?

CEL. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

ROS. Not true in love?

CEL. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

ROS. You have heard him swear downright he was.

CEL. Was is not is: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings: He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

ROS. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him: He asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there's such a man as Orlando?

CEL. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

COR. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquir'd
After the shepherd that complain'd of love;
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

CEL. Well, and what of him?

COR. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

ROS. O, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

SIL. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness: The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon; Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.

PHE. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye;
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee.
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure,
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

SIL. O dear Phebe,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

PHE. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

ROS. And why, I pray you? [*Advancing.*] Who might be
your mother?

That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:—Od's my little life!
I think, she means to tangle my eyes too:—
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'T is not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 'T is such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'T is not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;

Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So, take her to thee, shepherd; fare you well.

PHE. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

ROS. He's fallen in love with your foulness, and she'll fall
in love with my anger: If it be so, as fast as she answers thee
with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why
look you so upon me?

PHE. For no ill will I bear you.

ROS. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am false than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not: If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard;
Come, sister: Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.

Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt ROSAL., CELIA, and CORIN.*]

PHE. Dead Shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;
"Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"

SIL. Sweet Phebe,—

PHE. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

SIL. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

PHE. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

SIL. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be;

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

PHE. Thou hast my love; Is not that neighbourly?

SIL. I would have you.

PHE. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love:
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

SIL. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop.
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

PHE. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

SIL. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot once was master of.

PHE. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 't is well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 't was just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
Have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answered not again:
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; Wilt thou, Silvius?

SIL. Phebe, with all my heart.

PHE. I'll write it straight:
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and passing short:
Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

JAQ. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

ROS. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

JAQ. I am so: I do love it better than laughing.

ROS. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

JAQ. Why, 't is good to be sad and say nothing.

ROS. Why then, 't is good to be a post.

JAQ. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

ROS. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

JAQ. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

ROS. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

ORL. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

JAQ. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

ROS. Farewell, monsieur traveller: Look you lisp and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for

making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. [*Exit JAQUES.*—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

ORL. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

ROS. Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

ORL. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

ROS. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

ORL. Of a snail?

ROS. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

ORL. What's that?

ROS. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

ORL. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

ROS. And I am your Rosalind.

CEL. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

ROS. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent:—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

ORL. I would kiss before I spoke.

ROS. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

ORL. How if the kiss be denied?

ROS. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

ORL. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

ROS. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

ORL. What, of my suit?

ROS. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

ORL. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

ROS. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

ORL. Then, in mine own person, I die.

ROS. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club: yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

ORL. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

ROS. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

ORL. Then love me, Rosalind.

ROS. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

ORL. And wilt thou have me?

ROS. Ay, and twenty such.

ORL. What say'st thou?

ROS. Are you not good?

ORL. I hope so.

ROS. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

ORL. Pray thee, marry us.

CEL. I cannot say the words.

ROS. You must begin,——“Will you, Orlando,”——

CEL. Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

ORL. I will.

ROS. Ay, but when?

ORL. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

ROS. Then you must say,—“I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.”

ORL. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ROS. I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There's a girl goes before the priest: and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

ORL. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

ROS. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

ORL. For ever, and a day.

ROS. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

ORL. But will my Rosalind do so?

ROS. By my life, she will do as I do.

ORL. O, but she is wise.

ROS. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 't will out at the key-hole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

ORL. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—“Wit, whither wilt?”

ROS. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

ORL. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

ROS. Marry, to say—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her

without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

ORL. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

ROS. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

ORL. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

ROS. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'t is but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour.

ORL. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

ROS. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

ORL. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

ROS. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: Adieu! [*Exit ORLANDO*]

CEL. You have simply misused our sex in your love prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

ROS. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

CEL. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

ROS. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

CEL. And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter JAQUES and Lords, in the habit of Foresters.

JAQ. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 LORD. Sir, it was I.

JAQ. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 LORD. Yes, sir.

JAQ. Sing it; 't is no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

1. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?

2. His leather skin, and horns to wear.

Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;

It was a crest ere thou wast born.

1. Thy father's father wore it;

2. And thy father bore it;

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

ROS. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

CEL. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—sleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

SIL. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this: [*Giving a letter.*]
I know not the contents; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor: pardon me,

I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and, that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phoenix; Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

SIL. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 't was her hands;
She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter:
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

SIL. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 't is a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance:—Will you hear the letter?

SIL. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: Mark how the tyrant writes.

“Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?”—

[*Reads.*]

Can a woman rail thus?

SIL. Call you this railing?

Ros. “Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?”

Did you ever hear such railing?

“Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.—”

Meaning me a beast.—

“If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.”

SIL. Call you this chiding?

CEL. Alas, poor shepherd!

ROS. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for, I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her;—That if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit SILVIA.*]

Enter OLIVER.

OLI. Good morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know
Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive trees?

CEL. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
There's none within.

OLI. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years: “The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself

Like a ripe sister: the woman low,
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

CEL. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

OLI. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin; Are you he?

ROS. I am: what must we understand by this?

OLI. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This hankercher was stain'd.

CEL. I pray you, tell it.

OLI. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 't is
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead;
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

CEL. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.

OLI. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

ROS. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

OLL. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

CEL. Are you his brother?

ROS. Was it you he rescued?

CEL. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

OLL. 'T was I; but 't is not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

ROS. But, for the bloody napkin?—

OLL. By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that desert place;—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in this blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

CEL. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede?

[ROSALIND faints.]

OLL. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

CEL. There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymede!

OLL. Look, he recovers.

ROS. I would I were at home.

CEL. We'll lead you thither:—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?
OLI. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man?—
You lack a man's heart.

ROS. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirra, a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!

OLI. This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

ROS. Counterfeit, I assure you.

OLI. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

ROS. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

CEL. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards:—Good sir, go with us.

OLI. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

ROS. I shall devise something: But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him:—Will you go? [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

TOUCH. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

AUD. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

TOUCH. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

AUD. Ay, I know who 't is; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

TOUCH. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

WILL. Good even, Audrey.

AUD. God ye good even, William.

WILL. And good even to you, sir.

TOUCH. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

WILL. Five-and-twenty, sir.

TOUCH. A ripe age: Is thy name William?

WILL. William, sir.

TOUCH. A fair name: Wast born i' the forest here?

WILL. Ay, sir, I thank God.

TOUCH. Thank God!—a good answer: Art rich?

WILL. Faith, sir, so so.

TOUCH. So so is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

WILL. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

TOUCH. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying; "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

WILL. I do, sir.

TOUCH. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

WILL. No, sir.

TOUCH. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other: For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

WILL. Which he, sir?

TOUCH. He, sir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you, clown, abandon, which is in the vulgar, leave, the society, which in the boorish is, company, of this female, which in the common is, woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy

better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel: I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

AUD. Do, good William.

WILL. God rest you merry, sir.

[*Erit.*]

Enter CORIN.

COR. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away.

TOUCH. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I attend.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

ORL. Is 't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

OLL. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

ORL. You have my consent. Let your wedding be tomorrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

ROS. God save you, brother.

OLL. And you, fair sister.

ROS. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

ORL. It is my arm.

ROS. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

ORL. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

ROS. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to sound, when he showed me your handkercher?

ORL. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

ROS. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 't is true: there was never anything so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Caesar's thrasonical brag of—"I came, saw, and overcame:" For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

ORL. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

ROS. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

ORL. I can live no longer by thinking.

ROS. I will weary you no longer then with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inso-much, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her

before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

ORL. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

ROS. By my life I do; which I tender dearly, though I see I am a magician: Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

PHE. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, To show the letter that I writ to you.

ROS. I care not if I have: it is my study To seem despiteful and ungentle to you: You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd; Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

PHE. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 't is to love.

SIL. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;— And so am I for Phebe.

PHE. And I for Ganymede.

ORL. And I for Rosalind.

ROS. And I for no woman.

SIL. It is to be all made of faith and service;— And so am I for Phebe.

PHE. And I for Ganymede.

ORL. And I for Rosalind.

ROS. And I for no woman.

SIL. It is to be all made of fantasy; All made of passion, and all made of wishes; All adoration, duty, and observance, All humbleness, all patience, and impatience, All purity, all trial, all observance; And so am I for Phebe.

PHE. And so am I for Ganymede.

ORL. And so am I for Rosalind.

ROS. And so am I for no woman.

PHE. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[To ROSALIND]

SIL. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[To PHEBE]

ORL. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

ROS. Who do you speak to, "why blame you me to love you?"

ORL. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

ROS. Pray you, no more of this; 't is like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you [*to SILVIUS*], if I can:—I would love you [*to PHEBE*], if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you [*to PHEBE*], if ever I marry woman, and I 'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you [*to ORLANDO*], if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you [*to SILVIUS*], if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [*to ORLANDO*] love Rosalind, meet;—as you [*to SILVIUS*] love PHEBE, meet; And as I love no woman, I 'll meet.—So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

SIL. I 'll not fail, if I live.

PHE.

Nor I.

ORL.

Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

TOUCH. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

AUD. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 PAGE. Well met, honest gentleman.

TOUCH. By my troth, well met: Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 PAGE. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

1 PAGE. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 PAGE. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

I.

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass.

In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

II.

And therefore take the present time,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

III.

Between the acres of the rye,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

IV.

This carol they began that hour,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

TOUCH. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1 PAGE. You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

TOUCH. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey.

[Exeunt]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.

DUKE S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

OLL. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear,—they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

ROS. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:—
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [To the DUKE.]
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

DUKE S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

ROS. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?
[To ORLANDO.]

ORL. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

ROS. You say, you 'll marry me, if I be willing?
[To PHEBE.]

PHE. That will I, should I die the hour after.

ROS. But, if you do refuse to marry me,
You 'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

PHE. So is the bargain.

ROS. You say, that you 'll have Phebe, if she will?
[To SILVIUS.]

SIL. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

ROS. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep you your word, Phebe, that you 'll marry me;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you 'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even. [Exeunt ROS. and CELIA.]

DUKE S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

ORL. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born; .

And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

JAQ. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

TOUCH. Salutation and greeting to you all!

JAQ. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

TOUCH. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

JAQ. And how was that ta'en up?

TOUCH. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

JAQ. How, seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

DUKE S. I like him very well.

TOUCH. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

DUKE S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

TOUCH. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

JAQ. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

TOUCH. Upon a lie seven times removed;—Bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the "Retort courteous." If I sent him word again it

was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is called the "Quip modest." If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: This is called the "Reply churlish." If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is called the "Reproof valiant." If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is called the "Countercheck quarrelsome:" and so to the "Lie circumstantial," and the "Lie direct."

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

TOUCH. I durst go no further than the "Lie circumstantial," nor he durst not give me the "Lie direct:" and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

TOUCH. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, "If you said so, then I said so;" and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

DUKE S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, leading ROSALIND and CELIA.

Still Music.

HYM. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither

That thou mightst join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

ROS. To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To DUKE &*
To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To ORLANDO.*

DUKE S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

ORL. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

PHE. If sight and shape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!

ROS. I'll have no father, if you be not he:— [*To DUKE &*
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:— [*To ORLANDO.*
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [*To PHEBE.*

HYM. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.
You and you no cross shall part:

[*To ORL. and ROS.*

You and you are heart in heart:

[*To OLL. and CEL.*

You [*to PHEBE*] to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:—

You and you are sure together,

[*To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;

O blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock then be honoured;

Honour, high honour and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town!

DUKE S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

PHE. I will not eat my word; now thou art mine,
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine. [To SILVIUS.

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

JAQ. DE B. Let me have audience for a word, or two;
I am the second son of old sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd: This to be true,
I do engage my life.

DUKE S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry:—
Play, music; and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

JAQ. Sir, by your patience; If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

JAQ. DE B. He hath.

JAQ. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath; [To DUKE S.
Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it:—
You [to ORLANDO] to a love that your true faith doth
merit:—
You [to OLIVER] to your land, and love, and great allies:—
You [to SILVIUS] to a long and well-deserved bed;—
And you [to TOUCHSTONE] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd:—So to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.

DUKE S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

JAQ. To see no pastime I:—what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [Exit

DUKE S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
And we do trust they'll end in true delights. [A dance

EPILOGUE.

ROS. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue:
but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the pro-
logue. If it be true, that "good wine needs no bush," 't is
true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine
they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better
for the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then,
that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with
you in behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a
beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to
conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you,
O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of
this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the
love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering,
none of you hates them,) that between you and the women,
the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as
many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions
that liked me, and breaths that I defied not: and, I am
sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet
breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me
farewell. [Exeunt

VARIOUS READINGS.

"As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion. *He* bequeathed me by will but a *poor* thousand crowns." (ACT. I., Sc. 1.)

The above is Malone's reading; and it is also that of the Corrector of the folio, 1632.

The object of both the above changes is to distort the allusive conversational style of the original, into something formal and exact,—“As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion” (they were in the midst of their talk upon the will of Orlando's father) “bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns; and as thou say'st,” &c. *Poor a* is *poor one*; as he would have said, poor two thousand crowns, if that had been the bequest.

“Of a diverted, *proud*, and bloody brother.” (ACT II., Sc. 3.)

This is the reading of the MS. Corrector, in the place of “a diverted *blood*, and bloody brother.”

It would be difficult for the most presumptuous botcher to go further in weakening Shakspeare's power, and destroying his peculiarities. “A diverted blood,” is a natural consanguinity turned from its proper course; and the repetition of “bloody” is so entirely in the poet's manner, that the change is a complete rubbing out of the mint-mark.

“The constant *favour* of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty.” (ACT II., Sc. 3.)

This is the Corrector again.

We have unhappily known a printer's reader, who always *queried* style, if the same word occurred twice in half a dozen lines.

"O, Jupiter, how *weary* are my spirits." (ACT II., Sc. 4.)

This is Theobald's correction of "how *merry* are my spirits;" it appears in most modern editions; and has now the sanction of the MS. Corrector.

Poor Shakspeare! He "must speak by the card"—he must be literal. Rosalind invokes Jupiter, the *joyful* god—and with true dramatic propriety says, how *merry* I am, with the tear in her eye.

"He that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
But to seem senseless when of the bob." (ACT II., Sc. 7.)

The original has nothing in the place of *but to*. This reading is that of Mr. Collier's corrected folio.

We adopt Theobald's addition of "*Not to seem senseless of the bob.*"

"All purity, all trial, all *obedience.*" (ACT V., Sc. 2.)

The original has "*observance,*" repeating the word in the line but one above. The MS. Corrector changes the first "*observance*" to "*obedience;*" and so Malone corrects the second "*observance.*"

We leave the original text. We are not sure that any alteration is required.

"Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and *thus we finish.*"

(ACT V., Sc. 4.)

The original has,
"How thus we met, and *these things finish.*"

The MS. Corrector gives the reading of "thus we finish." Mr. Collier says, "We can readily believe that such was the authentic conclusion of the speech."

We can readily believe that "thus we finish" was the surreptitious conclusion of the *speech* of Hymen, omitting his song—or that the whole play here concluded, at a period long after Shakspeare. Mr. Collier is excellent authority for this belief. He says, "the whole of Sc. 5, Act II., with the song of Amiens, and the parody by Jaques, is struck out. Possibly, when this play was revived, at some date subsequent to the appearance of the folio, 1632, no performer who could sing well enough belonged to the company. The omissions may, however, have been made merely for the sake of compression."

GLOSSARY.

ADDRESS'D. Act V., Sc. 4.

"Address'd a mighty power."

Made *ready, prepared* a mighty power.

AMAZE. Act I., Sc. 2.

"You amaze me, ladies."

You confuse me.

ARGUMENT. Act III., Sc. 1.

"I should not seek an absent argument."

The *argument* is the subject-matter of a discourse.

AS HOW. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, hew I came into that desert place."

The events recounted with a train of circumstances, as, how, &c.

ATONE. Act V., Sc. 4.

"Atone together."

To be *at one* together, to unite, to agree.

BATLER. Act II., Sc. 4.

"I remember the kissing of her batler."

The *batler* was the bat used in washing linen in a stream.

BOB. Act II., Sc. 7.

"Not to seem senseless of the bob."

A *bob* is a smart rap.

BRAVERY. Act II., Sc. 7.

"That says his bravery is not on my cost."

Bravery is finery.

BRING ME OUT. Act III., Sc. 2. Put me out.

CALLING. Act I., Sc. 2.

"And would not change that calling."

Would not change the name by which I am called.

CANDLE. Act III., Sc. 1.

"Seek him with candle."

Seek him with great diligence. This is supposed to be an allusion to the passage in Luke, chap. xv., "If she lose one piece, doth she not light a candle?"

CAPABLE. Act III., Sc. 5.

"The cicatrice and capable impressure."

The capability of retaining the mark of the pressure.

CARLOT. Act III., Sc. 5.

"That the old carlot once was master of."

Carlot is churl or peasant. *Carle* is still used in Scotland for an elderly man of low rank.

CHANGE. Act I., Sc. 3.

"And do not seek to take your change upon you."

That is, your reverse of fortune.

COMFORTABLE. Act II., Sc. 6.

"For my sake be comfortable."

Be comforted, become susceptible of comfort.

COMMAND. Act II., Sc. 7.

"And take upon command."

Take at your own will, your own pleasure.

COMPACT. Act II., Sc. 7.

"If he, compact of jars, grow musical."

Compact is made up of, compounded.

CONDITION. Act I., Sc. 2.

"Yet such is now the duke's condition."

Condition is here *temper*, the state of his mind.

CONSENT. Act V., Sc. 1.

"All your writers do consent."

Consent is to agree, to concur.

COPE. Act II., Sc. 1.

"I love to cope him in these sullen fits."

To *cope* is to *encounter*, to *oppose*; we now say cope with.

COUNTENANCE. Act I., Sc. 1.

"His countenance seems to take from me."

His *behaviour*, his bearing. Dr. Johnson observes that a countenance may be good or bad.

COVERED GOBLET. Act III., Sc. 4.

"I do think him as concave as a covered goblet."

When the goblet is empty it is covered; when full, to be drunk out of, it is uncovered.

CROSS. Act II., Sc. 4.

"Yet I should bear no cross."

Cross was commonly used for *coin*, from the coin being impressed on the reverse with a cross.

DEARLY. Act I., Sc. 3.

"For my father hated his father dearly."

Dearly is here used in the sense of *extremely*.

DISABLE. Act IV., Sc. 1.

"Disable all the benefits of your own country."

Disable is to detract from, to render useless. It is used in the same sense in Act V., Sc. 4.

DISPUTABLE. Act II., Sc. 5.

"He is too disputable for my company."

Disputable is used in the sense of *disputatious*.

ENCHANTINGLY. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Of all sorts enchantingly beloved."

That is, beloved of all ranks, to a degree that resembles enchantment.

ERRING. Act III., Sc. 2.

"Runs his erring pilgrimage."

Erring is *wandering*.

ESTATE. Act V., Sc. 2.

"All the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you."

To *estate* is to settle the estate upon.

EXPEDIENTLY. Act III., Sc. 1.

"Do this expediently."

From the Latin *expedio*, promptly, quickly.

EXTENT. Act III., Sc. 1.

"Make an extent upon his house and lands."

Extent is a law-phrase, and is here used literally.

FAIR. Act III., Sc. 2.

"But the fair of Rosalind."

Fair is used as a noun. The fairness, the beauty, of Rosalind.

FIRST-BORN OF EGYPT. Act II., Sc. 5.

Dr. Johnson says this was a proverbial expression for high-born persons.

FORKED HEADS. Act II., Sc. 1.

"With forked heads

Have their round haunches gor'd."

The forked heads are the heads of the barbed arrows, used against the "poor dappled fools."

FOUL. Act III., Sc. 3.

"I thank the gods I am foul."

Foul as opposed to *fair*, in the sense of homely. Pope has used it in this sense, and so did writers of Shakspeare's time.

GAMESTER. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Now will I stir this gamester."

The adventurer at this game.

GARGANTUA'S MOUTH. Act III., Sc. 2.

Gargantua, one of the giants of Rabelais, had a mouth so capacious that he swallowed five pilgrims in a salad.

GOD 'ILD YOU. Act III., Sc. 3.

"God 'ild you for your last company."

God yield you—give you—a recompense.

GOOD BREEDING. Act III., Sc. 2.

"May complain of good breeding."

This is an idiom, Whiter says, common to most languages; the *want* of good breeding is understood.

GOOD MY COMPLEXION. Act III., Sc. 2.

This is explained by Ritson as an exclamatory address to her beauty, in the nature of a petty oath.

HARM. Act III., Sc. 2.

"Content with my harm."

Resigned to my fate, to any evil.

HUMOROUS. Act I., Sc. 2.

"The Duke is humorous."

Capricious; ill-humored.

INCONTINENT. Act V., Sc. 2.

"Which they will climb incontinent."

Incontinent here means *immediately*.

IRKS. Act II., Sc. I.

"And yet it irks me."

Irks is to *weary*, to *annoy*. The active use of the verb is now obsolete, though used by an author as recent as Hoole. We still retain the adjective *irksome*.

JOVE IN A THATCHED HOUSE. Act III., Sc. 3.

An allusion to the old fable of Philemon and Baucis.

JUST OCCASION. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"And nature, stronger than his just occasion."

That is, such reasonable ground as might have given just occasion for abandoning him.

KILL THEM UP. Act II., Sc. 1.

Shakspeare has other instances of the use of this idiom—
"flatter up," "stifle up," "poisons up."

KIND. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"Whether that thy youth and kind."

Kind is used in the sense of kindly affections.

KINDLE Act I., Sc. 1.

"Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither."

To *kindle* is to *excite*, to *instigate*. In 'Macbeth' we have
"enkindle you unto the crown."

LEER. Act IV., Sc. 1.

"He hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you."

Leer is *look*, *feature*.

LEFT. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"The murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand."

Being, as passed, left on the right hand.

LIN'D. Act III., Sc. 2.

"All the pictures fairest lin'd."

Lined is used in the sense of *delineated*.

LITTLE. Act III., Sc. 2.

"Heaven would in little show."

In miniature.

LIVING. Act III., Sc. 2.

"To a living humour of madness."

Living is used in the sense of actual, positive.

MAKE. Act I., Sc. 1.

"What make you here?"

The word *make* is here used in the sense of "What *do* you here?" Orlando takes it in the sense of construction. In 'Love's Labour's Lost,' Act IV., Sc. 3, there is the same play on the word between the King and Costard.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir."

MAKE. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"And all that I can make."

That is, all that I can make up.

MAKE THE DOORS. Act IV., Sc. 1.

"Make the doors upon a woman's wits."

To *make the door* is a provincialism of the Midland Counties for shutting or making fast the door. It has a Teutonic

origin: in German, to close or open the door is *zumachen* or *aufmachen*.

MANNERS. Act III., Sc. 2.

"If thou never saw'st good manners."

Manners here means *morals*. *Morals* was not used by the early English writers.

MATERIAL. Act III., Sc. 3.

"A material fool."

Johnson explains this as a fool with matter in him.

MINES. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Mines my gentility with my education."

To *mine* is to subvert, to undermine, seek to destroy.

MORTAL IN FOLLY. Act II., Sc. 4.

"So is all nature in love mortal in folly."

Extremely foolish; *mort* is a provincial term for a great quantity.

MUCH. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"And here much Orlando."

Used ironically, as Orlando has not made his appearance.

NAUGHT. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Be naught awhile."

This phrase has been shown by Gifford in his notes on Ben Jonson to be a petty malediction—be hanged. Orlando receives *be naught* in the sense of *be dissipated*, and refers to the parable of the Prodigal Son.

NEEDLESS. Act II., Sc. 1.

"First, for his weeping into the needless stream."

The stream that needed not the addition.

NICE. Act IV., Sc. 1.

"Nor the lady's, which is nice."

Nice is here used in the sense of *affected*.

NURTURE. Act II., Sc. 7.

"And know some nurture."

Nurture, in the sense of *careful education*.

PARLOUS. Act III., Sc. 2. See 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'

PLAY IN. Act II., Sc. 7.

"Wherein we play in."

This construction was common to the writers of Shakspeare's age.

POINT-DEVICE. Act III., Sc. 2.

"Point-device in your accoutrements."

Point, in French, has the meaning of a stitch, as in *point d'Angleterre*, point lace; and also of summit, climax. *Au dernier point*, to the highest degree: *la viande est cuite à point*, the meat is cooked to a nicety. *Device* is anything invented, disposed. *Point-device* is therefore the dress arranged with the most minute attention and exactitude.

QUAIL. Act II., Sc. 2.

"And let not search and inquisition quail."

Quail is here used in the sense of *slacken*.

QUESTION. Act III., Sc. 4.

"And had much question with him."

Question is *discourse*. It was frequently so used by our early writers.

QUESTIONING. Act V., Sc. 4.

"Feed yourselves with questioning."

Questioning is *discouraging*, *investigating*.

QUINTAIN. Act I., Sc. 2.

"Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block."

The *quintain* was a figure elevated on a pole or shaft, and moving freely upon a pivot, with a wooden sword or a sand-bag for a counterpoise. The quintain was employed for a lance exercise, and was tilted against at full speed, when, if not struck immediately in front, the sword or sand-bag was revolved, and struck the tilter on his back as he proceeded in his course.

RAGGED. Act II., Sc. 5.

"My voice is ragged."

Ragged is *broken*, *discordant*; the word is frequently used for something wanting in propriety. Shakspeare in his 'Lu-œce,' has

"Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name."

Ragged verses were inharmonious verses.

RANK. Act III., Sc. 2.

"The right butter-woman's rank to market."

According to Whiter the *rank* means the jog-trot rate at which butter-women travel to market in rank, one after another, as also did the pack-horses, used in Shakspeare's time. It is here intended to express a string of rhymes in the same course, cadence, and uniformity of rhythm.

RASCAL. Act III., Sc. 3.

"The noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal."

• *Rascal* is a hunter's term given to young deer, when lean and out of season.

REMOUSE. Act I., Sc. 3.

"It was your pleasure, and your own remorse."

Remorse is *pity, compassion*.

REMOVED. Act III., Sc. 2.

"In so removed a dwelling."

So remote, so far removed from society

RENDER. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"And he did render him the most unnatural."

Rendered an account, represented him as most unnatural.

ROYNISH. Act II., Sc. 2.

"My lord, the roynish clown."

Roynish is from the French *rogneux*, literally meaning, as we now say, a scurvy fellow.

SAD. Act III., Sc. 2.

"Speak sad brow, and true maid."

Sad was constantly used for serious. The sentence means,—
Speak with a serious countenance, and *as a true maid*.
Henry V. says, "I speak to thee plain soldier," when wooing Katherine.

SEEMING. Act V., Sc. 4.

"Bear your body more seeming, Audrey."

More becomingly, more seemly.

SOUND. Act V., Sc. 2.

"I counterfeited to sound."

Sound is *swoon*. The word is used by Skelton.

STAYS. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Stays me here at home unkept."

Stays me is *detains me*.

SUIT. Act II., Sc. 7.

"It is my only suit."

Jaques plays upon the double meaning of the word *suit*. The Duke has promised him a coat, he uses it in the sense of request. Rosalind afterwards plays in the same way on it: "Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit." (Act. IV., Sc. 1.)

SWASHING. Act I., Sc. 3.

"We'll have a swashing and a martial outside."

To *swash* is to make a noise of swords against targets. A *swash-buckler* was a swaggering braggadocio.

TA'EN UP. Act V., Sc. 4.

"And how was that ta'en up."

Mended, made up.

TAXATION. Act I., Sc. 2.

"You'll be whipp'd for taxation."

Taxation is here *satire*, for taxing people with their follies.

TAXING. Act II., Sc. 7.

"Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies."

To *tax*, is to *censure*, to *reproach*. In 'All's Well that Ends Well' (Act I., Sc. 1), we have

"Be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech."

THRICE-CROWNED QUEEN OF NIGHT. Act III., Sc. 2.

Dr. Johnson says this is an allusion "to the triple character of Proserpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by some mythologists to the same goddess."

TOO LATE A WEEK. Act II., Sc. 3.

A phrase for a short but an indefinite period; somewhat too late.

TOUCHES. Act III., Sc. 2.

"To have the touches dearest priz'd."

The *touches* are the *traits*.

TROWEL. Act I., Sc. 2.

"That was laid on with a trowel."

Laid on roughly, coarsely. A gross flatterer is still said to lay it on with a trowel.

TURN. Act II., Sc. 5.

"And turn his merry note."

To *turn* is to *modulate*. The modern reading is *tune*.

UNEXPRESSIVE. Act III., Sc. 2.

"The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she."

Inexpressible. Warton supposes that Shakspeare coined the word; Milton afterwards adopted it in his 'Hymn on the Nativity,'

"With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born heir."

UNQUESTIONABLE. Act III., Sc. 2.

"An unquestionable spirit."

A spirit that does not admit of being questioned.

UNKIND. Act II., Sc. 7.

"Thou art not so unkind."

Unkind in the sense of *unnatural*.

VENGEANCE. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"That could do no vengeance to me."

Vengeance is used in the sense of *mischief*.

VILLAIN. Act I., Sc. 1.

"I am no villain."

In this and the preceding sentence we have the two meanings of the word. Oliver uses it in the sense of worthless fellow; Orlando in that of one of mean birth, of servile condition—the original sense.

WARP. Act II., Sc. 7.

"Though thou the waters warp."

An allusion to an old Saxon proverb,—“Winter shall warp water.”

WEAK EVILS. Act II., Sc. 7.

"Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger."

Age and hunger, evils that are the causes of weakness.

WHEREIN. Act III., Sc. 2.

"How look'd he? wherein went he?"

That is, in what dress did he go?

WHOOPIING. Act III., Sc. 2.

"Out of all whooping."

An adaptation of the old proverbial phrase, *out of cry*, meaning beyond all measure.

WORLD. Act V., Sc. 3.

"Desire to be a woman of the world."

To be married. See 'Much Ado about Nothing,' Act II., Sc. 1.

PLOT AND CHARACTERS.

THERE were two little novels, written by dramatists of Shakspeare's early time, upon which the greatest of dramatic poets has founded two of his most beautiful comedies. 'A Winter's Tale,' owes many of its incidents to Green's 'Pandosto.' 'As You Like It,' has Lodge's 'Rosalynd' for its principal source.

The 'Rosalynd' of Lodge, derived its main story of the rivalry of an elder and younger brother, from 'The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn,' an old poem erroneously attributed to Chaucer. But Shakspeare has deviated from both narratives in the outset of his story. There, the younger son, called Rosader, is endowed by his father's will, more largely than the elder, but is kept out of possession by the cunning of that elder. The younger brother of 'As You Like It,' Orlando, has "but poor a thousand crowns," and his brother does not breed him well, as he was charged to do. In Lodge's novel we have also the story of an usurping duke and his banished brother; and Rosalynd, the banished duke's daughter, and her cousin Alinda, the daughter of the usurper. Lodge, too, has the banishment of his Rosalynd, for her beauty which won all hearts, and Alinda, also banished by the same tyranny. Shakspeare makes his Celia self-banished through her friendship for her cousin, but he leads them forth in the same fashion of disguising Rosalind as a page. But the deviations which Shakspeare made in the conduct of his story, from the original presented to him in Lodge's 'Rosalynd,' furnish a most remarkable example of the wonderful superiority of his art as compared with the art of other men. The *additions* which he has made to the story of 'Rosalynd' evince even a higher power: they grow out of his surpassing philosophy. To this quality Lodge sets up no pretensions. When the younger brother of the novelist has fled from his home with his faithful servant—when his Rosalynd and Alinda have

been banished from the court—they each enter into the pastoral life with all imaginable prettiness; and there in the forest wild they encounter *native* pastoral lovers, and a dethroned king and his free companions leading the hunter's life without care or retrospection. Alinda and Rosalynd have now become Aliena and Ganymede; and when they sojourn in the forest they find the verses of despairing shepherd graven upon tall beech-trees, and hear interminable eclogues recited between Montanus and Coridon. Again, when Rosader and Adam enter the forest, and in their extremity of distress encounter the merry company of banished courtiers, we have the exact prototype of the *action* of Orlando and Adam of Shakspeare.

Exact, also, is the resemblance between the Rosader of Lodge, wandering about, and carving on a tree, "a pretty estimate of his mistress's perfections," and the Orlando of Shakspeare, who in the same way records

"The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she."

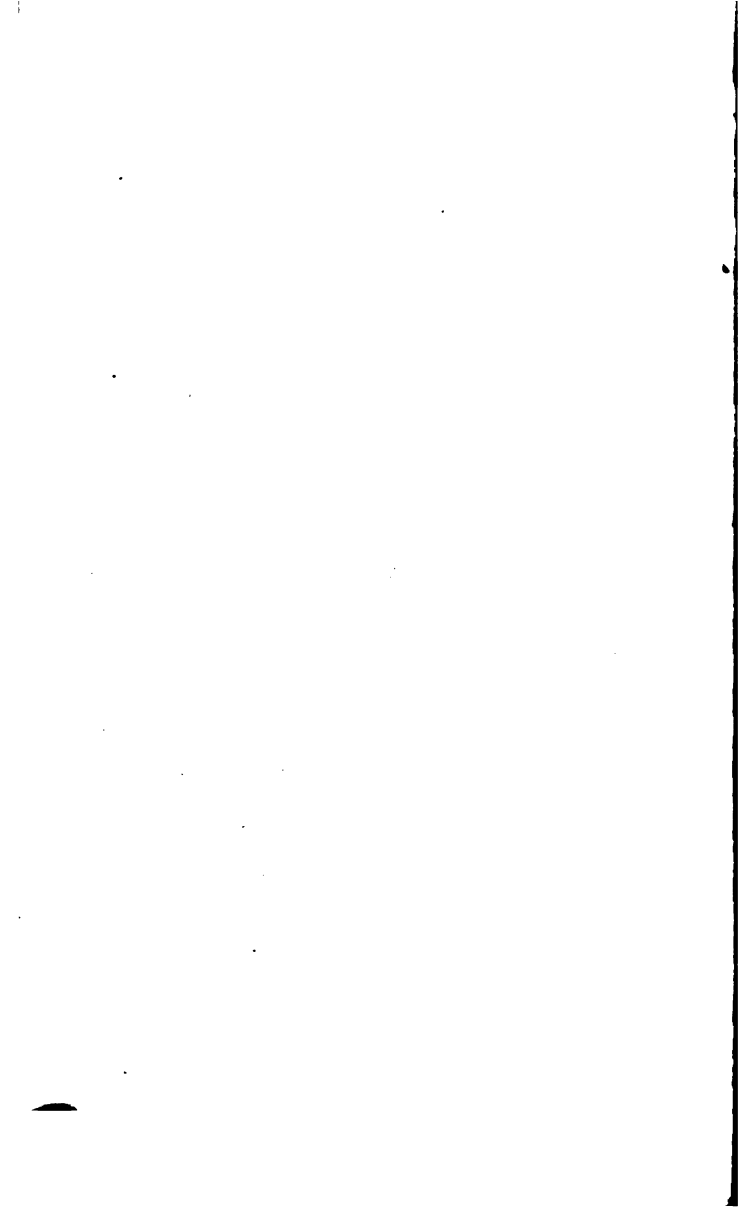
Far different, however, is the *characterisation* arising out of these similar circumstances. The faithful old Adam, the earnest Orlando, the witty Rosalind, of Shakspeare, are living realities formed out of Lodge's vague shadows. Shakspeare follows Lodge, with scarcely a deviation, *in the conduct of his story*. We have the same incidents of the elder brother's exile,—his rescue from a savage beast by the courage of the brother he had injured,—and his passion for the banished daughter of the usurping king. We have, of course, the same discovery of Rosalind to her father, and the same happy marriage of the princesses with their lovers, as well as that of the coy shepherdess with her shepherd. The catastrophe, however, is different. The usurping king of Lodge comes out with a mighty army to fight his rebellious peers,—when the sojourners in the forest join the battle, the usurper is slain, and the rightful king restored. Shakspeare manages the matter after a milder fashion; the conversion of the Duke Frederick, by an old religious man.

Dr. Johnson seems to think that Shakspeare should have given a dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, for the purpose of exhibiting "a moral lesson." This was surely

unnecessary; for there is, perhaps, no play more full of real moral lessons than 'As You Like It.' They are to be collected out of the philosophy which presides over the conduct of his action and the development of his characters. What in Lodge was a pastoral replete with quaintness, and antithesis, and pedantry, and striving after effect, becomes in Shakspeare an imaginative drama, in which the real is blended with the poetical in such intimate union, that the highest poetry appears to be as essentially natural as the most familiar gossip; and the loftiest philosophy is interwoven with the occurrences of every-day life, so as to teach us that there is a philosophical aspect of the commonest things. It is this spirit which informs *his* forest of Arden with such life, and truth, and beauty, as belongs to no other representation of pastoral scenes; which takes us into the depths of solitude, and shows us how the feelings of social life alone can give us

"tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything ;"

which builds a throne for intellect "under the greenwood tree," and there, by *characteristic* satire, gently indicates to us the vanity of the things that bind us to the *world*; whilst it teaches us that *life* has its happiness in the cultivation of the affections,—in content and independence of spirit. It was by a process such as this that the novel of Lodge was changed into the comedy of Shakspeare.

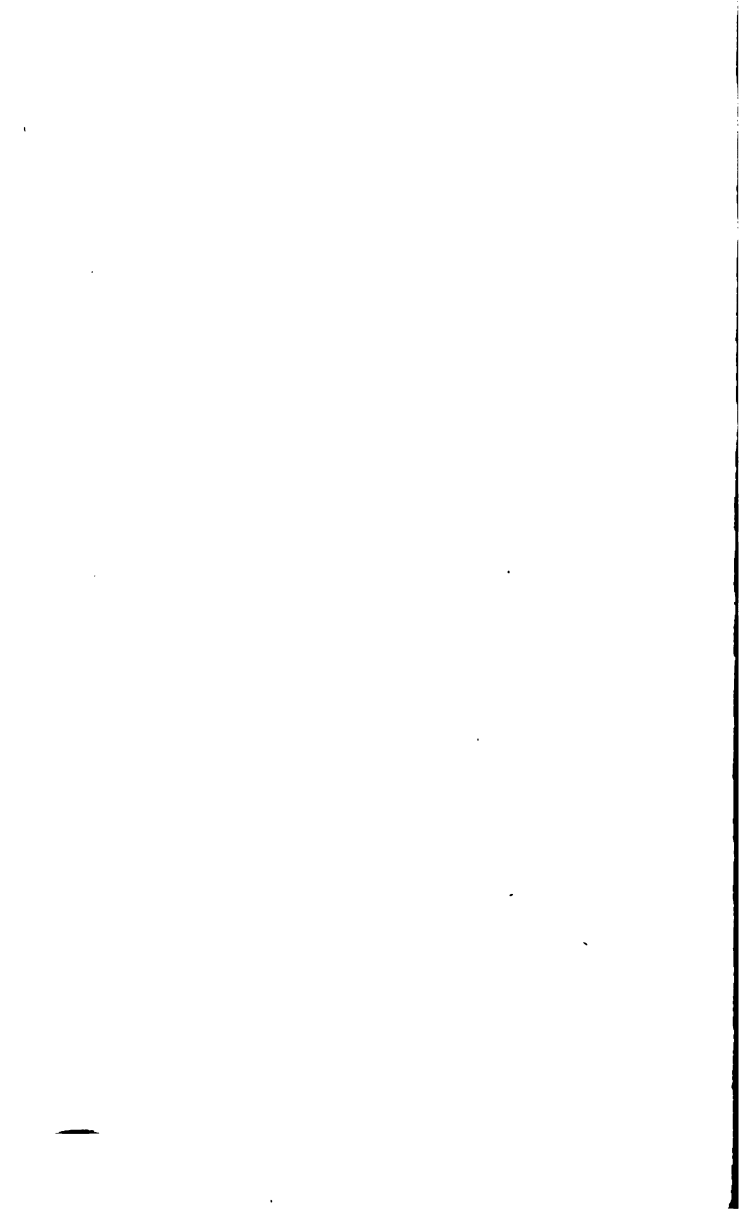




TAMING
OF THE
SHREW



WILLIAMSON & CO



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

BAPTISTA, *a rich gentleman of Padua.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

VINCENTIO, *an old gentleman of Pisa.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

LUCENTIO, *son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

PETRUCCIO, *a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

GERMIO, *a suitor to Bianca.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

HORTENSIO, *a suitor to Bianca.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2.

TRANIO, *servant to Lucentio.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

BIONDELLO, *servant to Lucentio.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

GRUMIO, *servant to Petruccio.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3
Act V. sc. 2.

CURTIS, *servant to Petruccio.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

Pedant, an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.
Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Katharina, the shrew, daughter to Baptista.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

BIANCA, sister to Katharina, and daughter to Baptista.
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Widow.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petrucio.

SCENE,—SOMETIMES IN PADUA; AND SOMETIMES IN PETRUCIO'S
 HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.

* * There is no List of Characters in the original edition.

'THE TAMING OF THE SHREW' was first printed in the folio collection of Shakspeare's Plays in 1623. In 1594 'A pleasant conceited Historie called the Taming of a Shrew' was printed. This play, it is thought, preceded Shakspeare's 'Taming of *the* Shrew.'

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A LORD.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a drunken Tinker.*

Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants.

SCENE I.—*Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

Enter HOSTESS and SLY.

SLY. I'll pheese you, in faith.

HOST. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

SLY. Y' are a baggage; the Slys are no rogues: Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide: *Sessa!*

HOST. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst!

SLY. No, not a denier: Go by: S. Jeronimy!—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

HOST. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the third-borough. *[Exit.*

SLY. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. *[Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*

Wind horns. Enter a LORD from hunting, with his Train.

LORD. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds: Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd;

And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 HUN. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent.
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

LORD. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 HUN. I will, my lord.

LORD. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he
breathe?

2 HUN. He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with
ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

LORD. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 HUN. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 HUN. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

LORD. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver bason,

Full of rose water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say,—Will 't please your lordship cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And, when he says he is—, say, that he dream
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 HUN. My lord, I warrant you, we 'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

LORD. Take him up gently and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.

[*Some bear out* SLX. *A trumpet sounds.*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 't is that sounds: [*Exit* Servant.
Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

SERV. An 't please your honour, players,
That offer service to your lordship.

LORD. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

PLAYERS. We thank your honour.

LORD. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 PLAY. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

LORD. With all my heart,—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;—

'T was where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 PLAY. I think, 't was Soto that your honour means.

LORD. 'T is very true;—thou didst it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

I PLAY. Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves.
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

LORD. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Exeunt Servant and Players.*

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew, my page, [To a Servant.
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say,—What is 't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her love?
And then, with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who, for this seven years, hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which in a napkin being close convey'd

Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions. [Exit Servant.
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber in the LORD's House.*

SLY is discovered in a rich night-gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter LORD, dressed like a servant.

SLY. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 SERV. Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 SERV. Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 SERV. What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

SLY. I am Christophero Sly. Call not me honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

LORD. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

SLY. What! would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton-heath; by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me

up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught: Here 's——

1 SERV. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 SERV. O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

LORD. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,

[Music]

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:

Or wilt thou sleep? we 'll have thee to a couch,

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say, thou wilt walk: we will bestrew the ground:

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar

Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 SERV. Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are
swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 SERV. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch the
straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook;

And Cytherea all in sedges hid,

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

LORD. We 'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;

And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,

As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 SERV. Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;

Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds:

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,

So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

LORD. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 SERV. And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

SLY. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream, or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And, once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 SERV. Will 't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
[*Servants present an ewer, bason, and napkin.*]

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

SLY. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 SERV. O yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no sealed quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

SLY. Aye, the woman's maid of the house.

3 SERV. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid;
Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

SLY. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

ALL. Amen.

SLY. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.

PAGE. How fares my noble lord?

SLY. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

PAGE. Here, noble lord. What is thy will with her?

SLY. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?
My men should call me lord; I am your Goodman.

PAGE. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

SLY. I know it well: What must I call her?

LORD. Madam.

SLY. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

LORD. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

SLY. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

PAGE. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

SLY. 'T is much. Servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

PAGE. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

SLY. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long.
But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again. I will
therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet:
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,

Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

SLY. Marry, I will let them play: Is is not a commonty, a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick ?

PAGE. No, my good lord: it is more pleasing stuff.

SLY. What, household stuff?

PAGE. It is a kind of history.

SLY. Well, we'll see 't:

Come, madam wife, sit by my side,

And let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger.

[*They sit down.*]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Padua. *A public Place.*

Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.

LUC. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,

And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

TRA. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

LUC. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: What company is this?

TRA. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

*Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and HORTENSIO.
LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside.*

BAP. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know:
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

GRE. To cart her rather: She's too rough for me:
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

KATH. I pray you, sir [*to BAP.*], is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

HOR. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

KATH. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:

But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

HOR. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

GRE. And me too, good Lord!

TRA. Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward;
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

LUC. But in the other's silence do I see
Maids' mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio.

TRA. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

BAP. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

KATH. A pretty peat; 't is best
Put finger in the eye—and she knew why.

BIAN. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company;
On them to look, and practise by myself.

LUC. Hark, Tranio! thou mayst hear Minerva speak.

[*Aside*]

HOR. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

GRE. Why, will you mew her,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

BAP. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:
Go in, Bianca.

[*Exit BIANCA.*]

And, for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or signior Gremio, you, know any such,

Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit.]

KATH. Why, and I trust I may go too. May I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha! [Exit.]

GRE. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you. Their love is not so great as Hortensio's, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out; our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell:—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

HOR. So will I, signior Gremio: But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parting, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing specially.

GRE. What's that, I pray?

HOR. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

GRE. A husband! a devil.

HOR. I say, a husband.

GRE. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool as to be married to hell?

HOR. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

GRE. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

HOR. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in-law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained, till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!

—Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

GRE. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on. [*Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO.*]

TRA. [*Advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible That love should of a sudden take such hold?

LUC. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

TRA. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,—
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

LUC. Gramercies, lad; go forward, this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel 's sound.

TRA. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what 's the pith of all.

LUC. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

TRA. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her sister
Began to scold; and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

LUC. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

TRA. Nay, then, 't is time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir: If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:—

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rids his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

LUC. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

TRA. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 't is plotted.

LUC. I have it, Tranio.

TRA. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

LUC. Tell me thine first.

TRA. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

LUC. It is: May it be done?

TRA. Not possible. For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

LUC. Basta; content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or master: then it follows thus;—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'T is hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

TRA. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*]
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting:
"Be serviceable to my son," quoth he,
Although, I think, 't was in another sense.)
I am content to be Lucentio,

Because so well I love Lucentio.

LUC. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, t' achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?

BION. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?
Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news?

LUC. Sirrah, come hither; 't is no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.

Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.

Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life;
You understand me?

BION. I, sir? ne'er a whit.

LUC. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

BION. The better for him. 'Would I were so too!

TRA. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,—
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

LUC. Tranio, let's go:—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute;
To make one among these wooers: If thou ask me why,—
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*]

(The Presenters above speak.)

1 SERV. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

SLY. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely.
Comes there any more of it?

PAGE. My lord, 't is but begun.

SLY. 'T is a very excellent piece of work, madam lady.
'Would 't were done! *[They sit and mark.]*

SCENE II.—*The same. Before Hortensio's House.*

Enter PETRUCIO and GRUMIO.

PET. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

GRU. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any
man has rebused your worship?

PET. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

GRU. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir, that
I should knock you here, sir?

PET. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

GRU. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should knock
you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

PET. Will it not be?

'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it;
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.]

GRU. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

PET. Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

HOR. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend
Grumio! and my good friend Petrucio!—How do you all at
Verona?

PET. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.

HOR. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto,*
Molto honorato signor mio Petrucio.

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

GRU. Nay, 't is no matter what he 'leges in Latin.—If
this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—Look

you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see,) two-and-thirty,—a pip out? Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first, Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

PET. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio, I bade the rascal knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it.

GRU. Knock at the gate?—O heavens! Spake you not these words plain,—“Sirrah, knock me here, Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?” And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

PET. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

HOR. Petrucio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge: Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you; Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant, Grumio. And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

PET. Such wind as scatters young men through the world, To seek their fortunes farther than at home, Where small experience grows. But, in a few, Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:— Antonio, my father, is deceas'd; And I have thrust myself into this maze, Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may: Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home, And so am come abroad to see the world.

HOR. Petrucio, shall I then come roundly to thee, And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife? Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel: And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich, And very rich:—but thou 'rt too much my friend, And I'll not wish thee to her.

PET. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know One rich enough to be Petrucio's wife, (As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,) Be she as foul as was Florentius' love, As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,

She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me. Were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas;
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

GRU. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two-and-fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

HOR. Petrucio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petrucio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is faults enough)
Is,—that she is intolerable curst,
And shrewd, and froward: so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

PET. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect:
Tell me her father's name, and 't is enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

HOR. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman;
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

PET. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well:
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her:
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

GRU. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts.
O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw

a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat: you know him not, sir.

HOR. Tarry, Petrucio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

GRU. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

HOR. Now shall my friend Petrucio do me grace;
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca:
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

*Enter GREMIO; with him LUCENTIO disguised, with books
under his arm.*

GRU. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the old folks,
how the young folks lay their heads together! Master,
master, look about you: Who goes there? ha!

HOR. Peace, Grumio; it is the rival of my love:—
Petrucio, stand by a while.

GRU. A proper stripling, and an amorous! [*They retire.*]

GRE. O, very well: I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me:—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess:—Take your papers too,

And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

LUC. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

GRE. O this learning! what a thing it is!

GRU. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

PET. Peace, sirrah.

HOR. Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio!

GRE. And you're well met, signior Hortensio. Trow you,
Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.

I promis'd to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca;
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry
And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.

HOR. 'T is well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

GRE. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

GRU. And that his bags shall prove. [Aside]

HOR. Gremio, 't is now no time to vent our love;
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

GRE. So said, so done, is well:—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

PET. I know she is an irksome, brawling scold;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

GRE. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

PET. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:

My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

GRE. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange:
But if you have a stomach, to 't o' God's name;
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But, will you woo this wild cat?

PET. Will I live?

GRU. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her. [Aside.

PET. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives not half so great a blow to hear,
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
'Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.

GRU. For he fears none. [Aside.

GRE. Hortensio, hark!
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

HOR. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

GRE. And so we will, provided that he win her.

GRU. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner. [Aside.

Enter TRANIO, bravely apparelled; and BIONDELLO.

TRA. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

BION. He that has the two fair daughters:— is 't he you mean?

TRA. Even he, Biondello.

GRE. Hark you, sir; You mean not her to——

TRA. Perhaps, him and her, sir. What have you to do?

PET. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

TRA. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let's away.

LUC. Well begun, Tranio.

[*Aside.*]

HOR. Sir, a word ere you go ;—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no ?

TRA. An if I be, sir, is it any offence ?

GRE. No ; if, without more words, you will get you hence

TRA. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you ?

GRE. But so is not she.

TRA. For what reason, I beseech you ?

GRE. For this reason, if you'll know,
That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

HOR. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

TRA. Softly, my masters ! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right.—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown ;
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers ;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have :
And so she shall ; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

GRE. What ! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

LUC. Sir, give him head ; I know, he'll prove a jade.

PET. Hortensio, to what end are all these words ?

HOR. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter ?

TRA. No, sir ; but hear I do, that he hath two ;
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

PET. Sir, sir, the first's for me ; let her go by.

GRE. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules ;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

PET. Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth ;—
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the elder sister first be wed :

The younger then is free, and not before.

TRA. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest ;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat,—
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

HOR. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

TRA. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

GRU. BION. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's begone.

HOR. The motion's good indeed, and be it so;—
Petrucio, I shall be your *benvenuto*. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in Baptista's House.*

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.

BIAN. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me ;
That I disdain: But for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

KATH. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

BIAN. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,

I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

KATH. Minion, thou liest: Is 't not Hortensio?

BIAN. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

KATH. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

BIAN. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while:

I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

KATH. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. [*Strikes her.*]

Enter BAPTISTA.

BAP. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?
Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding, of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

KATH. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after* BIANCA.]

BAP. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in. [*Exit* BIANCA.]

KATH. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me. I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit* KATHARINA.]

BAP. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

*Enter GREMIO with LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man;
PETRUCIO, with HORTENSIO as a musician; and TRANIO
with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books.*

GRE. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

BAP. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you,
gentlemen!

PET. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

BAP. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

GRE. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

PET. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine, [*Presenting* HORTENSIO.
Cunning in music, and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

BAP. You're welcome, sir; and he for your good sake:
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

PET. I see you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

BAP. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

PET. Petrucio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

BAP. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

GRE. Saving your tale, Petrucio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

PET. O, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

GRE. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To
express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly
beholding to you than any, I freely give unto you this young
scholar [*presenting* LUCENTIO], that hath been long studying
at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages,
as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio;
pray accept his service.

BAP. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome, good

Cambio.—But, gentle sir [*to TRANIO*], methinks, you walk like a stranger. May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

TRA. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister:
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

BAP. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

TRA. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

BAP. A mighty man of Pisa: by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.
Take you [*to HORTENSIO*] the lute, and you [*to LUCENTIO*] the
set of books,
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead

These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO, and BRONDELLO.*]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

PET. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd
Then tell me,—If I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

BAP. After my death, the one half of my lands:
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

PET. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

BAP. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is,—her love; for that is all in all.

PET. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

BAP. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

PET. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.

BAP. How now, my friend? why dost thou look so pale?

HOR. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

BAP. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

HOR. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

BAP. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

HOR. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
'Frets, call you these?' quoth she: "I'll fume with them:"
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,

As she had studied to misuse me so.

PET. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

BAP. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petrucio, will you go with us:
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

PET. I pray you do; I will attend her here,—

[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, and HORTENSIO.]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew;
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks
As though she bid me stay by her a week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married:—
But here she comes; and now, Petrucio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

KATH. Well have you heard, but something hard of
hearing;

They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

PET. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates; and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

KATH. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

PET. Why, what's a moveable?

KATH. A joint stool.

PET. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

KATH. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

PET. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

KATH. No such jade as you, if me you mean.

PET. Alas, good Kate! I will not burthen thee:

For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

KATH. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

PET. Should be? should? buz!

KATH. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

PET. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

KATH. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.

PET. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

KATH. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

PET. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

KATH. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

PET. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?

In his tail.

KATH. In his tongue.

PET. Whose tongue?

KATH. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

PET. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come
again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

KATH. That I'll try. [*Striking him.*]

PET. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

KATH. So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

PET. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.

KATH. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

PET. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

KATH. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

PET. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

KATH. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

PET. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.

KATH. There is, there is.

PET. Then show it me.

KATH. Had I a glass, I would.

PET. What, you mean my face?

KATH. Well aim'd of such
young one.

PET. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

KATH. Yet you are wither'd.

PET. 'T is with cares.

KATH. I care not.

PET. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so.

KATH. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

PET. No, not a whit. I find you passing gentle.

'T was told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twigg,
Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue,
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

KATH. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

PET. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.

KATH. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

PET. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

KATH. A witty mother! witless else her son.

PET. Am I not wise?

KATH. Yes; keep you warm.

PET. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And, therefore, setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well)
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

BAP. Now, Signior Petrucio: How speed you with my daughter?

PET. How but well, sir? how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amiss.

BAP. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps?

KATH. Call you me daughter? now I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

PET. Father, 't is thus,—yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy:

For she 's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel;
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:

And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

KATH. I 'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

GRE. Hark, Petrucio! she says she 'll see thee hang'd first.

TRA. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

PET. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself;
If she and I be pleas'd, what 's that to you?
'T is bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.
 I tell you, 't is incredible to believe
 How much she loves me : O, the kindest Kate !
 She hung about my neck ; and kiss on kiss
 She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
 That in a twink she won me to her love.
 O, you are novices ! 't is a world to see,
 How tame, when men and women are alone,
 A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.
 Give me thy hand, Kate : I will unto Venice,
 To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding day :
 Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests ;
 I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

BAP. I know not what to say : but give me your hand
 God send you joy, Petrucio ! 't is a match.

GRE. TRA. Amen, say we ; we will be witnesses.

PET. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu ;
 I will to Venice ; Sunday comes apace :
 We will have rings, and things, and fine array ;
 And kiss me, Kate ; we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt PETRUCIO and KATHARINA severally*]

GRE. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly ?

BAP. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
 And venture madly on a desperate mart.

TRA. 'T was a commodity lay fretting by you ;
 'T will bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

BAP. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

GRE. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
 But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter ;
 Now is the day we long have looked for ;
 I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

TRA. And I am one that love Bianca more
 Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

GRE. Youngling ! thou canst not love so dear as I.

TRA. Gray-beard ! thy love doth freeze.

GRE. But thine doth
 Skipper, stand back ; 't is age that nourisheth.

TRA. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

BAP. Content you, gentlemen ; I will compound
 strife :

'T is deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have my Bianca's love.

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

GRE. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

TRA. That, only, came well in. Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir, and only son;
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
What! have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?

GRE. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.
What! have I chok'd you with an argosy?

TRA. Gremio, 't is known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

GRE. Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;

And she can have no more than all I have.

If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

TRA. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise. Gremio is outvied.

BAP. I must confess your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

TRA. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

GRE. And may not young men die, as well as old?

BAP. Well, gentlemen, I am thus resolv'd:—

On Sunday next you know

My daughter Katharine is to be married:

Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca

Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;

If not, to signior Gremio:

And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [Exit

GRE. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not;

Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool

To give thee all, and, in his waning age,

Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [Exit

TRA. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!

Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.

'T is in my head to do my master good:—

I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio

Must get a father call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;

And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,

Do get their children: but, in this case of wooing,

A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [Exit

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Baptista's House.**Enter* LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, *and* BIANCA.

LUC. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

HOR. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

LUC. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

HOR. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

BIAN. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

HOR. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[*To* BIANCA.—*HORTENSIO retires.*]

LUC. That will be never;—tune your instrument.

BIAN. Where left we last?

LUC. Here madam:—

Hac ibat Simois: hic est Sigeia tellus;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

BIAN. Construe them.

LUC. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lu-
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centio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

HOR. Madam, my instrument's in tune. [Returning.

BIAN. Let's hear:—

[HORTENSIO plays.

O fie! the treble jars.

LUC. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

BIAN. Now let me see if I can construe it; *Hac ibat Sinois*, I know you not;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hears us not;—*regia*, presume not;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

HOR. Madam, 't is now in tune.

LUC.

All but the base.

HOR. The base is right; 't is the base knave that jars.
How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life the knave doth court my love:

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

BIAN. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

LUC. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides*
Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.

BIAN. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:

But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

HOR. You may go walk [to LUCENTIO], and give me leave
awhile;

My lessons make no music in three parts.

LUC. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

[Aside.

HOR. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade;
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

BIAN. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

HOR. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

BIAN. [*Reads.*] Gamut, *I am, the ground of all accord,*

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C fa ut, that loves with all affection:

D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I;

E la mi, show pity, or I die.

Call you this gamut? tut! I like it not:

Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,

To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

BIAN. Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must be gone.

[*Exeunt BIANCA and SERV.*]

LUC. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*]

HOR. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;

Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,

To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,

Seize thee that list: If once I find thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Before Baptista's House.*

Enter BAPTISTA, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and Attendants.

BAP. Signior Lucentio [*to TRANIO*], this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petrucio should be married,

And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:

What will be said? what mockery will it be,

To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends

To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!

What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

KATH. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd

To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,

Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;

Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—“Lo, there is mad Petrucio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.”

TRA. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too;
Upon my life, Petrucio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

KATH. 'Would Katharine had never seen him, though!

[Exit, weeping, followed by BIANCA, and others.]

BAP. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

BION. Master, master! news, old news, and such news as
you never heard of!

BAP. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

BION. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petrucio's coming?

BAP. Is he come?

BION. Why, no, sir.

BAP. What then?

BION. He is coming.

BAP. When will he be here?

BION. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

TRA. But, say, what:—To thine old news.

BION. Why, Petrucio is coming, in a new hat and an old
jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots
that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an
old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken
hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: His horse
hipped with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred
besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the

chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; swayed in the back. and shoulder-shotten; ne'er legg'd before; and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with pack-thread.

BAP. Who comes with him?

BION. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and "The humour of forty fancies" pricked in 't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

TRA. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion; Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparel'd.

BAP. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

BION. Why, sir, he comes not.

BAP. Didst thou not say, he comes?

BION. Who? that Petrucio came?

BAP. Ay, that Petrucio came.

BION. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

BAP. Why, that 's all one.

BION. Nay, by Saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCIO and GRUMIO.

PET. Come, where be these gallants? who 's at home?

BAP. You are welcome, sir.

PET. And yet I come not well.

BAP. And yet you halt not.

TRA. Not so well apparel'd

As I wish you were.

PET. Were it better I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?

How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

BAP. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eyesore to our solemn festival.

TRA. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

PET. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears, 't is time we were at church.

TRA. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

PET. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

BAP. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

PET. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with
words;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'T were well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt* PETRUCIO, GRUMIO, and BIONDELLA.]

TRA. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

BAP. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exit*]

TRA. But, sir, to love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: Which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,

I am to get a man,—whate'er he be.
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

LUC. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'T were good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

TRA. That by degrees we mean to look into, -
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll over-reach the graybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

GRE. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

TRA. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

GRE. A bridegroom, say you? 't is a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

TRA. Curster than she? why, 't is impossible.

GRE. Why he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

TRA. Why she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

GRE. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, sir Lucentio; When the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
"Ay, by gogs-wouns," quoth he; and swore so loud
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest;
"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."

TRA. What said the wench, when he arose again?

GRE. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd, and
swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—"A health," quoth he, as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm:—Quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason,—
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before.
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.

[*Music.*]

Enter PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO,
GRUMIO, *and Train.*

PET. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

BAP. Is't possible you will away to-night?

PET. I must away to-day, before night come:
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
• And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

TRA. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

PET. It may not be.

GRE. Let me entreat you.

PET. It cannot be.

KATH. Let me entreat you.

PET. I am content.

KATH. Are you content to stay?

PET. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

KATH. Now, if you love me, stay.

PET. Grumio, my horse.

GRU. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses.

KATH. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself:
'T is like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

PET. O Kate, content thee; prithee be not angry.

KATH. I will be angry. What hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure.

GRE. Ay, marry, sir: now it begins to work.

KATH. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

PET. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command:
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate;
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, and GRUMIO.]

BAP. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

GRE. Went they not quickly I should die with laughing.

TRA. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

LUC. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

BIAN. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

GRE. I warrant him, Petrucio is Kated.

BAP. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom
wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no junkets at the feast;

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

TRA. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

BAP. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in Petrucio's Country House.*

Enter GRUMIO.

GRU. Fie, fie, on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

CURT. Who is that calls so coldly?

GRU. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

CURT. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

GRU. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

CURT. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

GRU. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

CURT. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

GRU. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

CURT. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

GRU. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

CURT. There's fire ready; And, therefore, good Grumio, the news?

GRU. Why, "Jack, boy! ho, boy!" and as much news as thou wilt.

CURT. Come, you are so full of conycatching.

GRU. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and everything in order?

CURT. All ready. And, therefore, I pray thee, news?

GRU. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

CURT. How?

GRU. Out of their saddles into the dirt. And thereby hangs a tale.

CURT. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

GRU. Lend thine ear.

CURT. Here.

GRU. There.

[*Striking him.*]

CURT. This't is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

GRU. And therefore't is called, a sensible tale: and this

cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

CURT. Both on one horse?

GRU. What's that to thee?

CURT. Why, a horse.

GRU. Tell thou the tale:—But hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place how she was bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore how she prayed, that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

CURT. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

GRU. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugar, and the rest. Let their heads be sleekly combed, their breeches brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit: bid them curtsy with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

CURT. They are.

GRU. Call them forth.

CURT. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, and countenance my mistress.

GRU. Why, she hath a face of her own.

CURT. Who knows not that?

GRU. Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.

CURT. I call them forth to credit her.

GRU. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

NATH. Welcome home, Grumio.

PHIL. How now, Grumio?

JOS. What, Grumio!

NICH. Fellow Grumio?

NATH. How now, old lad?

GRU. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

NATH. All things is ready: how near is our master?

GRU. E'en at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not, —Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCIO and KATHARINA.

PET. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door,
To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse?
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

ALL SERV. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

PET. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!
You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

GRU. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

PET. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

GRU. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

PET. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[Exeunt some of the Servants.]

"Where is the life that late I led"—

[Sings.]

Where are those——Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

"It was the friar of orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way:"—

[Sings]

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.—

[Strikes him]

Be merry, Kate:—Some water here; what, ho!
Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither: [Exit Servant]
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

[A bason is presented to him]

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:—

[Servant lets the ewer fall]

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? [Strikes him]

KATH. Patience, I pray you; 't was a fault unwilling.

PET. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?
What is this? mutton?

1 SERV. Ay.

PET. Who brought it?

1 SERV. I.

PET. 'T is burnt; and so is all the meat:
What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[Throws the meat, &c., about the stage]

You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

KATH. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

PET. I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 't were that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, and CURTIS.]

NATH. [*Advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the like?

PETER. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

GRU. Where is he?

CURT. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her:

And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away! for he is coming hither.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter PETRUCIO.

PET. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,

And 't is my hope to end successfully:

My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty:

And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,

For then she never looks upon her lure.

Another way I have to man my haggard,

To make her come, and know her keeper's call,

That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,

That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.

She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat:

Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;

As with the meat, some undeserved fault

I'll find about the making of the bed;

And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,

This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—

Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,

That all is done in reverend care of her;

And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:

And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,

And with the clamour keep her still awake.

This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;

And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour:

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,

Now let him speak; 't is charity to show.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Padua. *Before Baptista's House.**Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.*

TRA. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

HOR. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manuer of his teaching.

*[They stand aside.]**Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.*

LUC. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

BIAN. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

LUC. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

BIAN. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

LUC. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

[They retire.]

HOR. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

TRA. O despitiful love! unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

HOR. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorns to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

TRA. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear Bianca, and her love for ever.

HOR. See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

TRA. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,

Never to marry with her though she would entreat:
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

HOR. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite forsworn!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow
Ere three days pass; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit HORTENSIO.*—LUCENTIO and BIANCA *advance.*

TRA. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

BIAN. Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me?

TRA. Mistress, we have.

LUC. Then we are rid of Licio.

TRA. I 'faith, he 'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

BIAN. God give him joy!

TRA. Ay, and he 'll tame her.

BIAN. He says so, Tranio.

TRA. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

BIAN. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

TRA. Ay, mistress, and Petrucio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, running.

BION. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I am dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient engle coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

TRA. What is he, Biondello?

BION. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

LUC. And what of him, Tranio?

TRA. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO and BIANCA.]

Enter a PEDANT.

PED. God save you, sir!

TRA. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

PED. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;
But then up farther; and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

TRA. What countryman, I pray?

PED. Of Mantua.

TRA. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

PED. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

TRA. 'T is death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'T is marvel; but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

PED. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

TRA. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

PED. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

TRA. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

PED. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

TRA. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

BION. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

[*Aside*

TRA. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd.
Look, that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

PED. O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

TRA. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in Petrucio's House.*

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

GRU. No, no; forsooth, I dare not, for my life.

KATH. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,
'T were deadly sickness, or else present death.
I prithee go, and get me some repast;

I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

GRU. What say you to a neat's foot?

KATH. 'T is passing good; I prithee let me have it.

GRU. I fear, it is too choleric a meat:

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

KATH. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

GRU. I cannot tell; I fear, 't is choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

KATH. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

GRU. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

KATH. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

GRU. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

KATH. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

GRU. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

KATH. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

[Beats him]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCIO, with a dish of meat; and HORTENSIO.

PET. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amorst?

HOR. Mistress, what cheer?

KATH. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

PET. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,

To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:

[Sets the dish on a table]

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st it not;

And all my pains is sorted to no proof:

Here, take away this dish.

KATH. I pray you, let it stand.

PET. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

KATH. I thank you, sir.

HOR. Signior Petrucio, fie! you are to blame:
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

PET. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me. [*Aside.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace;—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house;
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

HAB. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

PET. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish;—fie, fie! 't is lewd and filthy;
Why, 't is a cockle, or a walnutshell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

KATH. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

PET. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

HOB. That will not be in haste. [*Aside*

KATH. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break;
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

PET. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

KATH. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;

And it I will have, or I will have none.

PET. Thy gown? why, ay.—Come, tailor, let us see 't.
O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here!

What's this? a sleeve? 't is like a demi-cannon:

What! up and down, carv'd like an apple tart?

Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,

Like to a censer in a barber's shop:

Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

HOB. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

[Aside.]

TAL. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

PET. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,

For you shall hop without my custom, sir:

I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

KATH. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

PET. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

TAL. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of
her.

PET. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,
Thou thimble,

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,

Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:

Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;

Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,

As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

TAL. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

GRU. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

TAL. But how did you desire it should be made?

GRU. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

TAL. But did you not request to have it cut?

GRU. Thou hast faced many things.

TAL. I have.

GRU. Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me. I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

TAL. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

PET. Read it.

GRU. The note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so.

TAL. *Imprimis*, "a loose-bodied gown:"

GRU. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

PET. Proceed.

TAL. "With a small compassed cape;"

GRU. I confess the cape.

TAL. "With a trunk sleeve;"

GRU. I confess two sleeves.

TAL. "The sleeves curiously cut."

PET. Ay, there 's the villainy.

GRU. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again: and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

TAL. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in place where thou shouldst know it.

GRU. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

HOR. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

PET. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

GRU. You are i' the right, sir; 't is for my mistress.

PET. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

GRU. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

PET. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

GRU. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for: Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fie, fie, fie!

PET. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid:—

[*Aside.*]

Go, take it hence; begone, and say no more.

HOR. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.

Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away, I say; commend me to thy master. *[Exit Tailor.]*

PET. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 't is the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:
And therefore frolic; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's see; I think 't is now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

KATH. I dare assure you, sir, 't is almost two,
And 't will be supper-time ere you come there.

PET. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let 't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

HOR. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Padua. *Before Baptista's House.*

Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like VINCENTIO.

TRA. Sir, this is the house. Please it you that I call?

PED. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceiv'd,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,

here we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

TRA. 'T is well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

PED. I warrant you: But, sir, here comes your boy;
Were good he were school'd.

TRA. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,
How do your duty thoroughly, I advise you;
Imagine 't were the right Vincentio.

BION. Tut! fear not me.

TRA. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

BION. I told him, that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

TRA. Thou 'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.

Senior Baptista, you are happily met:—
Sir [to the Pedant], this is the gentleman I told you of:
Pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

PED. Soft, son!

Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
The love between your daughter and himself:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and,—if you pleas'd to like
No worse than I,—upon some agreement,
I shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Senior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

BAP. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say;—
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here

Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

TRA. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best?
We be affied; and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

BAP. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still;
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

TRA. Then at my lodging, an it like you:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

BAP. It likes me well: Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife!

LUC. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!

TRA. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer;
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

BAP. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* TRANIO, PEDANT, and BAPTISTA]

BION. Cambio.

LUC. What say'st thou, Biondello?

BION. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

LUC. Biondello, what of that?

BION. 'Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind
to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

LUC. I pray thee, moralise them.

BION. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

LUC. And what of him?

BION. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

LUC. And then?

BION. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

LUC. And what of all this?

BION. I cannot tell: expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: Take your assurance of her *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*: to the church;—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [Going.

LUC. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

BION. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [Exit.

LUC. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [Exit.

SCENE V.—A public Road.

Enter PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.

PET. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

KATH. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.

PET. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

KATH. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

PET. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house:

Go on, and fetch our horses back again.

Evermore cross'd and cross'd: nothing but cross'd!

HOR. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

KATH. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

PET. I say it is the moon.

KATH. I know it is the moon.

PET. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

KATH. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

HOR. Petrucio, go thy ways; the field is won.

PET. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But soft! Company is coming here!

Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.

Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away? [*To VINCENTIO*]
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks?
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

HOR. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

KATH. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away; or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

PET. Why, how now, Kate? I hope thou art not mad.
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

KATH. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
'That everything I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

PET. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

VIN. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

PET. What is his name?

VIN. Lucentio, gentle sir.

PET. Happily met; the happier for thy son.

And now by law, as well as reverend age,
May entitle thee my loving father;
My sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
My son by this hath married: Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.

Let me embrace with old Vincentio:
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Whose will of thy arrival be full joyous.

VIN. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
To be pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

HOR. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

PET. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, and VINCENTIO.*]

HOR. Well, Petrucio, this hath put me in heart.

Give to my widow; and if she be froward,
When hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Padua. *Before Lucentio's House.*

Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA; *GREMIO*
walking on the other side.

BION. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

LUC. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

BION. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and BIONDELLO]

GRE. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and Attendants.

PET. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house,
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

VIN. You shall not choose but drink before you go;
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. [Knocks]

GRE. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

Enter PEDANT *above at a window.*

PED. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

VIN. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

PED. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

VIN. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merry withal?

PED. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

PET. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

PED. Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

VIN. Art thou his father?

PED. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

PET. Why, how now, gentleman [to VINCEN.]! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

PED. Lay hands on the villain. I believe 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

BION. I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? Now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

VIN. Come hither, crack-hemp. [*Seeing BIONDELLO.*

BION. I hope I may choose, sir.

VIN. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

BION. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

VIN. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

BION. What, my old, worshipful old master? Yes, marry sir; see where he looks out of the window.

VIN. Is 't so, indeed? [*Beats BIONDELLO.*

BION. Help, help, help! here 's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

PED. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

[*Exit from the window.*

PET. Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter PEDANT below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.

TRA. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

VIN. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!—O, I am undone, I am undone! While I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

TRA. How now? what's the matter?

BAP. What, is the man lunatic?

TRA. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what

cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

VIN. Thy father? O villain! he is a sailmaker in Bergamo.

BAP. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: Pray, what you think is his name?

VIN. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name Tranio.

PED. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and I am mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

VIN. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! lay hands on him, I charge you, in the duke's name: O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son, Lucentio.

TRA. Call forth an officer: [*Enter one with an Officer*] Carry this mad knave to the gaol:—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

VIN. Carry me to the gaol!

GRE. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

BAP. Talk not, signior Gremio. I say he shall go to prison.

GRE. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catcher in this business. I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

PED. Swear, if thou darest.

GREN. Nay, I dare not swear it.

TRA. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

GRE. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

BAP. Away with the dotard: to the gaol with him.

VIN. Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd.
O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

BION. O, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

LUC. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling*]

VIN. Lives my sweet son?

[*BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and PEDANT run on*]

BIAN. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling*]

BAP. How hast thou offended?

Where is Lucentio?

LUC. Here's Lucentio,

Right son unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

GRE. Here's packing with a witness, to deceive us all!

VIN. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

BAP. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

BIAN. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

LUC. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss:
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

VIN. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to
the gaol.

BAP. But do you hear, sir? [*To LUCENTIO.*] Have you
married my daughter without asking my good-will?

VIN. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you: go to:
But I will in, to be reveng'd for this villainy. [*Exit.*]

BAP. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*]

LUC. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.

[*Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA.*]

GRE. My cake is dough: But I'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*]

PETRUCCIO and KATHARINA advance.

KATH. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

PET. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

KATH. What, in the midst of the street?

PET. What, art thou ashamed of me?

KATH. No, sir; God forbid:—but ashamed to kiss.

PET. Why, then, let's home again:—Come, sirrah, let's
away.

KATH. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love,
stay.

PET. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Lucentio's House.*

A banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the PEDANT, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and WIDOW. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and others, attending.

LUC. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree;
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine:
Brother Petrucio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house.
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer: Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat. [*They sit at table.*]

PET. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat.

BAP. Padua affords this kindness, son Petrucio.

PET. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

HOR. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

PET. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

WID. Then never trust me if I be afeard.

PET. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense;
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

WID. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

PET. Roundly replied.

KATH. Mistress, how mean you that?

WID. Thus I conceive by him.

PET. Conceive by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

HOR. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

PET. Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good widow.

KATH. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:—
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

WID. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:

And now you know my meaning.

KATH. A very mean meaning.

WID.

Right, I mean you.

KATH. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

PET. To her, Kate!

HOR. To her, widow!

PET. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

HOR. That's my office.

PET. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to HORTENSIO.*]

BAP. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

GRE. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

BIAN. Head, and butt? an hasty-witted body

Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

VIN. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

BIAN. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.

PET. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

BIAN. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow:—

You are welcome all. [*Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINA, and WIDOW.*]

PET. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

TRA. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

PET. A good swift simile, but something currish.

TRA. 'T is well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;
'T is thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

BAP. O ho, Petrucio, Tranio hits you now.

LUC. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

HOR. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

PET. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'T is ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

BAP. Now, in good sadness, son Petrucio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

PET. Well, I say—no: and, therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

HOR. Content: What's the wager?

LUC. Twenty crowns.

PET. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

LUC. A hundred then.

HOR. Content.

PET. A match; 't is done.

HOR. Who shall begin?

LUC. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

BION. I go.

BAP. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

LUC. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

BION. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

PET. How! she's busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

GRE. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

PET. I hope, better.

HOR. Sirrah Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. *[Exit BIONDELLO.]*

PET. O, ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

HOR. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now where's my wife?

BION. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come; she bids you come to her.

PET. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;

Say I command her come to me.

HOR. I know her answer.

PET. What?

[Exit GRUMIO.]

HOR. She will not.

PET. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

BAP. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

KATH. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

PET. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

KATH. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

PET. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight. [*Exit KATHARINA.*]

LUC. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

HOR. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

PET. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy?

BAP. Now fair befall thee, good Petrucio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns!
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

PET. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and WIDOW.

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[*KATHARINA pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*]

WID. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

BIAN. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

LUC. I would, your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

BIAN. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

PET. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

WID. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.

PET. Come on, I say; and first begin with her,

WID. She shall not.

PET. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

KATH. Fie, fie! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil, and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,

My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But now, I see our lances are but straws;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;
And place your hands below your husbands' foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease!

PET. Why, there 's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

LUC. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

VIN. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

LUC. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

PET. Come, Kate, we'll to bed:

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'T was I won the wager, though you hit the white;

[To LUCENTIO

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt* PETRUCIO and KATHARINA

HOR. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

LUC. 'T is a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

[*Exeunt.*

VARIOUS READINGS.

"And when he says he's *poor*, say that he dreams."

Induction. STEEVENS.

"And when he says he's *Sly*," &c.

JOHNSON.

"When he says *what* he is, say," &c.

COLLIER, *MS. Corrector*.

The folio has the line thus :
"And when he says he is, say that
he dreams."

Malone printed the line thus:
"And when he says he is —, say
that he dreams."

The — indicates that the lord
did not know what name to call
him; and Malone has no doubt
that the blank was intended.

"Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray ;
Or so devote to Aristotle's *ethics*."

(ACT I., SC. I.)

This is Blackstone's reading. We have "Aristotle's *ethics*" in Ben Jonson's 'Silent Woman.' Mr. Singer adopts "ethics" in his text. Mr. Collier calls the original "*checks*" a blunder, and is surprised it was not mentioned in print a century ago; assuming the correction to be first given in the MS. Notes of his folio.

In our previous editions, speaking of Blackstone's suggestion, we have said "the emendation is ingenious; but it is scarcely necessary to disturb the text." Shakspeare in several passages has used "*checks*" as a plural noun. Undoubtedly "ethics" is more appropriate in this case.

"O, yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of *Agenor's race*."

(ACT I., SC. I.)

This is the MS. corrector's reading. The original reading is—
"Such as the daughter of *Agenor*
had."

Europa was the daughter of Agenor himself, and not of one of his race. This is one of the many attempts of the same corrector to

The passage, according to Mr. Collier, "is injured by the misprinting of so poor a word as 'had' for *race*."

produce a couplet—in the fashion of the stage after the Restoration.

"She is not hot, but temperate as the *moon*."

(ACT II., Sc. 1.)

This is the corrector's change for

"She is not hot, but temperate as the *morn*."

"*Moon*," says Mr. Collier, "in reference to the chaste coldness of the moon, was doubtless the true word."

If authority were wanting for the application of the epithet "temperate" to "morn," Shakespeare himself might furnish it:—

"Modest as morning when she coldly eyes

The youthful Phœbus."

'Troilus and Cressida,'

Act I., Sc. 3.

"An ancient *engle* coming down the hill."

(ACT IV., Sc. 2.) THEOBALD.

"An ancient *ambler*," &c. COLLIER, *MS. Corrector*.

The original has

"An ancient *angel*," &c.

Engle is a gull. How was Biondello, asks Mr. Collier, to know his character? He saw he was an *ambler*

Engle is not very clear; *ambler* is very tame and bald. Mr. Dyce somewhat inclines to the original reading of "angel;" citing a passage from Cotgrave's Dictionary. "*Angelot à la grosse escaille*," An old *Angell*, and, by metaphor, a fellow of th' old, sound, honest, and worthie stamp." The Pedant, according to Biondello, was "formal in apparel"—"like a father." Tranio wants a respectable man to pass as his father, Vincentio; and this ancient good fellow will fit the character.

GLOSSARY.

AGLET-BABY. Act I., Sc. 2.

"Marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby."

The *aglet-baby* was a small carving on the head of the tape which carried the lace. *Aglet* is from the French *aiguillette*, a point.

AMORT. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"What, sweeting, all amort?"

Dead-hearted, dispirited. The expression was common to the old dramatists.

ARGOSY. Act II., Sc. 1.

"An argosy

That now is lying in Marseilles' road."

An *argosy* was a large merchant ship. Du Cange says the name was derived from Argo, the fabulous name of the first ship that brought the golden fleece from Colchis.

BACCARE. Act II., Sc. 1.

"Baccare! you are marvellous forward."

Baccare was once a word in common use. It has been sometimes supposed to be derived from the Italian, but that language has no such word. It was used in the sense of "go back," and is formed from the Anglo-Saxon *back* in its common sense, and from *aer*, *ar*, or *are*, an ancient word common to the Greek and Gothic, signifying "to go."

BEMOILED. Act IV., Sc. 1.

"How she was bemailed."

Bemoiled here means *bemired*. Its usual sense is *overworn*.

BESTRAUGHT. Induction, Sc. 2.

"What! I am not bestraught."

Bestraught has the same meaning as *distraught*, distracted. It is used by the Earl of Surrey and others.

BRACH. Induction, Sc. 1.

"Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd."

In an old book of sports, 'The Gentleman's Recreation,' it is stated that "a *brach* is a mannerly-name for all hound-

bitches," though in 'King Lear,' Act III., Sc. 5, Shakspeare uses it for a dog of a particular breed :—

"Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, *brach* or lym."

BRAVED. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"Thou hast braved many men."

Made many men fine. Bravery was showy or gaudy apparel. In the old stage directions of this play we find "Enter Tranio brave."

BUGS. Act I., Sc. 2.

"Fear boys with bugs."

Frighten boys with hobgoblins. Douce illustrates this by a passage from Mathew's Bible, Psalm xci. 5. "Thou shalt not nede to be afraied for any bugs by night." We still use the word bugbear. The English name of the *punaise* was not in use till late in the seventeenth century.

BURST. Induction, Sc. 1.

"You will not pay for the glasses you have burst."

Burst is broken, as in 'Henry IV., Part II.,' (Act III., Sc. 2,) where Falstaff says of Shallow, that John of Gaunt, "burst his head, for crowding among the marshal's men."

BUT. Act III., Sc. 1.

"But I be deceiv'd."

Unless, without. *But* was often used in this sense by our earlier writers, and is still by the Scotch. Horne Tooke says *but*, without, was derived from the Anglo-Saxon, *butan*, be out; the other *but* from *botan*, to boot, something added, and is always used in a qualitative sense.

CARD OF TEN. Act II., Sc. 1.

"Yet I have faced it with a card of ten."

A proverbial phrase borrowed from the gaming-table, as old, or older, than Skelton, who has—

"And so outface him with a card of ten."

CARPETS. Act IV., Sc. 1.

"The carpets laid."

The carpets were to be laid on the tables: the floors in Shakspeare's time were strewed with rushes.

CERNS. Act V., Sc. 1.

"What cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold?"

Cerns is the word in the original, and is probably used as an abbreviation of *concerns*, which it undoubtedly means.

COLOUR'D. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Take my colour'd hat and cloak."

Servants formerly wore clothes of sober hue, while their masters fluttered in all the colours of the rainbow, and such gay vestments were called emphatically *coloured*. Fashion has now reversed this.

CONTRIVE. Act I., Sc. 2.

"Please ye we may contrive this afternoon."

Contrive is here used in its Latin sense, as in Terence, "*Totum hunc contrivi diem*." To wear away, to pass, this afternoon.

COPATAIN-HAT. Act V., Sc. 1.

"A scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!"

A *copatain-hat* is a high-crowned hat, probably of the kind described by Stubbes ('*Anatomie of Abuses*,' 1595). "Sometimes they use them sharp on the crown, pearking up like the spear or shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yard above the crown of their heads."

COUNTERPOINTS. Act II., Sc. 1.

"My arras, counterpoints."

Counterpoints are synonymous with counterpanes.

CRAVEN. Act II., Sc. 1.

"No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven."

A *craven* is one who has submitted, preferring safety to honour, craven or craved for his life. A craven cock and a craven knight were each contemptible. The terms of chivalry and cock-fighting were frequently synonymous in the feudal times, as those of the cock-pit and the boxing-ring are now.

CUNNING. Act I., Sc. 1.

"For to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal."

Cunning was originally knowledge or skill, and is so used in our translation of the Bible: "May my right hand forget its cunning." Shakspeare generally uses the word in its modern sense, but in the present play he has in two other instances used it in the same sense as in the above passage. In Act II., Sc. 1, we have—

"Cunning in music and the mathematics ;"
and—

"Cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages."

CURIOUS. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"For curious I cannot be with you."

Curious is used in the sense of *scrupulous* or *scrutinising*.

CUSTARD-COFFIN. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie."

The raised crust of a pie was called a coffin.

FACED. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"Thou hast faced many things."

Made facings for many dresses.

FASHIONS. Act III., Sc. 2.

"Infected with the fashions."

The disease in horses now called *farcy* was formerly termed *fashion*. In Greene's 'Looking Glass for London,' "the spavin, splent, ringbone, windgall, and fashion" are named amongst the outward diseases of a horse.

FEAR. Act V., Sc. 2.

"*Pet.* Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me if I be afeard."

The use of the word *fear* in both its senses, active and passive, is here exemplified.

FRETS. Act II., Sc. 1.

"I did but tell her she mistook her frets."

The *frets* of all instruments of the lute or guitar kind are the thick wires fixed at certain distances across the finger-board, on which the strings are *stopped* or pressed by the fingers.

GALLIASS. Act II., Sc. I.

"Besides two galliasses."

Galliass, galeasse, galley, galleon, galleots, were the names of vessels of burthen navigated with sails and oars.

HAGGARD. Act IV., Sc. 1.

"Another way I have to man my haggard."

The haggard is a wild hawk; to man is used in the sense of to tame.

HILDING. Act II., Sc. 1.

"For shame, thou hilding."

The word *hilding* is used frequently by Shakspeare. In 'Cymbeline,' Act II., Sc. 3, we have, "A base slave, a hilding for a livery." The word is always used in the sense of mean-spirited, cowardly. Horne Tooke derives it from the Anglo-Saxon *hyldan*, to bend down, to crouch, to cower.

HIT THE WHITE. Act V., Sc. 2. This is a term in archery.

HUMOUR OF FORTY FANCIES. Act III., Sc. 2. This is conjectured to be the title of a slight collection of ballads, which the lackey has pricked (fastened) in his hat for a feather.

INDIFFERENT KNIT. Act IV., Sc. 1.

"Their garters of an indifferent knit."

Malone conjectures that parti-coloured garters are here meant.

JACKS. Act IV., Sc. 1.

"The jacks fair within, the jills fair without."

The *jack* was a leathern vessel to hold drink; the *jill* was a cup or measure of metal to drink from. The leathern jug was to be kept clean within—the pewter-cup to be kept bright without. But Grumio is quibbling upon the application of the words jills to maids, and jacks to men.

KINDLY. Induction, Sc. 1.

"And do it kindly, gentle sirs."

Kindly in the sense of naturally.

LEET. Induction, Sc. 2.

"And say, you would present her at the leet."

The *leet* is a manorial court, at which were presented those who used false weights or measures. It is commonly called *court leet*.

'LEGES. Act I., Sc. 2.

"It's no matter what he 'leges in Latin."

'*Leges* is a contraction of *alleges*.

MY CAKE IS DOUGH. Act V., Sc. 1.

A proverbial phrase to express disappointment. It is so used by Howel in his 'Letters' in reference to the heir presumptive of Louis XIII. on the birth of a son: "so that now Monsieur's cake is dough."

OLD. Act III., Sc. 2.

"News, old news."

Old news is rare news.

PAUCAS PALLABRIS. Induction, Sc. 1.

"Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide: *Sessa*."

Pocas palabras is Spanish for *few words*. *Sessa* is the Spanish *cessa*, cease, be quiet.

PEAT. Act I., Sc. 1.

"A pretty peat."

A *peat* is a pet; a spoiled child.

PHEESE. Induction, Sc. 1.

"I'll pheese you, in faith."

Pheese is from the French *fesser*, to whip, to chastise. Shakespeare found the word in the old 'Taming of a Shrew,' and has used it with the same meaning in 'Troilus and Cressida.'

"And he be proud with me, I'll pheeese his pride." Gifford says the word is used in the same sense in the west of England.

POINTS. Act III., Sc. 2.

"With two broken points."

Points were the laces made to fasten up or keep together the apparel. In the time of Henry VIII. it was forbidden to any under the rank of a gentleman to have his points ornamented with aiglets of gold or silver; and in Elizabeth's time points were amongst the most costly and elegant parts of dress; so that to have two broken was a mark of extraordinary slovenliness.

PORT. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Keep house, and port."

Port is *state* or *show*. In 'The Merchant of Venice,' Act III., Sc. 2, we have

"And the magnificos of greatest port."

RAYED. Act IV., Sc. 1.

"Was ever man so rayed?"

Rayed is dirtied, covered with mire. Spenser ('Faerie Queen,' b. vi. c. 5.) has—

"From his soft eyes the tears he wiped away,
And from his face the filth that did it ray."

RUFFLING. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure."

To *ruffle* was a phrase in frequent use in the time of Elizabeth to express a bold or proud bearing, and is here employed half satirically. In Lyly's 'Euphues' we have, "Shall I ruffle in new devices, with chains, with bracelets, with rings, with robes?" and in Ben Jonson's 'Cynthia's Revels,' we have, "Lady, I cannot ruffle it in red and yellow." Shakspeare also, in 'Titus Andronicus,' has—

"And ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome."

And yet Pope would have changed ruffling to rustling.

SEALED QUARTS. Induction, Sc. 2.

"Because she brought stone jugs and no sealed quarts."

The *sealed quart* was the vessel stamped or sealed in testimony of its being of full measure. Pewter vessels are yet stamped with the same object, i. e. preventing the use of irregular measures.

SLY. Induction, Sc. 1.

"The Slys are no rogues, . . . we came in with Richard Conqueror."

The tinker was right as to the antiquity of his family, though

confused in his notion as to the Conqueror. *Sly* and *Stale* are the same, corresponding with *sleight*. The *Slys* or *Sleights* were skilful men, cunning of hand.

STALE. Act I., Sc. 1.

"To make a stale of me amongst these mates."

A *stale* is a thing *stalled*, exposed for common sale. Baptista has offered Katharine to "either of" Gremio or Hortensio, and Katharine is indignant at being thus set up for the bidding. The occurrence of the words "stale" and "mate" does not justify Douce in supposing there is any allusion to the term stale-mate at chess.

STOCK. Act III., Sc. 2.

"A linen stock on one leg."

Stock is stocking. It is used in the same sense in 'Twelfth Night,' Act I., Sc. 3.

THIRDBOROUGH. Induction, Sc. 1.

"I must go fetch the thirdborough."

The *thirdborough* was a petty constable appointed at manor courts. Phillips in his 'World of Words' says it is another name for *headborough*.

VELURE. Act III., Sc. 2.

"A woman's crupper of velure."

Velure is velvet.

WELL SEEN. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Well seen in music."

Well-seen is to be well versed, as in Spenser's 'Faerie Queene' book iv. c. 2—

"Well-seen in every science that mote be."

WIDOWHOOD. Act II., Sc. 1.

"And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of her widowhood."

Petrucio would assure Katharine of a widow's full provision of all his "lands and leases."

WISH. Act I., Sc. 1.

"I will wish him to her father."

I will commend him.

PLOT AND CHARACTERS.

THE history of the early drama of England involves a great many curious questions, that may be called literary mysteries. One of these is the origin of 'The Taming of the Shrew.' Without entering upon the question of its date, which involves several nice considerations, it may be sufficient to regard it as a rival—or it may be, in some respects, a copy—of another play, which has come down to us, called 'The Taming of *a* Shrew.' Some hold that this drama of '*a* Shrew,' was written by Greene; others, by Marlowe. There are decided resemblances to the style of each of these writers throughout that old play; and it has been satisfactorily shown, by an American correspondent of 'The Pictorial Shakspeare,' that there are many passages in Marlowe's undoubted works which contain lines and images that are also found in that play. The conjectural opinion of the present editor is, that there was an older play than either 'The Taming of *a* Shrew,' or 'The Taming of *the* Shrew,' which gave the groundwork of the plot and characters to both writers. Shakspeare, with his natural facility, has produced a composition so infinitely superior to what might have been the work of a rival, that the examination of the two plays offers a very instructive example of the nature of his powers, in comparison with those of some other poet, not deficient in genius of a certain order, but wanting those higher feelings of art which belong to the great master of dramatic invention and expression.

The outline of the 'Induction' to 'The Taming of the Shrew,' is found in the other play. But how rude is the drawing, how feeble and flashy the colouring, compared with the work of Shakspeare! There are the same characters in each 'Induction'—Sly, a Lord, a Page. The 'Tapster' of '*a* Shrew' is transformed into the Hostess of '*the* Shrew.' Hazlitt has justly said, that the Sly of Shakspeare reminds us

of Sancho Panza. The Sly of the other Induction is nothing but a vulgar tinker. Throughout the Comedy itself we trace the same process of improvement in the characterisation. The Kate of Shakspeare has a violent temper, and a "scolding tongue;" but she is not coarse and thoroughly unfeminine as her predecessor. Shakspeare's Petrucio gives us the assurance that his character is assumed; Ferando, the type of Petrucio, is a sort of natural bully, unworthy of any woman. Shakspeare's Grumio is a clown after the exquisite fashion of Launce and Touchstone. His original, Sander, is one of the stupid and low buffoons of the early stage, that Shakspeare transformed into the most clever of humorists. There cannot be a doubt that the later author had the original play before him; that he sometimes adopted particular images and forms of expression,—occasionally whole lines; but that he invariably took the incidents of those scenes in which the process of taming the shrew is carried forward. There can only be one solution of the motives which led to this bold adaptation of the performance of another, and that not a contemptible production like 'The Famous Victories' upon which 'Henry IV.' and 'Henry V.' may be said to have been founded. Shakspeare found the old 'Taming of a Shrew' a favourite, in its rude mirth and high-sounding language; and in presenting a nearly similar plot to the audience at his own theatre, he was careful not to disturb their recollections of what had afforded them the principal entertainment in what he had to re-model. Infinitely more spirited and characteristic was the drama which he produced; but it would leave the same impressions as the older play upon the majority of his audience.

We subjoin two parallel passages from each play; the first from the Induction, when Sly is in the Lord's mansion:—

ANONYMOUS AUTHOR.

LORD. How now? what! is all things ready?

ONE. Yea, my lord.

LORD. Then sound the music, and I'll wake him straight,
And see you do as erst I gave in charge.

My lord, my lord, he sleeps soundly, my lord.

SLY. Tapster, give's a little small ale: heigh-ho.

LORD. Here's wine, my lord, the purest of the grape.

SLY. For which lord?

LORD. For your honour, my lord.

SLY. Who, I? Am I a lord? Jesus, what fine apparel have I got!

LORD. More richer far your honour hath to wear,

And if it please you I will fetch them straight.

WIL. And if your honour please to rise abroad,

I'll fetch your lusty steeds more swift of pace

Than winged Pegasus in all his pride,

That ran so swiftly over Persian plains.

TOM. And if your honour please to hunt the deer,

Your hounds stand ready coupled at the door,

Who in running will o'ertake the roe,

And make the long breath'd tiger broken-winded.

SLY. By the mass, I think I am a lord indeed.

What's thy name?

LORD. Simon, an if it please your honour.

SLY. Sim, that's much to say Simion, or Simon,

Put forth thy hand and fill the pot.

Give me thy hand, Sim; am I a lord indeed?

LORD. Ay, my gracious lord, and your lovely lady

Long time hath mourned for your absence here,

And now with joy behold where she doth come

To gratulate your honour's safe return.

SHAKSPERE.

SLY. What! would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a cardmaker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Win-cot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught. Here's—

1 SERV. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 SERV. O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

LORD. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say, thou wilt walk: we will bestrew the ground:

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
 Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
 Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
 Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
 Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
 And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

The other parallel passage is from the Comedy; in the first Scene, between the Shrew and her wooer:—

ANONYMOUS AUTHOR.

ALF. Ha, Kate, come hither, wench, and list to me:
 Use this gentleman friendly as thou canst.

FEB. Twenty good morrows to my lovely Kate.

KATE. You jest, I am sure; is she yours already?

FEB. I tell thee, Kate, I know thou lov'st me well.

KATE. The devil you do! who told you so?

FEB. My mind, sweet Kate, doth say I am the man,
 Must wed, and bed, and marry bonny Kate.

KATE. Was ever seen so gross an ass as this?

FEB. Ay, to stand so long, and never get a kiss.

KATE. Hands off, I say, and get you from this place;
 Or I will set my ten commandments in your face.

FEB. I prithee do, Kate; they say thou art a shrew,
 And I like thee the better, for I would have thee so.

KATE. Let go my hand, for fear it reach your ear.

FEB. No, Kate, this hand is mine, and I thy love.

KATE. I 'faith, sir, no, the woodcock wants his tail.

FEB. But yet his bill will serve if the other fail.

ALF. How now, Ferando? what, my daughter?

FEB. She 's willing, sir, and loves me as her life.

KATE. 'Tis for your skin, then, but not to be your wife.

ALF. Come hither, Kate, and let me give thy hand
 To him that I have chosen for thy love,
 And thou to-morrow shalt be wed to him.

KATE. Why, father, what do you mean to do with me,
 To give me thus unto this brainsick man,
 That in his mood cares not to murder me?
 And yet I will consent and marry him,
 (For I, methinks, have liv'd too long a maid,)
 And match him too, or else his manhood 's good.

[Aside]

ALF. Give me thy hand; Ferando loves thee well,
 And will with wealth and ease maintain thy state.
 Here, Ferando, take her for thy wife,
 And Sunday next shall be our wedding-day.

SHAKSPERE.

PET. Good-morrow, Kate; for that 's your name, I hear.

KATH. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;
They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

PET. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates; and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

KATH. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

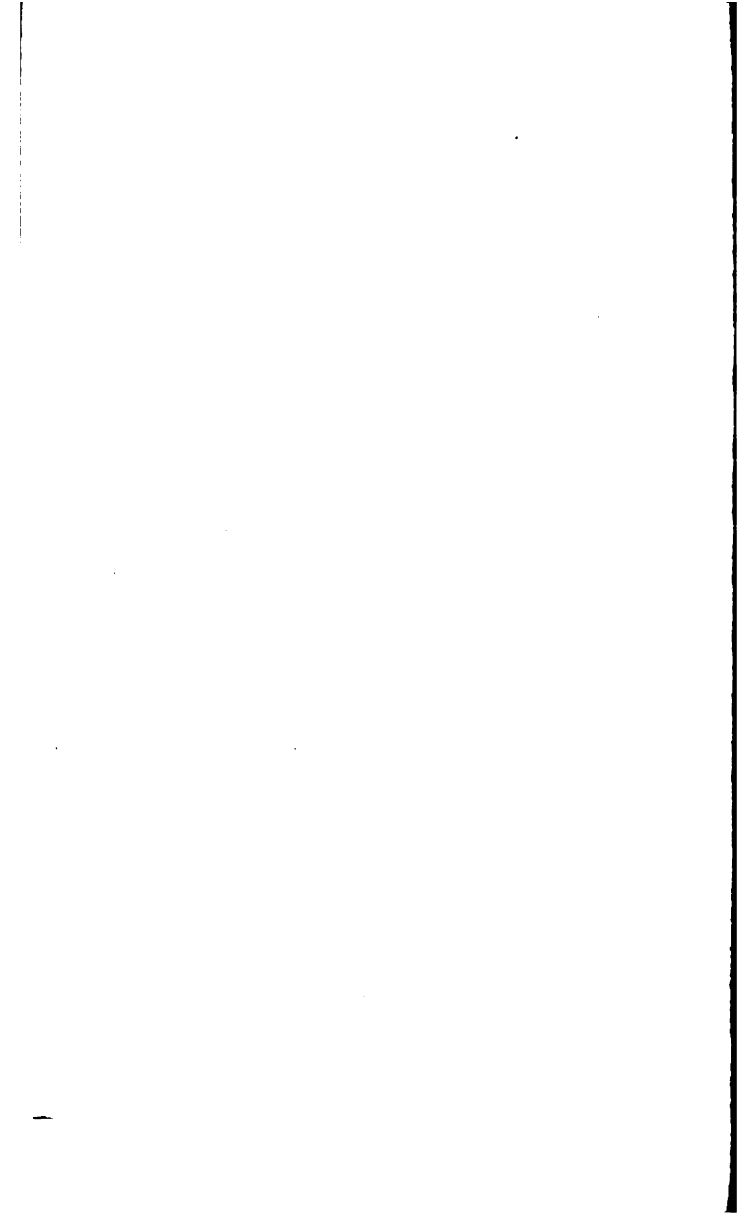
BAP. Now, Signior Petrucio: How speed you with my daughter
PET. How but well, sir? how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amiss.

BAP. Why how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps?

KATH. Call you me daughter? now I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

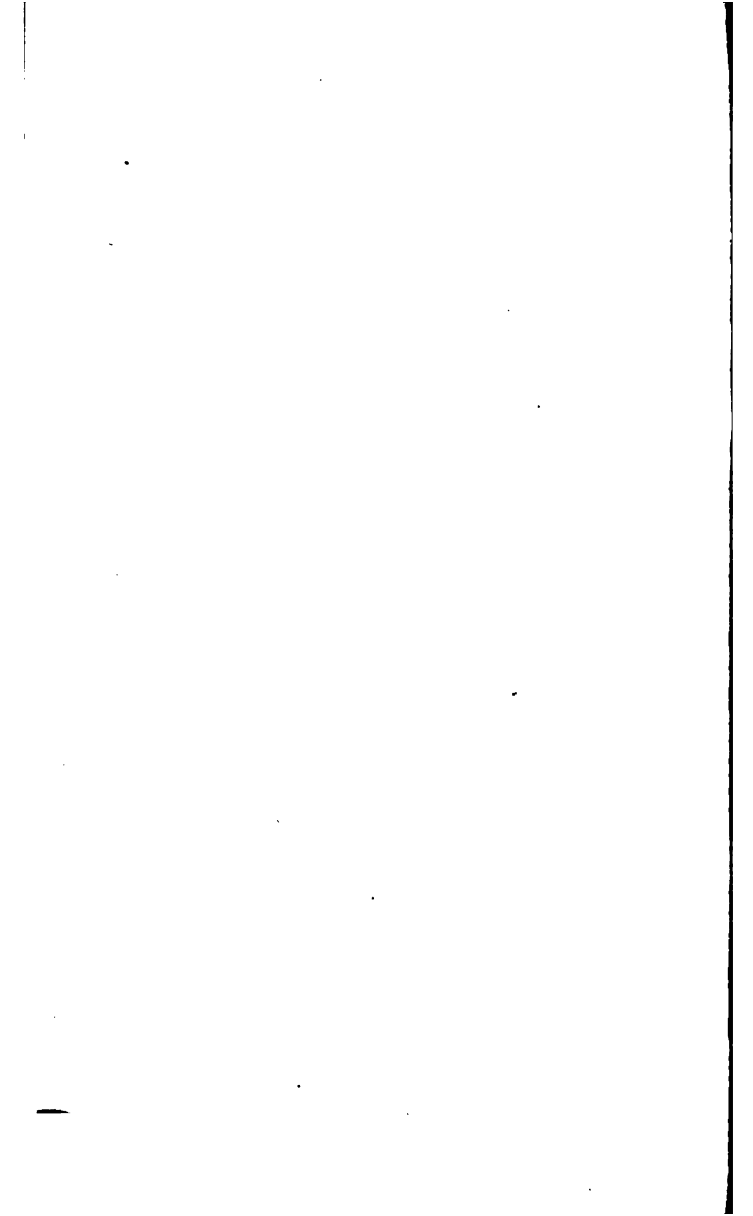
PET. Father, 't is thus,—yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy:
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel;
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.





ALLS WELL THAT ENDS WELL.





PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING OF FRANCE.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.

Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3.

BERTRAM, *Count of Roussillon.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5.

Act III. sc. 3; sc. 5; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3.

Act V. sc. 3.

LAFEU, *an old Lord.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5.

Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

PAROLLES, *a follower of Bertram.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.

Act III. sc. 5; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3.

Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

*Several young French Lords that serve with Bertram in the
Florentine war.*

Appear, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 6.

Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3.

Steward, *servant to the Countess of Roussillon.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 4.

Clown, *servant to the Countess of Roussillon.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2.

Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2.

Astringer.

Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

A Page.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

COUNTESS OF ROUSSILLON, *mother to Bertram.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4.
Act IV. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 3.

HELENA, *a gentlewoman, protected by the Countess.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.
Act III. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 4.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

An old Widow of Florence.

Appears, Act III. sc. 5; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

DIANA, *daughter to the Widow.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

VIOLENTA, *neighbour and friend to the Widow.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 5.

MARIANA, *neighbour and friend to the Widow.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 5.

*Lords attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c., French
and Florentine.*

SCENE,—IN FRANCE AND IN TUSCANY.

THIS Comedy was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. In the original copy the play is divided into acts, but not into scenes. There are several examples of corruption in the text; but, upon the whole, it is very accurately printed, both with regard to the metrical arrangement and to punctuation.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, the COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, HELENA, and LAFEU, in mourning.

COUNT. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

BER. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

LAF. You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father: He that so generally is at all times good must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

COUNT. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

LAF. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

COUNT. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how sad a passage 't is!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

LAF. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

COUNT. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

LAF. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

BER. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

LAF. A fistula, my lord.

BER. I heard not of it before.

LAF. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

COUNT. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity,—they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

LAF. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

COUNT. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena—go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

HEL. I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

LAF. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

HEL. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

BER. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

LAF. How understand we that?

COUNT. Be thou bless'd, Bertram! and succeed thy father In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue, Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few, Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence, But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven more will, That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down, Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,

'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

LAF. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

COUNT. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram. [*Exit.*]

BER. The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts
[to HELENA] be servants to you! Be comfortable to my
mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

LAF. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of
your father. [*Exeunt BERTRAM and LAFEU.*]

HEL. O, were that all!—I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him; my imagination
Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:
But now he 's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

PAR. Save you, fair queen.

HEL. And you, monarch.

PAR. No.

HEL. And no.

PAR. Are you meditating on virginity?

HEL. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

PAR. Keep him out.

HEL. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

PAR. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

HEL. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up!—Is there no military policy how virgins might blow up men?

PAR. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of iron metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 't is too cold a companion; away with 't.

HEL. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

PAR. There's little can be said in 't; 't is against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't: Out with 't: within ten year it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: Away with 't.

HEL. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

PAR. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'T is a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept the less worth: off with 't, while 't is vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now: Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 't is a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 't is a withered pear: Will you anything with it?

HEL. Not my virginity yet.

There, shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—
The court's a learning-place;—and he is one—

PAR. What one, i' faith?

HEL. That I wish well.—'T is pity—

PAR. What 's pity?

HEL. That wishing well had not a body in 't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

PAGE. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [*Exit.*]

PAR. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

HEL. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

PAR. Under Mars, I.

HEL. I especially think, under Mars.

PAR. Why under Mars?

HEL. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

PAR. When he was predominant.

HEL. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

PAR. Why think you so?

HEL. You go so much backward when you fight.

PAR. That 's for advantage.

HEL. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: But the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

PAR. I am so full of businesses I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalise thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell.

[Exit]

HEL. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven; the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose
What hath been cannot be: Who ever strove
To show her merit that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.

[Exit]

SCENE II.—Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING OF FRANCE, with letters ;
Lords and others attending.*

KING. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears ;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 LORD. So 't is reported, sir.

KING. Nay, 't is most credible ; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid ; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 LORD. His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

KING. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes ;
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 LORD. It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

KING. What 's he comes here :

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

1 LORD. It is the count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

KING. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face ;
Frank Nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too ! Welcome to Paris.

BER. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

KING. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself, in friendship,
First tried our soldiership ! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was

Discipl'd of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father: In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

BER. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

KING. 'Would I were with him! He would always say,
(Methinks I hear him now: his plausible words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,)—"Let me not live,"—
This his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—"Let me not live," quoth he,
"After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions:"—This he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,

To give some labourers room.

2 LORD.

You are lov'd, sir:

They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

KING. I fill a place, I know 't.—How long is 't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

BER.

Some six months since, my lord.

KING. If he were living I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.

BER.

Thank your majesty. [*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

SCENE III.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, Steward, and Clown.

COUNT. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

STEW. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours: for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

COUNT. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: The complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe; 't is my slowness that I do not: for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

CLO. 'T is not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

COUNT. Well, sir.

CLO. No, madam, 't is not so well that I am poor; though many of the rich are damned: But, if I may have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

COUNT. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

CLO. I do beg your good-will in this case.

COUNT. In what case?

CLO. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heri-

tage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue o' my body; for, they say, barnes are blessings.

COUNT. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

CLO. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

COUNT. Is this all your worship's reason?

CLO. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

COUNT. May the world know them?

CLO. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

COUNT. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

CLO. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

COUNT. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

CLO. You 're shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to in the crop: If I be his cuckold, he 's my drudge: He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend; *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage: for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one, —they may jowl horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

COUNT. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

CLO. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

COUNT. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

STEW. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

COUNT. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

CLO.

[Singing.]

Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this king Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

COUNT. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

CLO. One good woman in ten, madam, which is a purifying o' the song: 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but for every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 't would mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere a pluck one.

COUNT. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you!

CLO. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth; the business is for Helen to come hither. [Exit.]

COUNT. Well, now.

STEW. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

COUNT. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

STEW. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no god-

dess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterwards: This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

COUNT. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt: Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon.

[*Exit Steward.*]

Enter HELENA.

COUNT. Even so it was with me when I was young:
If ever we are nature's, these are ours: this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong:

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born:
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on 't; I observe her now.

HEL. What is your pleasure, madam?

COUNT. You know, Helen, I am a mother to you.

HEL. Mine honourable mistress.

COUNT. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? When I said, a mother
Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'T is often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood

To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distempered messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why?—that you are my daughter?

HEL.

That I am not.

COUNT. I say, I am your mother.

HEL.

Pardon, madam;

The count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honoured name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is: and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.

COUNT.

Nor I your mother?

HEL. You are my mother, madam. ('Would you were
So that my lord, your son, were not my brother.)
Indeed, my mother!—(Or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister.) Can't be other
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

COUNT. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law:
God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,
So strive upon your pulse: What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 't is gross,
You love my son; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 't is so:—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to th other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected: Speak, is 't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forswear 't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As Heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

HEL.

Good madam, pardon me.

COUNT. Do you love my son?

HEL. Your pardon, noble mistress!

COUNT. Love you my son?

HEL. Do not you love him, madam?

COUNT. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

HEL. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high Heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high Heaven,
I love your son:—
My friends were poor but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love; O then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

COUNT. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris?

HEL. Madam, I had.

COUNT. Wherefore? tell true.

HEL. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,
And manifest experience, had collected
For general sovereignty: and that he will'd me
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.

COUNT. This was your motive for Paris, was it? speak.

HEL. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.

COUNT. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help: How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

HEL. There's something hints,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day and hour.

COUNT. Dost thou believe 't?

HEL. Ay, madam, knowingly.

COUNT. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court; I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING, with young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and Attendants.

KING. Farewell, young lord, these warlike principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lord; farewell:—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 't is receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 LORD. It is our hope, sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

KING. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

2 LORD. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

KING. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They say our French lack language to deny,
If they demand; beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

BOTH. Our hearts receive your warnings.

KING. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*The KING retires to a couch.*]

1 LORD. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

PAR. 'T is not his fault; the spark—

2 LORD.

O, 't is brave wars!

PAR. Most admirable; I have seen those wars.

BER. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with,

"Too young," and "the next year," and "'t is too early."

PAR. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal away bravely.

BER. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away.

1 LORD. There's honour in the theft.

PAR. Commit it, count.

2 LORD. I am your accessary; and so farewell.

BER. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

1 LORD. Farewell, captain.

2 LORD. Sweet monsieur Parolles!

PAR. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:—You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

2 LORD. We shall, noble captain.

PAR. Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt Lords.*]
What will you do?

BER. Stay; the king— [*Seeing him rise.*]

PAR. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu; be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time; there, do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

BER. And I will do so.

PAR. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy swordsmen. [*Exeunt BERTRAM and PAROLLES.*]

Enter LAFEU.

LAF. Pardon, my lord [*kneeling*], for me and for my tidings.

KING. I'll see thee to stand up.

LAF. Then here's a man stands that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,

And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

KING. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for 't.

LAF. Good faith, across: But, my good lord, 't is thus:
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

KING. No.

LAF. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them: I have seen a medicine,
That 's able to breathe life into a stone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay,
To give Great Charlemain a pen in 's hand
And write to her a love-line.

KING. What her is this?

LAF. Why, doctor she; My lord, there 's one arriv'd,
If you will see her:—Now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: Will you see her
(For that is her demand) and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

KING. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wondering how thou took'st it.

LAF. Nay, I 'll fit you.
And not be all day neither.

KING. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.

LAF. Nay, come your ways.

KING. This haste hath wings indeed.

LAF. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors

His majesty seldom fears; I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together: fare you well. [Exit.

KING. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

HEL. Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profess well found.

KING. I knew him.

HEL. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bad me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so:
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

KING. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate,—I say, we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics; or to disserve so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

HEL. My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

KING. I cannot give thee less to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But, what at full I know thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

HEL. What I can do can do no hurt to try,

Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy:
He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most shifts.

KING. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.

HEL. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 't is with us that square our guess by shows:
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent:
Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

KING. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

HEL. The greatest Grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four-and-twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

KING. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?

HEL. Tax of impudence,—
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name

Sear'd otherwise; nor worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

KING. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak;
His powerful sound within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

HEL. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deserv'd: Not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

KING. Make thy demand.

HEL. But will you make it even?

KING. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.

HEL. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

KING. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd;
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know could not be more to trust;
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—But rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace*

Enter COUNTESS and Clown.

COUNT. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

CLO. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

COUNT. To the court? why, what place make you special when you put off that with such contempt—But to the court?

CLO. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manner he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

COUNT. Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

CLO. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

COUNT. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

CLO. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's run for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, as morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

COUNT. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

CLO. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

COUNT. It must be an answer of most monstrous nature that must fit all demands.

CLO. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belong to't: ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.

COUNT. To be young again, if we could, I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer—I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

CLO. O Lord, sir,—There's a simple putting off;—more, more, a hundred of them.

COUNT. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

CLO. O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

COUNT. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

CLO. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you.

COUNT. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

CLO. O Lord, sir,—spare not me.

COUNT. Do you cry, "O Lord, sir," at your whipping, and "spare not me?" Indeed, your "O Lord, sir," is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.

CLO. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my—"O Lord, sir:" I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

COUNT. I play the noble housewife with the time, To entertain it so merrily with a fool.

CLO. O Lord, sir,—Why, there 't serves well again.

COUNT. An end, sir: To your business: Give Helen this, And urge her to a present answer back: Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son; This is not much.

CLO. Not much commendation to them.

COUNT. Not much employment for you: You understand me?

CLO. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

COUNT. Haste you again. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE III.—Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

LAF. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

PAR. Why, 't is the rarest argument of wonder that has
shot out in our latter times.

BER. And so 't is.

LAF. To be relinquish'd of the artists,—

PAR. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

LAF. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

PAR. Right, so I say.

LAF. That gave him out incurable,—

PAR. Why, there 't is; so say I too.

LAF. Not to be helped,—

PAR. Right: as 't were a man assured of a—

LAF. Uncertain life, and sure death.

PAR. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

LAF. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

PAR. It is indeed: if you will have it in showing, you
shall read it in,—What do you call there?

LAF. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

PAR. That's it: I would have said the very same.

LAF. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me I speak
in respect—

PAR. Nay, 't is strange, 't is very strange, that is the
brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a most facinorous
spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

LAF. Very hand of Heaven.

PAR. Ay, so I say.

LAF. In a most weak—

PAR. And debile minister, great power, great transfor-
mation: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be
made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

LAF. Generally thankful.

Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants.

PAR. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the
king.

LAF. Lustick, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the
better whilst I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to
lead her a coranto.

PAR. *Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

LAF. 'Fore God, I think so.

KING. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

HEL. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please—marry to each—but one.

LAF. I'd give bay Curtal, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

KING. Peruse them well;
Not one of those but had a noble father.

HEL. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health.

ALL. We understand it, and thank Heaven for you.

HEL. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid:—
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,—
“We blush, that thou shouldst choose; but, be refused,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again.”

KING. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

HEL. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 LORD. And grant it.

HEL. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

LAF. I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace
for my life.

HEL. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 LORD. No better, if you please.

HEL. My wish receive.
Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave.

LAF. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine,
I'd have them whipped; or I would send them to the Turk,
to make eunuchs of.

HEL. Be not afraid [*to a Lord*] that I your hand should
take;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

LAF. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her:
sure they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got
them.

HEL. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 LORD. Fair one, I think not so.

LAF. There's one grape yet,—I am sure thy father drank
wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen;
I have known thee already.

HEL. I dare not say I take you [*to BERTRAM*]; but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

KING. Why, then, young Bertram, take her; she's thy wife.

BER. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

KING. Know'st thou not, Bertram, what she has done for
me?

BER. Yes, my good lord; but never hope to know why I
should marry her.

KING. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

BER. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain

Rather corrupt me ever!

KING. 'T is only title thou disdain'st in her, the which I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods, Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together, Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off In differences so mighty: If she be All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st, A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st Of virtue for the name: but do not so: From lowest place when virtuous things proceed, The place is dignified by the doer's deed: Where great additions swell, and virtue none, It is a dropsied honour: good alone Is good without a name; vileness is so: The property by what it is should go, Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair; In these to nature she's immediate heir, And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn Which challenges itself as honour's born, And is not like the sire: Honours thrive, When rather from our acts we them derive Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave, Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb, Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said? If thou canst like this creature as a maid, I can create the rest: virtue, and she, Is her own dower; honour, and wealth, from me.

BER. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

KING. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.

HEL. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad; Let the rest go.

KING. My honour's at the stake; which to defeat, I must produce my power: Here, take her hand, Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift, That dost in vile misprision shackle up My love, and her desert; that canst not dream, We, poizing us in her defective scale,

Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow: Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the staggers, and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity: Speak! thine answer!

BER. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: When I consider
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 't were, born so.

KING. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

BER. I take her hand.

KING. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt* KING, BERTRAM, HELENA, Lords, and Attendants.]

LAF. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

PAR. Your pleasure, sir?

LAF. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

PAR. Recantation?—My lord? my master?

LAF. Ay: Is it not a language I speak?

PAR. A most harsh one: and not to be understood without
bloody succeeding. My master?

LAF. Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

PAR. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

LAF. To what is count's man; count's master is of another style.

PAR. You are too old, sir: let it satisfy you, you are too old.

LAF. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

PAR. What I dare too well do I dare not do.

LAF. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou art scarce worth.

PAR. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

LAF. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial;—which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

PAR. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

LAF. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

PAR. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

LAF. Yes, good faith, every dram of it: and I will not bate thee a scruple.

PAR. Well, I shall be wiser.

LAF. Even as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

PAR. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

LAF. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*]

PAR. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient;

there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

LAF. Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

PAR. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I serve above is my master.

LAF. Who? God?

PAR. Ay, sir.

LAF. The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

PAR. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

LAF. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Erit.*

Enter BERTRAM.

PAR. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be concealed a while.

BER. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

PAR. What's the matter, sweet heart?

BER. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

PAR. What? what, sweet heart?

BER. O my Parolles, they have married me:—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

PAR. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

BER. There's letters from my mother; what the import is,
I know not yet.

PAR. Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy, to
the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen
That hugs his kickie-wickie here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed: To other regions!
France is a stable; we, that dwell in 't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

BER. It shall be so: I'll send her to my house;
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.

PAR. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

BER. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

PAR. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it. 'T is
hard:

A young man married is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong: but, hush! 't is so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter HELENA and Clown.

HEL. My mother greets me kindly: Is she well?

CLO. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's
very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given,
she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she
is not well.

HEL. If she be very well, what does she ail that she's not
very well?

CLO. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

HEL. What two things?

CLO. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

PAR. Bless you, my fortunate lady?

HEL. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

PAR. You had my prayers to lead them on: and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

CLO. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

PAR. Why, I say nothing.

CLO. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

PAR. Away, thou'rt a knave.

CLO. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that's before me thou'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.

PAR. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

CLO. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

PAR. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.—

Madam, my lord will go away to-night:

A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and right of love,

Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;

Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time,

To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,

And pleasure drown the brim.

HEL. What 's his will else?

PAR. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

HEL. What more commands he?

PAR. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

HEL. In everything I wait upon his will.

PAR. I shall report it so.

HEL. I pray you.—Come, sirrah.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another room in the same.*

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

LAF. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

BER. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

LAF. You have it from his own deliverance.

BER. And by other warranted testimony.

LAF. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a
bunting.

BER. I do assure you, my lord; he is very great in know-
ledge, and accordingly valiant.

LAF. I have then sinned against his experience, and trans-
gressed against his valour; and my state that way is danger-
ous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he
comes; I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

PAR. These things shall be done, sir. [To BERTRAM.]

LAF. Pray you, sir, who 's his tailor?

PAR. Sir?

LAF. O, I know him well: Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good work-
man, a very good tailor.

BER. Is she gone to the king? [*Aside to PAROLLES.*]

PAR. She is.

BER. Will she away to-night?

PAR. As you 'll have her.

BER. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End, ere I do begin.

LAF. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

BER. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

PAR. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

LAF. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

BER. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

LAF. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their nature.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [Exit]

PAR. An idle lord, I swear.

BER. I think so.

PAR. Why, do you not know him?

BER. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

HEL. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting; only, he desires
Some private speech with you.

BER. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office

my particular: prepar'd I was not
such a business; therefore am I found
much unsettled: This drives me to entreat you,
& presently you take your way for home;
rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you:
my respects are better than they seem;
my appointments have in them a need
ster than shows itself, at the first view,
you that know them not. This to my mother:

[Giving a letter.]

will be two days ere I shall see you; so
give you to your wisdom.

HEL. Sir, I can nothing say,
that I am your most obedient servant.

ER. Come, come, no more of that.

HEL. And ever shall
h true observance seek to eke out that,
rein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
qual my great fortune.

ER. Let that go:
haste is very great: Farewell; hie home.

HEL. Pray, sir, your pardon.

ER. Well, what would you say?

HEL. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
dare I say 't is mine; and yet it is;
like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
t law does vouch mine own.

ER. What would you have?

HEL. Something; and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed.—
uld not tell you what I would: my lord—'faith, yes;—
agers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

ER. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

HEL. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

re are my other men? Monsieur, farewell. *[Exit HELENA.]*

ER. Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
st I can shake my sword or hear the drum:—
, and for our flight.

ER. Bravely, coragio!

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Florence. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.**Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, attended;
Frenchmen, and Soldiers.*

DUKE. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 LORD. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

DUKE. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

1 FR. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

DUKE. Be it his pleasure.

2 FR. But I am sure, the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physic.

DUKE. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field.

*[Flourish. Exit.]*SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.**Enter COUNTESS and Clown.*

COUNT. It hath happened all as I would have had it,
that he comes not along with her.

CLO. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

COUNT. By what observance, I pray you?

CLO. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this trick of melancholy hold a goodly manor for a song.

COUNT. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. *[Opening a letter.]*

CLO. I have no mind to Isabel, since I was at court; our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

COUNT. What have we here?

CLO. E'en that you have there.

[Exit.]

COUNT. *[Reads.]*

"I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the *not* eternal. You shall hear I am run away; know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

"Your unfortunate son,

"BERTRAM."

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

CLO. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

COUNT. What is the matter?

CLO. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

COUNT. Why should he be killed?

CLO. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he do
the danger is in standing to 't; that 's the loss of men, though
it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you
more: for my part, I only hear your son was run away.

[E]

Enter HELENA and two French Gentlemen.

1 GENT. Save you, good madam.

HEL. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 GENT. Do not say so.

COUNT. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto 't:—Where is my son, I pray you?

2 GENT. Madam, he 's gone to serve the duke of Florence
We met him thitherward; for, thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

HEL. Look on his letter, madam; here 's my passport.

[R]

"When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which
never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of the
body that I am father to, then call me husband: but in so
a *then* I write a *never*."

This is a dreadful sentence.

COUNT. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 GENT.

Ay, madam;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

COUNT. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety: He was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

2 GENT. Ay, madam.

COUNT. And to be a soldier?

2 GENT. Such is his noble purpose: and, believe 't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

COUNT.

Return you thither?

1 GENT. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

HEL. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."
'T is bitter.

COUNT. Find you that there?

HEL. Ay, madam.

1 GENT. 'T is but the boldness of his hand, haply, which his heart was not consenting to.

COUNT. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There 's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only she: and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him?

1 GENT. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.

COUNT. Parolles, was 't not?

1 GENT. Ay, my good lady, he.

COUNT. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 GENT. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.

COUNT. You are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I 'll entreat you,
Written, to bear along.

2 GENT. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

COUNT. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near? [*Exeunt COUNTESS and Gentlemen.*]

HEL. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is 't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O, you leaden messengers,

That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-peering air,
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: better 't were,
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 't were,
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all; I will be gone:
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I 'll steal away. [Exit]

SCENE III.—Florence. *Before the Duke's Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, BERTRAM, Lords,
Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

DUKE. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

BER. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength: but yet
We 'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.

DUKE. Then, go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!

BER. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts; and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [Exit]

SCENE IV.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS and Steward.

COUNT. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

STEW. I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone:

Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.

Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,

My dearest master, your dear son, may hie;

Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far

His name with zealous fervour sanctify;

His taken labours bid him me forgive;

I, his spiteful Juno, sent him forth

From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,

Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:

He is too good and fair for death and me;

Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

COUNT. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!—
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

STEW. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

COUNT. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom Heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife:
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.

Despatch the most convenient messenger:—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction:—Provide this messenger:—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Without the Walls of Florence.*

A trumpet afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other Citizens.

WID. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

DIA. They say the French count has done most honourable service.

WID. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour: they have gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

MAR. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

WID. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

MAR. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wrack of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but, I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were

no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

DIA. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, in the dress of a pilgrim.

WID. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another: I'll question her.

God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

HEL. To Saint Jaques le grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

WID. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

HEL. Is this the way?

WID. Ay, marry is 't.—Hark you, they come this way:—

[A march afar off.]

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, but till the troops come by, I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;

The rather, for I think I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

HEL. Is it yourself?

WID. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

HEL. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

WID. You came, I think, from France?

HEL. I did so.

WID. Here you shall see a countryman of yours, That has done worthy service.

HEL. His name, I pray you.

DIA. The count Rousillon: Know you such a one?

HEL. But by the ear that hears most nobly of him: His face I know not.

DIA. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 't is reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: Think you it is so?

HEL. Ay, surely, mere the truth; I know his lady.

DIA. There is a gentleman that serves the count
Reports but coarsely of her.

HEL. What's his name?

DIA. Monsieur Parolles.

HEL. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

DIA. Alas, poor lady!
'T is a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

WID. Ay, right; good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

HEL. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

WID. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

*Enter, with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine
army, BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.*

MAR. The gods forbid else!

WID. So, now they come:—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.

HEL. Which is the Frenchman?

DIA. He;
That with the plume: 't is a most gallant fellow;
I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honest
He were much goodlier:—Is 't not a handsome gentleman?

HEL. I like him well.

DIA. 'T is pity he is not honest: Yond's that same knave,
That leads him to these places; were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.

HEL. Which is he?

DIA. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is he melancholy?

HEL. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

PAR. Lose our drum! well.

MAR. He's shrewdly vexed at something. Look, he has spied us.

WID. MARRY, hang you!

MAR. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Officers, and Soldiers.*]

WID. The troop is pass'd: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound, Already at my house.

HEL. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

BOTH. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Camp before Florence.*

Enter BERTRAM and the two French Lords.

1 LORD. Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

2 LORD. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 LORD. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

BER. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

1 LORD. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 LORD. It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

BER. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 LORD. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 LORD. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly sur-

prise him; such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him, so that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents: Be but your lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in anything.

2 LORD. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for 't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 LORD. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

BER. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 LORD. A pox on 't, let it go; 't is but a drum.

PAR. But a drum! Is 't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

2 LORD. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

BER. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

PAR. It might have been recovered.

BER. It might, but it is not now.

PAR. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.

BER. Why, if you have a stomach to 't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument

of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

PAR. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

BER. But you must not now slumber in it.

PAR. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

BER. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

PAR. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

BER. I know thou 'rt valiant;
And to the possibility of thy soldiership
Will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

PAR. I love not many words. [Exit.

1 LORD. No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't?

2 LORD. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

BER. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 LORD. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed him; you shall see his fall to-night: for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 LORD. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we chase him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1 LORD. I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

BER. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 LORD. As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. [Exit.

BER. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.

2 LORD. But, you say she's honest.

BER. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature;
Will you go see her?

2 LORD. With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA and WIDOW.

HEL. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

WID. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

HEL. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;
And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

WID. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
You are great in fortune.

HEL. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 't is best to bear it,
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she'll demand: A ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house,

From son to son, some four or five descents:
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

WID. Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

HEL. You see it lawful then: It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent; after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

WID. I have yielded.

Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: It nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on 't.

HEL. Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let's about it.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the Florentine Camp.*

Enter First Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

1 LORD. He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner: When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no

matter; for we must not seem to understand him; unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 SOLD. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 LORD. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 SOLD. No, sir, I warrant you.

1 LORD. But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again?

1 SOLD. E'en such as you speak to me.

1 LORD. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But cough, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

PAR. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 't will be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me: and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 LORD. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [Aside]

PAR. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it: They will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a better woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's make, if you prattle me into these perils.

1 LORD. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is? [Aside.

PAR. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 LORD. We cannot afford you so. [Aside.

PAR. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

1 LORD. 'T would not do. [Aside.

PAR. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

1 LORD. Hardly serve. [Aside.

PAR. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

1 LORD. How deep? [Aside.

PAR. Thirty fathom.

1 LORD. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [Aside.

PAR. I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear I had recovered it.

1 LORD. You shall hear one anon. [Aside.

PAR. A drum now of the enemy's! [Alarum within.

1 LORD. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

ALL. *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

PAR. O! ransom, ransom: do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize him and blindfold him.*

1 SOLD. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

PAR. I know you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here, German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

1 SOLD. *Boskos vauvado:—*

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—
*Kerelybonto:—*Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

PAR. Oh!

1 SOLD. O, pray, pray, pray.—

Manka revania dulce.

1 LORD. *Oscorbi dulchos volivorea.*

1 SOLD. The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.

PAR. O, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

1 SOLD. But wilt thou faithfully?

PAR. If I do not, damn me.

1 SOLD. *Acordo linta.*—

Come on, thou art granted space.

[Exit, with PAROLLES guarded]

1 LORD. Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.

2 SOLD. Captain, I will.

1 LORD. He will betray us all unto ourselves;—
Inform on that.

2 SOLD. So I will, sir.

1 LORD. Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd.

[Exit]

SCENE II.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

BER. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

DIA. No, my good lord, Diana.

BER. Titled goddess;

And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.

DIA. She then was honest.

BER. So should you be.

DIA. No:

My mother did but duty: such my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

BER. No more of that!
I prithee do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

DIA. Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

BER. How have I sworn!
DIA. 'T is not the many oaths that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness: Then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him: Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions; but unseal'd;
At least, in my opinion.

BER. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

DIA. I see that men make ropes, in such a scarre,
That we'll forsake, ourselves. Give me that ring.

BER. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

DIA. Will you not, my lord?

BER. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

DIA. Mine honour's such a ring:

My chastity 's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose: Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

BER. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I 'll be bid by thee.

DIA. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window
I 'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me: '
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I 'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

BER. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee.

DIA. For which live long to thank both Heaven and me! [Exit]
You may so in the end.—
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,
When his wife 's dead; therefore I 'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
Only, in this disguise, I think 't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [Exit]

SCENE III.—*The Florentine Camp.*

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.

1 LORD. You have not given him his mother's letter!

2 LORD. I have deliver'd it an hour since: there is so

thing in 't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1 LORD. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 LORD. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 LORD. When you have spoken it 't is dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 LORD. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 LORD. Now, God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 LORD. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 LORD. Is it not meant damnable in us to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night.

2 LORD. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 LORD. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomised; that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 LORD. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 LORD. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 LORD. I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 LORD. Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

2 LORD. What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 LORD. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 LORD. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 LORD. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished: and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 LORD. How is this justified?

1 LORD. The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 LORD. Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 LORD. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 LORD. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 LORD. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comfort of our losses!

2 LORD. And how mightily, some other times, we draw our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with shame as ample.

1 LORD. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now, where's your master?

SERV. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning depart for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendation to the king.

2 LORD. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1 LORD. They cannot be too sweet for the king's taste.

Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is 't not after midnight?

BER. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke; done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife; mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy; and, between these main parcels of despatch, effected many nicer needs; the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 LORD. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

BER. I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module; he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 LORD. Bring him forth [*Exeunt Soldiers*]: he has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

BER. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 LORD. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood,—he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: And what think you he hath confessed?

BER. Nothing of me, has he?

2 LORD. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in 't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.

BER. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 LORD. Hoodman comes! *Porto tartarossa.*

1 SOLD. He calls for the tortures: What will you say without 'em?

PAR. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 SOLD. *Bosko chimurcho.*

2 LORD. *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1 SOLD. You are a merciful general:—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

PAR. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 SOLD. "First, demand of him how many horse the duke is strong." What say you to that?

PAR. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 SOLD. Shall I set down your answer so?

PAR. Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

BER. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 LORD. You are deceived, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theorick of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 LORD. I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 SOLD. Well, that's set down.

PAR. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true, —or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 LORD. He's very near the truth in this.

BER. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

PAR. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 SOLD. Well, that's set down.

PAR. I humbly thank you, sir; a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 SOLD. "Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot." What say you to that?

PAR. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many.

Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowic, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each; so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

BER. What shall be done to him?

1 LORD. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 SOLD. Well, that's set down. "You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? what do you know of it?

PAR. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories: Demand them singly.

1 SOLD. Do you know this captain Dumain?

PAR. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child: a dumb innocent that could not say him nay.

[*The First Lord — DUMAIN — lifts up his hand in anger.*]

BER. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 SOLD. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

PAR. Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

1 LORD. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 SOLD. What is his reputation with the duke?

PAR. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1 SOLD. Marry, we'll search.

PAR. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 SOLD. Here 't is; here 's a paper. Shall I read it to you?

PAR. I do not know if it be it, or no.

BER. Our interpreter does it well.

1 LORD. Excellently.

1 SOLD.

"Dian. The count's a fool, and full of gold,"—

PAR. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 SOLD. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

PAR. My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

BER. Damnable, both sides rogue!

1 SOLD.

"When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;

After he scores, he never pays the score:

Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;

He ne'er pays after debts, take it before;

And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,

Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss:

For count of this—the count's a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

"PAROLLER."

BER. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 LORD. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

BER. I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 SOLD. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

PAR. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.

1 SOLD. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: What is his honesty?

PAR. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has everything that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 LORD. I begin to love him for this.

BER. For this description of thine honesty! A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a cat.

1 SOLD. What say you to his expertness in war?

PAR. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him I will not,—and more of his soldier-ship I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 LORD. He hath out-villained villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

BER. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

1 SOLD. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

PAR. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 SOLD. What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 LORD. Why does he ask him of me?

1 SOLD. What's he?

PAR. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed

one of the best that is: In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 SOLD. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

PAR. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

1 SOLD. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

PAR. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? *[Aside.*

1 SOLD. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

PAR. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

1 SOLD. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. *[Unmuffling him.*

So, look about you: Know you any here?

BER. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 LORD. God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 LORD. God save you, noble captain.

2 LORD. Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafou? I am for France.

1 LORD. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. *[Exeunt BERTRAM, Lords, &c.*

1 SOLD. You are undone, captain: all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

PAR. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 SOLD. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France, too; we shall speak of you there. *[Exit.*

PAR. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great 'T would burst at this: Captain I'll be no more; But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft

As captain shall; simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.**Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.*

HEL. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 't is needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd
His grace is at Marseilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home: where, Heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be before our welcome.

WID. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

HEL. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love; doubt not, but Heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But O, strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter:—You, Diana,

CLO. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

LAF. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

CLO. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

LAF. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

CLO. At your service.

LAF. No, no, no.

CLO. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

LAF. Who's that? a Frenchman?

CLO. Faith, sir, a has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

LAF. What prince is that?

CLO. The black prince, sir, *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

LAF. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

CLO. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

LAF. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

CLO. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature.

[*Exit.*]

LAF. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

COUNT. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

LAF. I like him well; 't is not amiss: And I was about to

tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

COUNT. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

LAF. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

COUNT. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

LAF. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

COUNT. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

LAF. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter CLOWN.

CLO. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on 's face; whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 't is a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

LAF. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

CLO. But it is your carbonadoed face.

LAF. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

CLO. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Marseilles. *A Street.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

HEL. But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

Enter a gentle Astringer.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

AST. And you.

HEL. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

AST. I have been sometimes there.

HEL. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

AST. What's your will?

HEL. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

AST. The king's not here.

HEL. Not here, sir?

AST. Not, indeed:

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

WID. Lord, how we lose our pains!

HEL. All's well that ends well, yet;
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—

I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

AST. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.

HEL. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

AST. This I'll do for you.

HEL. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again;—
Go, go, provide. [Exit]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *The inner Court of the Countess's Palace.*

Enter Clown and PAROLLES.

PAR. Good Monsieur Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddled in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

CLO. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Prithee allow the wind.

PAR. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

CLO. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee get thee further.

PAR. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

CLO. Foh, prithee stand away: A paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fish-pond of

displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit.*]

PAR. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

LAF. And what would you have me to do? 't is too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

PAR. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

LAF. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

PAR. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

LAF. You beg more than a word then.—Cox' my passion! give me your hand: How does your drum?

PAR. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

LAF. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

PAR. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

LAF. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat: go to, follow.

PAR. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

KING. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.

COUNT. 'T is past, my liege:
And I beseech your majesty to make it

Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

KING. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

LAF. This I must say,—
But first I beg my pardon,—The young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.

KING. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither;—
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition:—Let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it; let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 't is our will he should.

GENT. I shall, my liege. [Exit]

KING. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

LAF. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

KING. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

LAF. He looks well on 't.

KING. I am not a day of season,
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once: But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

BER. My high-repentent blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

KING. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time,
Steals, ere we can effect them: You remember
The daughter of this lord?

BER. Admiringly, my liege: at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object: Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself
Since I have lost have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

KING. Well excus'd:
That thou didst love her strikes some scores away
From the great compt: But love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, That's good that's gone: our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

COUNT. Which better than the first, O dear Heaven,
bless!

Or, ere they meet in me, O nature cesse.

LAF. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,

Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come,) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

BER. She never saw it.

KING. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'t will not prove so;—
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[Guards seize BERTRAM.]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him;—
We'll sift this matter further.

BER. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was.

[Exit BERTRAM, guarded.]

Enter the Astringer.

KING. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

AST. Gracious sovereign,

Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

KING. [Reads.]

"Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife
was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count
Rousillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my

honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: Grant it me, O king; in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone. "DIANA CAPULET."

LAF. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this: I'll none of him.

KING. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafen, To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors: Go speedily, and bring again the count.

[*Exeunt the Astringer and some Attendants.*]
I am afraid the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

COUNT. Now, justice on the doers!

Enter BERTRAM, guarded.

KING. I wonder, sir, for wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that?

Re-enter the Astringer, with Widow, and DIANA.

DIA. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

WID. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

KING. Come hither, count: Do you know these women?

BER. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

DIA. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

BER. She's none of mine, my lord.

DIA. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away Heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none.

LAF. Your reputation [*to BERTRAM*] comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.

BER. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature, Whom some time I have laugh'd with: let your highness Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour, Than for to think that I would sink it here.

KING. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend, Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour, Than in my thought it lies!

DIA. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

KING. What say'st thou to her?

BER. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

DIA. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

COUNT. He blushes, and 't is his:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thousand proofs.

KING. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.

DIA. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.

LAF. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

KING. Find him, and bring him hither.

BER. What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd;
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth:
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak anything?

KING. She hath that ring of yours.

BER. I think she has: certain it is I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her insuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

DIA. I must be patient;
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

BER. I have it not.

KING. What ring was yours, I pray you?

DIA. Sir, much like the same upon your finger.

KING. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

DIA. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

KING. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

DIA. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

BER. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

KING. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you —
Is this the man you speak of?

DIA. Ay, my lord.

KING. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off,)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

PAR. So please your majesty, my master hath been an
honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him which
gentlemen have.

KING. Come, come, to the purpose: Did he love the
woman?

PAR. 'Faith, sir, he did love her: But how?

KING. How, I pray you?

PAR. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

KING. How is that?

PAR. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

KING. As thou art a knave, and no knave:—What an equivocal companion is this!

PAR. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

LAF. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

DIA. Do you know he promised me marriage?

PAR. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

KING. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

PAR. Yes, so please your majesty: I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

KING. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: But thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.—This ring, you say, was yours?

DIA. Ay, my good lord.

KING. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

DIA. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

KING. Who lent it you?

DIA. It was not lent me neither.

KING. Where did you find it then?

DIA. I found it not.

KING. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

DIA. I never gave it him.

LAF. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

KING. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

DIA. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

KING. Take her away, I do not like her now;

To prison with her: and away with him.—

Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

DIA. I'll never tell you.

KING. Take her away.

DIA. I'll put in bail, my liege.

KING. I think thee now some common customer.

DIA. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 't was you.

KING. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

DIA. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty:

He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to 't:

I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.

Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;

I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to LAFEU.*]

KING. She doth abuse our ears; to prison with her.

DIA. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir;

[*Exit Widow.*]

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd;
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick;
So there's my riddle,—One that's dead is quick;
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

KING. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is 't real that I see?

HEL. No, my good lord;
'T is but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

BER. Both, both; O, pardon!

HEL. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here's your letter: This it says,
"When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child," &c.—This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

BER. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

HEL. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!—
O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

LAF. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:—
Good Tom Drum [*to PAROLLES*], lend me a handkerchief: So,
I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee:
Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

KING. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:—
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower, [*To DIANA.*
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that and all the progress, more and less,
Resolv'dly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and, if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. [*Flourish.*

(*Advancing.*)

The king's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.
[*Exeunt.*

VARIOUS READINGS.

"The mightiest space in *nature fortune* brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things."

(ACT I., Sc. 1.)

Malone suggested this reading in the place of the original:—

"The mightiest space in *fortune nature* brings," &c.

But Malone added, "I believe the text is right."

The Manuscript Corrector has the same transposition; and Mr. Collier says, "the meaning is then evident, *viz.* that fortune occasions things that are like each other to join, notwithstanding the mightiest space in nature may intervene between them."

The lines are found in the soliloquy of Helena. In the third scene the Steward tells the Countess that he had overheard Helena: "Alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears. — Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates." Helena acknowledges this difference; but in the spirit of hope says, that the disparity of rank may be remedied by the equality of nature. There was no "space in nature" to "intervene between them."

"My honour's at the stake, which to *defend*

I must produce my power."

(ACT II., Sc. 3.)

This is Theobald's alteration; and of the Manuscript Corrector also. The original has—

"My honour's at the stake, which to *defeat*," &c.

Farmer and Tyrwhitt resisted the change; Farmer truly saying, "The implication or clause of the sentence (as the grammarians say) served for the antecedent—which *danger to defeat*."

"I see that men make *hopes* in such *affairs*,

That we'll forsake ourselves."

(ACT IV., Sc. 2.) ROWE.

"I see that men make *hopes* in such a *scene*, &c.

MALONE.

"I see that men make *hopes* in such a *suit*," &c.

MS. Corrector.

Mr. Collier considers that the difficulty of the original line,

It is not likely that a printer or transcriber would mistake such a

"I see that men make *ropes* in such a *scarre*,"
now removed.

remarkable word as *scarre* for *scene* or *suit*. A *scarre* is a rock—and thus, figuratively, a difficulty to be surmounted. Men, according to Diana, pretend to show how we can overpass the obstacle, by furnishing the ropes by which the rock is to be climbed. The original is very difficult; the corrections very feeble.

GLOSSARY.

RINGER. Act V., Sc. 1.

"Enter a gentle Astringer."

An *astringer* is a falconer. A gentle *astringer* was probably the head of the king's hawking establishment, an officer of high rank, as in England, where the grand falconer is a nobleman.

ED. Act V., Sc. 3.

"And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth."

To *board* is to *accost*. It is used in this sense repeatedly by Shakspeare, and by other writers of his day.

D. Act IV., Sc. 2.

"Since Frenchmen are so braid."

Steevens thinks that *braid* here means crafty. Mr. Richardson, in his dictionary, considers that in this passage it has the sense of violent.

ES. Act III., Sc. 5.

"And brokes with all that can in such a suit."

To *broke* is to transact business for others, and generally in an

evil sense. The verb is seldom used now, though *broker* and *brokerage* remain.

BUNTING. Act II., Sc. 5.

"I took this lark for a bunting."

The lark and the common bunting greatly resemble each other, but the bunting has no song.

BUT. Act II., Sc. 3.

"Marry to each—but one."

Except one. See 'Taming of the Shrew,' Act III., Sc. 1.

CAPTIOUS AND INTENIBLE. Act I., Sc. 3.

"In this captious and intenible sieve."

Captious is capable of taking or receiving, and *intenible* is unfitted for retaining.

CESSE. Act V., Sc. 3.

"O nature cesse."

Cesse is *cease*, and thus the word is generally printed, but the old form is used by Chaucer in 'Troilus and Cressida,' book ii.—

"But cesse cause, and cesseth maladie."

COMPANY. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"I would gladly have him see his company anatomised."

His *company* is the company he keeps; his companion.

EMBOSSED. Act III., Sc. 6.

"We have almost embossed him."

Embossed is probably here used in the sense of exhausted. It usually means swollen in lumps; in the old hunting language the weary stag was embossed.

FAVOUR. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Of his sweet favour."

Favour is here used for *countenance*, *looks*. We still say a person is well or ill favoured.

FINE. Act V., Sc. 3.

"Thou art too fine in thy evidence."

Too fine is too full of *finesse*. In Bacon's 'Apophthegma,' the phrase is used in a complimentary sense, "Your majesty was too fine for my Lord Burghley."

FOR. Act III., Sc. 5.

"For the king had married him."

For in the sense of because, for that.

GO TO THE WORLD. Act I., Sc. 3. See 'Measure for Measure' Act II., Sc. 1.

HIGHER. Act II., Sc. 1.

"Let higher Italy."

Higher is not used in a geographical sense as Upper Italy, but is applied to the general dignity of Italy as descended from ancient Rome.

HOODMAN. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"Hoodman comes."

The game of blindman's buff, to which this is an allusion, was formerly called hoodman blind.

INGAGED. Act V., Sc. 8.

"I stood ingag'd."

Ingaged we think signifies *pledged*, engaged, to the lady, though Malone believes that it has the sense of *unengaged*, as inhabitable is used for uninhabitable.

JOHN DRUM. Act III., Sc. 6.

"If you give him not John Drum's entertainment."

According to Holinshed, "Tom Drum's entertainment," was "to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders."

LEAGUER. Act III., Sc. 6.

"Into the leaguer of the adversaries."

Leaguer is from the German *lager*, a camp.

LUSTICK. Act II., Sc. 8.

"Lustick, as the Dutchman says."

Lustick (spelt *lustig*) is Dutch for merry, cheerful, vigorous.

MONARCH. Act I., Sc. 1.

"And you, monarch."

Monarch is here a sarcastic allusion to an Italian commonly called the Monarch, who figured in London about 1580, who was possessed of the notion that he was sovereign of the world. He is also alluded to in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' Act IV., Sc. 1, "A phantasm, a monarcho."

MOOD. Act V., Sc. 1.

"Muddled in fortune's mood."

Mood is *caprice*. Warburton changed the word to *moat*, which is the common reading.

NEXT WAY. Act I., Sc. 3.

"I speak the truth the next way."

The *next* way is the *nearest* way.

ORDINARIES. Act II., Sc. 3.

"I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty fellow."

The time occupied by two ordinaries (or dinners) at the same table; i. e. for little more than a day.

PASSAGE. Act I., Sc. 1.

"O, that *had!* how sad a passage 't is!"

Passage is what passes. This use of the word is now little known, though we still speak of a passage of an author. Modern writers substitute for it *event* and *circumstance*, words that do not convey the same impression.

PROFESSION. Act II., Sc. 1.

"With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession."

Her *profession* is what she professes, her declaration of purpose.

QUART D'ECU. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"For a quart d'ecu he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation."

The quart d'ecu was a piece of French money, the fourth part of a gold crown. It was sometimes written *cardecue*.

REMOVES. Act V., Sc. 3.

"For four or five removes."

The *removes* are the stages on her journey.

RUFF. Act III., Sc. 1.

"Mend the ruff, and sing."

The top of the loose boot which turned over was called the ruff or ruffle. Ben Jonson has the latter word in 'Every Man out of his Humour,' "One of the rowells catch'd hold of the ruffle of my boot."

SCARRE. Act IV., Sc. 2.

"I see that men make ropes in such a scarre."

A *scarre* or *scar* is a steep or precipitous rock. Phillips, in his 'World of Words,' says that *scar*, in this sense, is the origin of the name of Scarborough.

SEASON. Act I., Sc. 1.

"'T is the best brine a maiden can season her praise in."

To *season* is to make savoury, to preserve. Malone has objected to the metaphor as being vulgar, but it is often used by Shakspeare, and he has the authority of Holy Writ, "Ye are the salt of the earth."

SEASON. Act V., Sc. 3.

"I am not a day of season."

A day of season is a seasonable day. Sunshine and hail mark a day out of season.

STAGGERS. Act II., Sc. 3.

"Into the staggers."

This is not an allusion to the disease so called in horses, though Dr. Johnson supposed it was, but is used to express uncertainty, insecurity. In 'Cymbeline' Posthumus uses the word in the same sense :—

"Whence come these staggers on me?"

STAIN. Act I., Sc. 1.

"You have some stain of soldier in you."

Some tincture, some slight mark.

STILL-PEERING. Act III., Sc. 2.

"Move the still-peering air."

Still-peering is appearing still, quiet.

SUGGESTIONS. Act III., Sc. 5.

"A filthy officer he is in those suggestions."

Suggestions are ill counsels, temptations.

TABLE. Act I., Sc. 1.

"In our heart's table."

Table is the surface, the tablet, on which a picture is painted, and thence used for the picture itself.

TOLL. Act V., Sc. 3.

"I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this."

The payment of the toll at a fair or market was necessary to the validity of a sale. Lafeu will get rid of Bertram by toll and sale. The custom is described in *Hudibras* :—

"Where, when, by whom, and what 't were sold for,
And in the open market toll'd for."

THE FINE'S THE CROWN. Act IV., Sc. 4. From the Latin, "*finis coronat opus*."

TRICK. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Of every line and trick of his sweet favour."

Trick is more than once used by Shakspeare in the sense of peculiarity. So in 'King John':—

"He hath a trick of Cœur-de-Lion's face."

And also in *Lear*.

UNHAPPY. Act IV., Sc. 4.

"A shrewd knave, and an unhappy."

Unhappy is here unlucky, mischievous.

VALIDITY. Act V., Sc. 1.

"Whose high respect, and rich validity."

Validity is here used in the sense of value.

WARD. Act I., Sc. 1.

"To whom I am now in ward."

Under the old feudal tenures the heirs of great estates were the king's wards, and a profit was made of them. In England there was a Court of Wards, which was not abolished till 1658.

WHAT DO YOU CALL THESE? Act II., Sc. 1. This is equivalent to
What d'ye call it?

WHITE DEATH. Act II., Sc. 3.

"Let the white death sit on thy cheek."

The paleness of death.

PLOT AND CHARACTERS.

DR. FARMER says that the story of 'All's Well that Ends Well' "came immediately to Shakspeare from Painter's 'Giletta of Narbon.'" Painter's 'Palace of Pleasure' was printed in 1575; and no doubt Shakspeare was familiar with the book. But we yet have to learn that Shakspeare was not familiar with the Italian writers, who were as commonly read by the educated classes in England at the end of the sixteenth century as the French writers are read now. Whether received by him directly or indirectly, the story came from Boccaccio. Shakspeare has made the character of Helena more interesting, in some respects, by representing her solely dependent on the bounty of the good Countess, whose character is a creation of his own; in the novel she is rich, and is surrounded with suitors. After her marriage and desertion by her husband, Giletta returns to the country of her lord, and governs it in his absence with all wisdom and goodness; Helena is still a dependant upon her kind friend and mother. The main incidents of the story are the same; the management, by the intervention of the comic characters, belongs to Shakspeare.

Hazlitt's spirited character of Boccaccio as a writer includes a notice of this comedy:—"The story of 'All's Well that Ends Well,' and of several others of Shakspeare's plays, is taken from Boccaccio. The poet has dramatised the original novel with great skill and comic spirit, and has preserved all the beauty of character and sentiment without improving upon it, which was impossible. There is, indeed, in Boccaccio's serious pieces a truth, a pathos, and an exquisite refinement of sentiment, which is hardly to be met with in any other prose-writer whatever. Justice has not been

done him by the world. He has in general passed for a mere narrator of lascivious tales, or idle jests. This character probably originated in his obnoxious attacks on the monks, and has been kept up by the grossness of mankind, who revenged their own want of refinement on Boccaccio, and only saw in his writings what suited the coarseness of their own tastes. But the truth is, that he has carried sentiment of every kind to its very highest purity and perfection. By sentiment we would here understand the habitual workings of some one powerful feeling, where the heart reposes almost entirely upon itself, without the violent excitement of opposing duties, or untoward circumstances. The epithet of divine was well bestowed on this great painter of the human heart. The invention implied in his different tales is immense ; but we are not to infer that it is all his own. He probably availed himself of all the common traditions which were floating in his time, and which he was the first to appropriate. Homer appears the most original of all authors—probably for no other reason than that we can trace the plagiarism no farther."

Many of the plots of Shakspeare are thus founded upon stories which are the common property of mankind, whether they reached him through the Italian novelists, or were derived from sources now unknown. It was his peculiar attribute to make these traditional narratives thoroughly his own, by the most artistical treatment. What was obscure he rendered clear ; what was gross he refined. He gave distinctive features to characters that had previously possessed no marked lineaments. He brought wit and humour into immediate contact with sentiment ; and he strengthened and purified sentiment by his all-pervading philosophy. It would be unjust and unnecessary to enter upon a comparison of the treatment of the same subject by Boccaccio and by Shakspeare ; but we can scarcely assent to Hazlitt's opinion, that he has preserved all the beauty of character and sentiment of the original novel without improving upon it.

The chief interest of this comedy lies in Helena. Mr Jameson says, "All the circumstances and details with which Helena is surrounded are shocking to our feelings, and

wounding to our delicacy ; and yet the beauty of the character is made to triumph over all." Shakspeare first displays her sensibility and her secret passion—the same sensibility and secret love as in his Viola:—

"It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me."

In her confession to the Countess we first see the moral energy, the "wisdom and constancy," which carry her through a great purpose:—

" I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be."

The orphan child of the physician has a shadowy hope that in the remedy for the French King's malady which her father has bequeathed her, may be found the means of her advancement, and the recompense of her ambitious love. The force of her will carries her through all difficulties, even through the greatest—the compromise of her feminine delicacy. When she has avowed her preference for Bertram, she will carry forward that avowal to its consequences. She will not "blush out the remainder of her life." Never was so dangerous a position surmounted, without the loss of respect and sympathy.

The character of Bertram is one which commands no sympathy. But Johnson has somewhat undervalued him: "I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helena as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage: is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness." Johnson has not sufficiently allowed for the conventional circumstances by which Bertram was surrounded. The pride of birth has never allowed him to see the merits

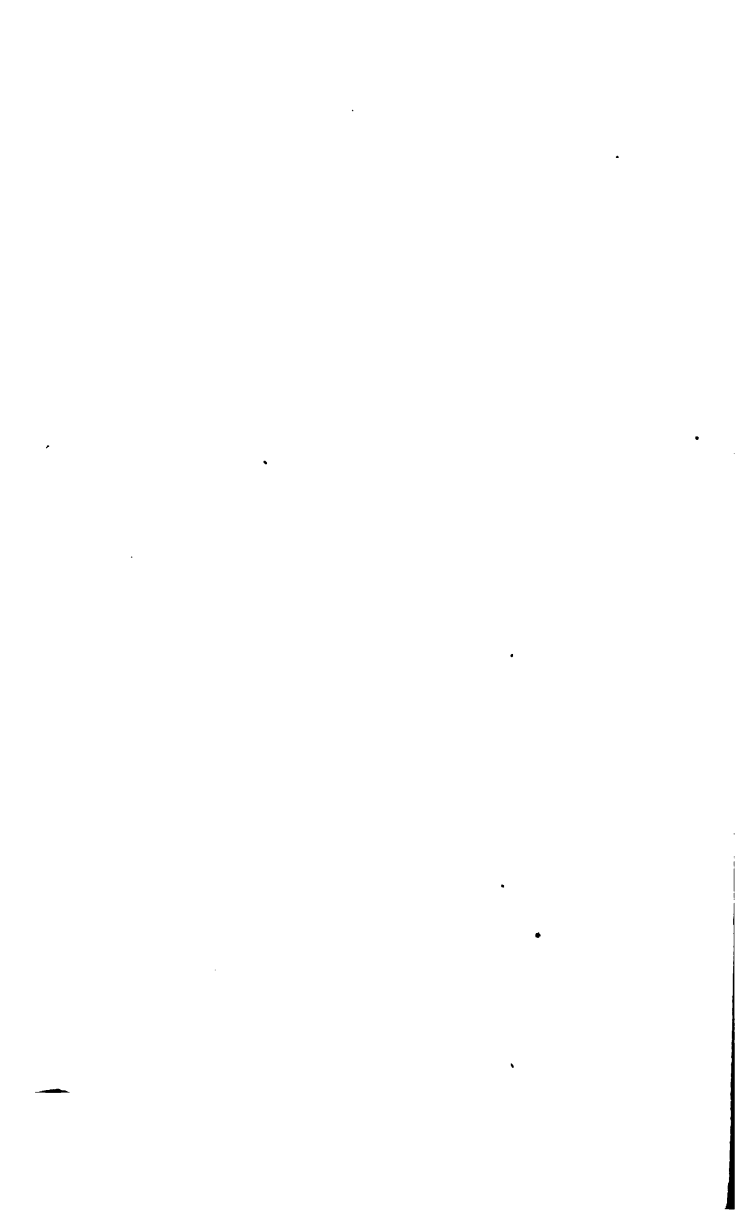
of Helena, except in the relation she bore to his mother as a humble friend and dependant. He does not marry her as a coward; he marries her reluctantly at the command of his liege lord. His profligacy is the licence of the camp and the court. If he is ultimately "dismissed to happiness," we are reconciled to the forgiveness which he has obtained, because we are sure that through his punishment Helena would have been doubly punished. Improbable and unpleasant as are the incidents by which the ardent hope of Helena is accomplished, it would not have consisted with our sympathy for her that Bertram should have been disgraced, and she condemned to a life-long divorce. There is much that is rash, and cruel, and licentious in Bertram, but there is no incurable meanness that would make Helena more miserable in their union than their separation.

"In this piece," says Schlegel, "*age* is exhibited to singular advantage: the plain honesty of the King, the good-natured impetuosity of old Lafeu, the maternal indulgence of the Countess to Helena's love of her son, seem all, as it were, to vie with each other in endeavours to conquer the arrogance of the young Count." It is the admiration of these for Helena that makes us understand the nobleness of her character, carrying out her self-will almost without selfishness; "tremblingly alive to gentle impressions," and yet preserving "an immoveable heart amidst even the most imperious causes of subduing emotion."

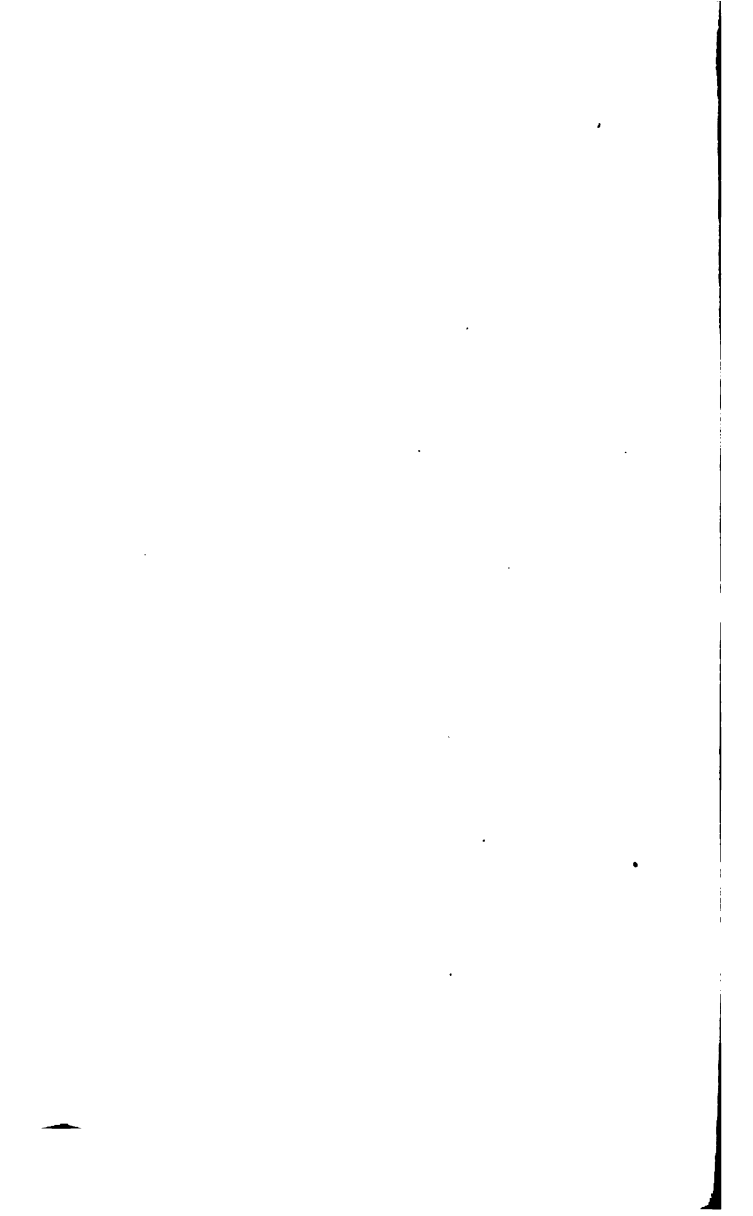
"Shakspeare," says Steevens, "is indebted to the novel only for a few leading circumstances in the graver parts of the piece. The comic business appears to be entirely of his own formation." The great character of the comic business is Parolles. According to Johnson, "Parolles is a boaster and a coward, such as has always been the sport of the stage, but perhaps never raised more laughter or contempt than in the hands of Shakspeare." This is true. But how mistaken is Johnson when, in a note upon the same character, he says, "Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falstaff, and seems to be the character which Shakspeare delighted to draw, a fellow that had more wit than virtue." Ulrici calls him "the little appendix of the great Falstaff." Schlegel says, "Fal-

staff has thrown Parolles into the shade." We cannot understand these comparisons between the two characters. Helena has drawn the character of Parolles much more justly:—

“I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward:
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak i' the cold wind.”







PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

SEBASTIAN, *a young gentleman, brother to Viola.*

*Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 1.*

ANTONIO, *a sea-captain, friend to Sebastian.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

A Sea-Captain, *friend to Viola.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

VALENTINE, *a gentleman attending on the Duke.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4.

CURIO, *a gentleman attending on the Duke.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 4.

SIR TOBY BELCH, *uncle to Olivia.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 5.
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.*

SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.*

MALVOLIO, *steward to Olivia.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 4.
Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.*

FABIAN, *servant to Olivia.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1.
Act V. sc. 1.

Clown, *servant to Olivia.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 5. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

OLIVIA, *a rich Countess.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 1.

VIOLA, *in love with the Duke.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4.
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

MARIA, *Olivia's woman.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 5.
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other attendants.

SCENE,—A CITY IN ILLYRIA; AND THE SEA-COAST NEAR IT.

THIS Comedy was first printed in the folio edition of 1623. The text is divided into acts and scenes; and the order of these has been undisturbed in the modern editions. With the exception of a few manifest typographical errors, the original copy is remarkably correct.

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords; Musicians attending.

DUKE. If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

CUR. Will you go hunt, my lord?

DUKE.

What, Curio?

CUR.

The hart.

DUKE. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
(Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence,)
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;

And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—How now? what news from her?

Enter VALENTINE.

VAL. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

DUKE. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
Those sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd,
(Her sweet perfections) with one self king!—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.

VIO. What country, friends, is this?

CAP. This is Illyria, lady.

VIO. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd:—What think you, sailors?

CAP. It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.

VIO. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.

CAP. True, madam; and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;

Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

VIO. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

CAP. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

VIO. Who governs here?

CAP. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

VIO. What is his name?

CAP. Orsino.

VIO. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor, then.

CAP. And so is now, or was so very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence;
And then 't was fresh in murmur, (as, you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of,)
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

VIO. What's she?

CAP. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the sight
And company of men.

VIO. O, that I serv'd that lady:
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
What my estate is.

CAP. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

VIO. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,

Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

CAP. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be;
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

VIO. I thank thee: Lead me on.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

SIR To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death
of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

MAR. By my troth, sir Toby, you must come in earlier
o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to
your ill hours.

SIR To. Why, let her except before excepted.

MAR. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the
modest limits of order.

SIR To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am:
these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these
boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their
own straps.

MAR. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard
my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that
you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

SIR To. Who? Sir Andrew Agrie-cheek?

MAR. Ay, he.

SIR To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

MAR. What's that to the purpose?

SIR To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

MAR. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats;
he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

SIR To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-

gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

MAR. He hath, indeed, almost natural: for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 't is thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

SIR TO. By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?

MAR. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

SIR TO. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a coystil, that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench? Castiliano-vulgo; for here comes sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

SIR AND. Sir Toby Belch! how now, sir Toby Belch!

SIR TO. Sweet sir Andrew!

SIR AND. Bless you, fair shrew.

MAR. And you too, sir.

SIR TO. Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

SIR AND. What's that?

SIR TO. My niece's chambermaid.

SIR AND. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MAR. My name is Mary, sir.

SIR AND. Good mistress Mary Accost,—

SIR TO. You mistake, knight; accost is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

SIR AND. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

MAR. Fare you well, gentlemen.

SIR TO. An thou let part so, sir Andrew, 'would thou mightst never draw sword again.

SIR AND. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

MAR. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

SIR AND. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

MAR. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

SIR AND. Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your metaphor?

MAR. It's dry, sir.

SIR AND. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

MAR. A dry jest, sir.

SIR AND. Are you full of them?

MAR. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand I am barren. [Exit MARIA.]

SIR TO. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: When did I see thee so put down?

SIR AND. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

SIR TO. No question.

SIR AND. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, sir Toby.

SIR TO. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

SIR AND. What is *pourquoy*? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

SIR TO. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

SIR AND. Why, would that have mended my hair?

SIR TO. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

SIR AND. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

SIR TO. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

SIR AND. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, sir Toby; your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she's none of me: the count himself, here hard by, woe's her.

SIR TO. She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

SIR AND. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the

strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

SIR TO. Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight?

SIR AND. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

SIR TO. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

SIR AND. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

SIR TO. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

SIR AND. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

SIR TO. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg it was formed under the star of a galliard.

SIR AND. Ay, 't is strong, and it does indifferent well in a damask-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TO. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

SIR AND. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

SIR TO. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.

VAL. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

VIO. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

VAL. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

VIO. I thank you. Here comes the count.

DUKE. Who saw Cesario, ho?

VIO. On your attendance, my lord; here.

DUKE. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

VIO. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

DUKE. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

VIO. Say, I do speak with her, my lord; what then?

DUKE. O, then unfold the passion of my love;
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith;
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

VIO. I think not so, my lord.

DUKE. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company:—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

VIO. I'll do my best
To woo your lady: yet [*aside*], a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[*Exit*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in Olivia's House.**Enter MARIA and Clown.*

MAR. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

CLO. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

MAR. Make that good.

CLO. He shall see none to fear.

MAR. A good leuten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

CLO. Where, good mistress Mary?

MAR. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

CLO. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools let them use their talents.

MAR. Yet you will be hanged, for being so long absent; or, to be turned away: is not that as good as a hanging to you?

CLO. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

MAR. You are resolute, then?

CLO. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

MAR. That if one break the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

CLO. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

MAR. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*]

Enter OLIVIA and MALVOLIO.

CLO. Wit, an 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

OLI. Take the fool away.

CLO. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

OLL. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

CLO. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink,—then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself,—if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: Anything that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue: If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, What remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

OLL. Sir, I bade them take away you.

CLO. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much to say as, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

OLL. Can you do it?

CLO. Dexterously, good madonna.

OLL. Make your proof.

CLO. I must catechise you for it, madonna: Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

OLL. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll 'bide your proof.

CLO. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

OLL. Good fool, for my brother's death.

CLO. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

OLL. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

CLO. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

OLL. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

MAL. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

CLO. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am a fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

OLI. How say you to that, Malvolio?

MAL. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

OLI. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

CLO. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

MAR. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

OLI. From the count Orsino, is it?

MAR. I know not, madam; 't is a fair young man, and well attended.

OLI. Who of my people hold him in delay?

MAR. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

OLI. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: Fie on him! [*Exit MARIA.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit MALVOLIO.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

CLO. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

OLI. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

SIR TO. A gentleman.

OLI. A gentleman! what gentleman?

SIR TO. 'T is a gentleman here—A plague of these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

CLO. Good sir Toby,—

OLI. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

SIR TO. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

OLI. Ay, marry; what is he?

SIR TO. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [Exit.

OLI. What's a drunken man like, fool.

CLO. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

OLI. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned: go, look after him.

CLO. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [Exit Clown.

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

MAL. Madam, yond' young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

OLI. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

MAL. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

OLI. What kind of man is he?

MAL. Why, of mankind.

OLI. What manner of man?

MAL. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

OLI. Of what personage, and years, is he?

MAL. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 't is a peascod, or a coiling when 't is almost an apple: 't is with him in standing water,

between boy and man. He is very well favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

OLI. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

MAL. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter MARIA.

OLI. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

VIO. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

OLI. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: Your will?

VIO. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty, I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

OLI. Whence came you, sir?

VIO. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

OLI. Are you a comedian?

VIO. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

OLI. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

VIO. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

OLI. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise.

VIO. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 't is poetical.

OLI. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you.

If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 't is not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

MAR. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

VIO. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.
—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

OLL. Tell me your mind.

VIO. I am a messenger.

OLL. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

VIO. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

OLL. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

VIO. The rudeness that hath appeared in me, have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

OLL. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity.
[Exit MARIA.] Now, sir, what is your text?

VIO. Most sweet lady,—

OLL. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

VIO. In Orsino's bosom?

OLL. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

VIO. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

OLL. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

VIO. Good madam, let me see your face.

OLL. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. [Unweiling.] Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: Is 't not well done?

VIO. Excellently done, if God did all.

OLL. 'T is in grain, sir; 't will endure wind and weather.

VIO. 'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,

If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

OLL. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle, and utensil, labelled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

VIO. I see you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you; O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

OLL. How does he love me?

VIO. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

OLL. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

VIO. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

OLL. Why, what would you?

VIO. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

OLL. You might do much: What is your parentage

VIO. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

OLI. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

VIO. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love:
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

[*Erit.*]

OLI. What is your parentage?
"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman."—I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too fast:—soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man.—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

MAL. Here, madam, at your service.

OLI. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for 't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

MAL. Madam, I will.

[*Erit.*]

OLI. I do I know not what: and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: Ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be; and be this so!

[*Erit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

ANT. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

SEB. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: It were a bad recompense for your love to lay any of them on you.

ANT. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

SEB. No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rodorigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of: he left behind him, myself and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, 'would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

ANT. Alas, the day!

SEB. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her,—she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

ANT. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

SEB. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

ANT. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

SEB. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye

well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*]

ANT. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO following.

MAL. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

VIO. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

MAL. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

VIO. She took the ring of me. I'll none of it.

MAL. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

[*Exit.*]

VIO. I left no ring with her: What means this lady?
Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much
That, methought, her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man:—If it be so, (as 't is,)
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;
For, such as we are made, if such we be.
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly:
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love!
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

SIR TO. Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,—

SIR AND. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

SIR TO. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early: so that, to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

SIR AND. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

SIR TO. Thou 'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. —Marian, I say!—a stoop of wine!

Enter Clown.

SIR AND. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

CLO. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?

SIR TO. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

SIR AND. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of

Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 't was very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: Hadst it?

CLO. I did impeticoes thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

SIR AND. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

SIR TO. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

SIR AND. There's a testril of me too; if one knight give a—

CLO. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

SIR TO. A love-song, a love-song.

SIR AND. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

CLO. O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

SIR AND. Excellent good, i' faith.

SIR TO. Good, good.

CLO. What is love? 't is not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then comē kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

SIR AND. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

SIR TO. A contagious breath.

SIR AND. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

SIR TO. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we row the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

SIR AND. An you love me, let's do 't: I am dog at a catch.

CLO. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

SIR AND. Most certain: let our catch be, "Thou knave."

CLO. "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight.

SIR AND. 'T is not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, "Hold thy peace."

CLO. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

SIR AND. Good, i' faith! Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*]

Enter MARIA.

MAR. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

SIR TO. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsay, and "Three merry men be we." Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvalley! lady! "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"
[*Singing.*]

CLO. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

SIR AND. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

SIR TO. "O, the twelfth day of December."— [*Singing.*]

MAR. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

MAL. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

SIR TO. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up!

MAL. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate

yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TO. "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone."

MAR. Nay, good sir Toby.

CLO. "His eyes do show his days are almost done."

MAL. Is 't even so?

SIR TO. "But I will never die."

CLO. Sir Toby, there you lie.

MAL. This is much credit to you.

SIR TO. "Shall I bid him go?"

CLO. "What an if you do?"

SIR TO. "Shall I bid him go, and spare not?"

CLO. "O no, no, no, no, you dare not."

SIR TO. Out o' time? sir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, thou shalt be no more cakes and ale?

CLO. Yes, by Saint Anne: and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

SIR TO. Thou 'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chin with crumbs:—A stoop of wine, Maria!

MAL. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour anything more than contempt, you would not give means to this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit]

MAR. Go shake your ears.

SIR AND. 'T were as good a deed as to drink when man's a hungry, to challenge him the field; and then break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

SIR TO. Do 't, knight; I 'll write thee a challenge; or I deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

MAR. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to be straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

SIR TO. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

MAR. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

SIR AND. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

SIR TO. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

SIR AND. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

MAR. The devil a Puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

SIR TO. What wilt thou do?

MAR. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

SIR TO. Excellent! I smell a device.

SIR AND. I have 't in my nose too.

SIR TO. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she 's in love with him.

MAR. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

SIR AND. And your horse now would make him an ass.

MAR. Ass, I doubt not.

SIR AND. O, 't will be admirable.

MAR. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [Exit.]

SIR TO. Good night, Penthesilea.

SIR AND. Before me, she 's a good wench.

SIR TO. She 's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me: What o' that?

SIR AND. I was adored once too.

SIR TO. Let 's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

SIR AND. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

SIR TO. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.

SIR AND. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

SIR TO. Come, come; I 'll go burn some sack; 't is too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.

DUKE. Give me some music:—Now, good morrow, friends:—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much:
More than light airs and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come, but one verse.

CUR. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

DUKE. Who was it?

CUR. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: He is about the house.

DUKE. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit CURIO.—Music.*]

Come hither, boy: If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me:
For, such as I am all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

VIO. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.

DUKE. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

VIO. A little, by your favour.

DUKE. What kind of woman is 't?

VIO. Of your complexion.

DUKE. She is not worth thee then. What years, i' faith?

VIO. About your years, my lord.

DUKE. Too old, by heaven: Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

VIO. I think it well, my lord.

DUKE. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

VIO. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO and Clown.

DUKE. O fellow, come, the song we had last night:—
Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

CLO. Are you ready, sir?

DUKE. Ay; prithee sing.

[*Music.*]

SONG.

CLO. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

VIO. Ay, but I know,—

DUKE. What dost thou know?

VIO. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

DUKE. And what's her history?

VIO. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

DUKE. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIO. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not.—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

DUKE. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bid no deny.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Olivia's Garden.*

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, and
FABIAN.*

SIR To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

FAB. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me boiled to death with melancholy.

SIR TO. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

FAB. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

SIR TO. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:—Shall we not, sir Andrew?

SIR AND. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

SIR TO. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my metal of India?

MAR. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half-hour: observe him for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit MARIA.*]

Enter MALVOLIO.

MAL. 'T is but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come the near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexions. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

SIR TO. Here's an overweening rogue!

FAB. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him! how he jets under his advanced plumes!

SIR AND. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

SIR TO. Peace, I say.

MAL. To be count Malvolio;—

SIR TO. Ah, rogue!

SIR AND. Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TO. Peace, peace!

MAL. There is example for't; the lady of the Strumpet married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

SIR AND. Fie on him, Jezebel!

FAB. O peace! now he 's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

MAL. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

SIR TO. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

MAL. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping:

SIR TO. Fire and brimstone!

FAB. O, peace, peace!

MAL. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby:

SIR TO. Bolts and shackles!

FAB. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

MAL. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while: and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with my some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me:

SIR TO. Shall this fellow live?

FAB. Though our silence be drawn from us with ears, yet peace.

MAL. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control:

SIR TO. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

MAL. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech:"—

SIR TO. What, what?

MAL. "You must amend your drunkenness."

SIR TO. Out, scab!

FAB. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

MAL. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;"

SIR AND. That 's me, I warrant you.

MAL. "One sir Andrew:"

SIR AND. I knew 't was I; for many do call me fool.

MAL. What employment have we here?

[Taking up the letter.]

FAB. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

SIR TO. O peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

MAL. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

SIR AND. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: Why that?

MAL. [*reads.*] "To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:" her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 't is my lady: To whom should this be?

FAB. This wins him, liver and all.

MAL. [*reads.*] "Jove knows, I love:

But who?

Lips do not move;

No man must know."

"No man must know."—What follows?—the number's altered!—"No man must know:"—If this should be thee, Malvolio?

SIR TO. Marry, hang thee, brock!

MAL. "I may command, where I adore:

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."

FAB. A fustian riddle!

SIR TO. Excellent wench, say I.

MAL. "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

FAB. What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

SIR TO. And with what wing the stannyl checks at it!

MAL. "I may command, where I adore." Why, she may command me: I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this;—And the end,—What should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me—Softly!—M, O, A, I.—

SIR TO. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold sea

FAB. Sowter will cry upon 't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

MAL. *M*,—Malvolio;—*M*,—why, that begins my name.

FAB. Did not I say that he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

MAL. *M*,—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

FAB. And *O* shall end, I hope.

SIR TO. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

MAL. And then *I* comes behind.

FAB. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

MAL. *M*, *O*, *A*, *I*;—This simulation is not as the former and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft; here follows prose.—

“If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered; I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE UNHAPPY.”

Daylight and champion discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device, the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in

this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars, be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. “Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.” Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile: I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

[*Exit.*]

FAB. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

SIR TO. I could marry this wench for this device:

SIR AND. So could I too.

SIR TO. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

SIR AND. Nor I neither.

FAB. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

SIR TO. Wilt thou set thy foot o’ my neck?

SIR AND. Or o’ mine either?

SIR TO. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

SIR AND. I’ faith, or I either?

SIR TO. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

MAR. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

SIR TO. Like aqua vitæ with a midwife.

MAR. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and ’t is a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

SIR TO. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

SIR AND. I’ll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabor.

VIO. Save thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

CLO. No, sir, I live by the church.

VIO. Art thou a churchman?

CLO. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

VIO. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

CLO. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

VIO. Nay, that 's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

CLO. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

VIO. Why, man?

CLO. Why, sir, her name 's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

VIO. Thy reason, man?

CLO. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

VIO. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

CLO. Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

VIO. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

CLO. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings, the husband 's the

bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

VIO. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

CLO. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

VIO. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

CLO. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

VIO. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

CLO. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

VIO. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

CLO. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

VIO. I understand you, sir; 't is well begged.

CLO. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [Exit.]

VIO. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

SIR To. Save you, gentleman.

VIO. And you, sir.

SIR AND. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

VIO. *Et vous aussi: votre serviteur.*

SIR AND. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

SIR TO. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

VIO. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

SIR TO. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

VIO. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

SIR TO. I mean to go, sir, to enter.

VIO. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

SIR AND. That youth's a rare courtier! "Rain odours!" well.

VIO. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

SIR AND. "Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed:"—I'll get 'em all three all ready.

OLI. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and MARIA.*]
Give me your hand, sir.

VIO. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

OLI. What is your name?

VIO. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

OLI. My servant, sir! 'T was never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was called compliment:
You're servant to the count Orsino, youth.

VIO. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

OLI. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

VIO. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—

OLI. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres.

VIO. Dear lady,—

OLI. Give me leave, beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your re-
ceiving

Enough is shown; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my heart: So let me hear you speak.

VIO. I pity you.

OLI. That's a degree to love.

VIO. No, not a grise; for 't is a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

OLI. Why, then, methinks, 't is time to smile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf! [Clock strikes
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

VIO. Then westward-hoe:
Grace, and good disposition, 'tend your ladyship;
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

OLI. Stay:
I prithee tell me, what thou think'st of me.

VIO. That you do think you are not what you are.

OLI. If I think so, I think the same of you.

VIO. Then think you right; I am not what I am.

OLI. I would you were as I would have you be!

VIO. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

OLI. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:—
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter;—
Love sought is good, but given unsought, is better.

VIO. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

OLI. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Olivia's House.*

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, and
FABIAN.*

SIR AND. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

SIR TO. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

FAB. You must needs yield your reason, sir Andrew.

SIR AND. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the
count's serving man than ever she bestowed upon me; I
saw 't i' the orchard.

SIR TO. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me
that.

SIR AND. As plain as I see you now.

FAB. This was a great argument of love in her toward
you.

SIR AND. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

FAB. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of
judgment and reason.

SIR TO. And they have been grand jury-men, since before
Noah was a sailor.

FAB. She did show favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was baulked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

SIR AND. An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

SIR TO. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

FAB. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

SIR AND. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

SIR TO. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention; taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou show'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

SIR AND. Where shall I find you?

SIR TO. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*: Go.

[Exit Sir ANDREW.]

FAB. This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

SIR TO. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

FAB. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you shall not deliver it.

SIR TO. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you

find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

FAB. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

SIR To. Look where the youngest wren of nine comes.

MAR. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yond' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

SIR To. And cross-gartered?

MAR. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogged him like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 't is; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take 't for a great favour.

SIR To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

SEB. I would not by my will have troubled you; But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

ANT. I could not stay behind you; my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; And not all love to see you, (though so much As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,) But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skillless in these parts; which, to a stranger, Unguided, and unfriended, often prove Rough and unhospitable: My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

SEB. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but, thanks,
And thanks: and ever oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;
But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

ANT. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

SEB. I am not weary, and 't is long to night:
I pray you let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

ANT. 'Would you 'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

SEB. Belike, you slew great number of his people?

ANT. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out:
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

SEB. Do not then walk too open.

ANT. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse;
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

SEB. Why I your purse?

ANT. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

SEB. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you
For an hour.

ANT. To the Elephant.—

SEB.

I do remember.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*Olivia's Garden.**Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.*

OLI. I have sent after him. He says he'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;—
Where is Malvolio?

MAR. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner.
He is sure possess'd, madam.

OLI. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

MAR. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

OLI. Go call him hither.—I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio?

MAL. Sweet lady, ho, ho!

[*Smiles fantastically.*]

OLI. Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

MAL. Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering. But what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: "Please one, and please all."

OLI. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

MAL. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

OLI. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MAL. To bed? ay, sweetheart; and I'll come to thee.

OLI. God comfort thee: Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

MAR. How do you, Malvolio?

MAL. At your request? Yes; nightingales answer daws.

MAR. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

MAL. "Be not afraid of greatness:"—'t was well writ.

OLL. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

MAL. "Some are born great,"—

OLL. Ha?

MAL. "Some achieve greatness,"—

OLL. What say'st thou?

MAL. "And some have greatness thrust upon them."

OLL. Heaven restore thee!

MAL. "Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;"—

OLL. Thy yellow stockings?

MAL. "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

OLL. Cross-gartered?

MAL. "Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;"—

OLL. Am I made?

MAL. "If not, let me see thee a servant still."

OLL. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

SER. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

OLL. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.*]

MAL. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she;—"be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;"—and consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing.

and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to:" Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, everything adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with Sir TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

SIR To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

FAB. Here he is, here he is:—How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

MAL. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

MAR. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

MAL. Ah, ha! does she so?

SIR To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

MAL. Do you know what you say?

MAR. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

FAB. Carry his water to the wise woman.

MAR. Marry, an it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

MAL. How now, mistress?

MAR. O lord!

SIR To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

FAB. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

SIR To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

MAL. Sir?

SIR TO. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 't is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: Hang him, foul collier!

MAR. Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

MAL. My prayers, minx?

MAR. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

MAL. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter.

[Exit.]

SIR TO. Is 't possible?

FAB. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

SIR TO. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

MAR. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

FAB. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

MAR. The house will be the quieter.

SIR TO. Come, we'll have him in a dark-room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

FAB. More matter for a May morning.

SIR AND. Here 's the challenge, read it; I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in 't.

FAB. Is 't so saucy?

SIR AND. Ay, is 't, I warrant him: do but read.

SIR TO. Give me. [*Reads.*] "Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

FAB. Good, and valiant.

SIR TO. "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't."

FAB. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of law.

SIR TO. "Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

FAB. Very brief, and exceeding good senseless.

SIR TO. "I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,"——

FAB. Good.

SIR TO. "Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."

FAB. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: Good.

SIR TO. "Fare thee well; And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK."

SIR TO. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give 't him.

MAR. You may have very fit occasion for 't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

SIR TO. Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailie: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

SIR AND. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.]

SIR TO. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.

FAB. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

SIR To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA*]

OLL. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too uncharly on 't:
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

VIO. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

OLL. Here, wear this jewel for me, 't is my picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny;
That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

VIO. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

OLL. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

VIO. I will acquit you.

OLL. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [Exit]

Re-enter Sir TOBY, BELCH and FABIAN.

SIR To. Gentleman, God save thee.

VIO. And you, sir.

SIR To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despatch, bloody as the hunter, attacks thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

VIO. You mistake, sir, I am sure; no man hath quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

SIR To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard: for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

VIO. I pray you, sir, what is he?

SIR To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private but

souls and bodies hath he divorced three! and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob, nob, is his word; giv 't, or take 't.

VIO. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

SIR TO. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

VIO. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

SIR TO. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. *[Exit Sir TOBY.]*

VIO. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

FAB. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

VIO. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

FAB. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

VIO. I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one that would rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. *[Exeunt.]*

Re-enter Sir TOBY, with Sir ANDREW.

SIR TO. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck in, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as

surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. they say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

SIR AND. Pox on 't, I'll not meddle with him.

SIR To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

SIR AND. Plague on 't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

SIR To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good show on 't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

I have his horse [*to FAB.*] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth 's a devil.

FAB. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

SIR To. There 's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

VIO. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make us tell them how much I lack of a man. [*Aside.*]

FAB. Give ground, if you see him furious.

SIR To. Come, sir Andrew, there 's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on: to 't.

SIR AND. Pray God, he keep his oath. [*Draws.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

VIO. I do assure you 't is against my will. [*Draws.*]

ANT. Put up your sword;—If this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me; If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Draws.*]

SIR To. You, sir? why, what are you?

ANT. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

SIR TO. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[*Draws.*

Enter two Officers.

FAB. O good sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

SIR TO. I'll be with you anon. [To ANTONIO.

VIO. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

[To Sir ANDREW.

SIR AND. Marry, will I, sir;—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 OFF. This is the man; do thy office.

2 OFF. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of count Orsino.

ANT. You do mistake me, sir.

1 OFF. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away; he knows I know him well.

ANT. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you.
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.

2 OFF. Come, sir, away.

ANT. I must entreat of you some of that money.

VIO. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there is half my coffer.

ANT. Will you deny me now?

Is 't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

VIO. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

ANT. O heavens themselves!

2 OFF. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

ANT. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,—
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 OFF. What's that to us? The time goes by; away.

ANT. But, O, how vild an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 OFF. The man grows mad; away with him. Come,
come, sir.

ANT. Lead me on. *[Exeunt Officers with ANTONIO.]*

VIO. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

SIR TO. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll
whisper o'er a couple or two of most sage saws.

VIO. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! *[Exit.]*

SIR TO. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward
than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here
in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship at
Fabian.

FAB. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

SIR AND. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

SIR TO. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

SIR AND. An I do not,—

[*Exit.*]

FAB. Come, let's see the event.

SIR TO. I dare lay any money 't will be nothing yet.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street before Olivia's House.*

Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown.

CLO. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

SEB. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

CLO. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing that is so, is so.

SEB. I prithee vent thy folly somewhere else:
Thou know'st not me.

CLO. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney.—I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

SEB. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me;
There's money for thee; if you tarry longer
I shall give worse payment.

CLO. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir ANDREW, Sir TOBY, and FABIAN.

SIR AND. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you.
[Striking SEBASTIAN.]

SEB. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there:
Are all the people mad? [Beating Sir ANDREW.]

SIR To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

CLO. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in
some of your coats for twopence. [Exit]

SIR To. Come on, sir; hold. [Holding SEB.]

SIR AND. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work
with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there
be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no
matter for that.

SEB. Let go thy hand.

SIR To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young
soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

SEB. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword. [Draws.]

SIR To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or
two of this malapert blood from you. [Draws.]

Enter OLIVIA.

OLI. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

SIR To. Madam?

OLI. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario!

Rudesby, be gone!—I prithee, gentle friend,

[Exit Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and FABIAN.]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

SEB. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream still let me sleep!

OLL. Nay, come, I prithee: 'Would thou 'dst be rul'd by me!

SEB. Madam, I will.

OLL. O, say so, and so be! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter MARIA and Clown.

MAR. Nay, I prithee put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe thou art sir Topas the curate; do it quickly: I'll call sir Toby the whilst. [Exit MARIA.]

CLO. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

SIR TO. Jove bless thee, master parson.

CLO. *Bonos dies*, sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, "That that is, is:" so I, being master parson, am master parson: For what is that, but that? and is, but is?

SIR TO. To him, sir Topas.

CLO. What, ho, I say,—Peace in this prison!

SIR TO. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

MAL. [*in an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

CLO. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

MAL. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my lady.

CLO. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how verest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

SIR TO. Well said, master parson.

MAL. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

CLO. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: Say'st thou, that house is dark?

MAL. As hell, sir Topas.

CLO. Why, it hath bay-windows, transparent as barricadoes, and the clear-stories towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

MAL. I am not mad, sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

CLO. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

MAL. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

CLO. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

MAL. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

CLO. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

MAL. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

CLO. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

MAL. Sir Topas, sir Topas,—

SIR TO. My most exquisite sir Topas!

CLO. Nay, I am for all waters.

MAR. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

SIR TO. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he

were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY and MARIA.*]

CLO. "Hey Robin, jolly Robin,"

Tell me how thy lady does."

[*Singing.*]

MAL. Fool,—

CLO. "My lady is unkind, perdy."

MAL. Fool,—

CLO. "Alas, why is she so?"

MAL. Fool, I say;—

CLO. "She loves another"—Who calls, ha?

MAL. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

CLO. Master Malvolio!

MAL. Ay, good fool.

CLO. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

MAL. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

CLO. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

MAL. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

CLO. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

MAL. Sir Topas,—

CLO. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

MAL. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

CLO. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

MAL. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

CLO. Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

MAL. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it

shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

CLO. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

MAL. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

CLO. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

MAL. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

CLO.

I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman devil.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

SEB. This is the air; that is the glorious sun:
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't, and see 't:
And though 't is wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 't is not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me

To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 't were so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs, and their despatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does: there's something in 't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.

OLI. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: He shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth,—What do you say?

SEB. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

OLI. Then lead the way, good father:—And heavens so
shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Street before OLIVIA's House.*

Enter CLOWN and FABIAN.

FAB. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

CLO. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

FAB. Anything.

CLO. Do not desire to see this letter.

FAB. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, and Attendants.

DUKE. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

CLO. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

DUKE. I know thee well: How dost thou, my good fellow?

CLO. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

DUKE. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

CLO. No, sir, the worse.

DUKE. How can that be?

CLO. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

DUKE. Why, this is excellent.

CLO. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

DUKE. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

CLO. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

DUKE. O, you give me ill counsel.

CLO. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

DUKE. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer; there's another.

CLO. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; One, two, three.

DUKE. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

CLO. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire

of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Enter ANTONIO and Officers.

VIO. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

DUKE. That face of his I do remember well;

Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cried fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

I OFF. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phoenix, and her freight, from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

VIO. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 't was, but distraction.

DUKE. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

ANT. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wrack past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication: for his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,

Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger,) Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

VIO. How can this be?

DUKE. When came he to this town?

ANT. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy),
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

DUKE. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.—

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

OLI. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

VIO. Madam?

DUKE. Gracious Olivia,—

OLI. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—

VIO. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

OLI. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

DUKE. Still so cruel?

OLI. Still so constant, lord.

DUKE. What! to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and un auspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

OLI. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

DUKE. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,

Kill what I love? a savage jealousy,
That sometime savours nobly?—But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [Going.]

VIO. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. [Following.]

OLL. Where goes Cesario?

VIO. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife:
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

OLL. Ah me, detested! how am I beguil'd!

VIO. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

OLL. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—

Call forth the holy father. [Exit an Attendant.]

DUKE. Come, away. [To VIOLA.]

OLL. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

DUKE. Husband?

OLL. Ay, husband, can he that deny?

DUKE. Her husband, sirrah?

VIO. No, my lord, not I.

OLL. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome, father!

Re-enter Attendant and Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended

To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 't is ripe) what thou dost know,
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

PRIEST. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

DUKE. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

VIO. My lord, I do protest,—

OLL. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, with his head broke.

SIR AND. For the love of God, a surgeon; send one presently to sir Toby.

OLL. What's the matter?

SIR AND. He has broke my head across, and has given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

OLL. Who has done this, sir Andrew?

SIR AND. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

DUKE. My gentleman, Cesario?

SIR AND. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by sir Toby.

VIO. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

SIR AND. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes sir Toby, halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other-gates than he did.

DUKE. How now, gentleman? how is 't with you?

SIR TO. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on 't—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

CLO. O, he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

SIR TO. Then he's a rogue and a passy-measures pavin; I hate a drunken rogue.

OLI. Away with him: Who hath made this havoc with them?

SIR AND. I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

SIR TO. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?

OLI. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[Exeunt Clown, Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW.]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

SEB. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit, and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

DUKE. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;
A natural perspective, that is, and is not.

SEB. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee!

ANT. Sebastian are you?

SEB. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

ANT. How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

OLI. Most wonderful!

SEB. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:—
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [To VIOLA.
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

VIO. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too;
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit
You come to fright us.

SEB. A spirit I am, indeed:
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

VIO. My father had a mole upon his brow.

SEB. And so had mine.

VIO. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

SEB. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

VIO. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

SEB. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:

[To OLIVIA.

But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

DUKE. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,

I shall have share in this most happy wrack:

Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [To VIOLA.

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

VIO. And all those sayings will I over-swear;

And all those swearings keep as true in soul,

As doth that orb'd continent the fire

That severs day from night.

DUKE. Give me thy hand;

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

VIO. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,

Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,

Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,

A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

OLL. He shall enlarge him:—fetch Malvolio hither:

And yet, alas, now I remember me,

They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own

From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—

How does he, sirrah?

CLO. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: he has here writ a letter to you; I should have given it you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

OLL. Open it, and read it.

CLO. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman:—"By the Lord, madam,"—

OLL. How now! art thou mad?

CLO. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*.

OLL. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

CLO. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

OLL. Read it you, sirrah. [To FABIAN.

FAB. [Reads.] "By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into dark-

ness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY USED MALVOLIO."

OLI. Did he write this?

CLO. Ay, madam.

DUKE. 'This savours not much of distraction.

OLI. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[Exit FABIAN.]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

DUKE. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.
Your master quits you [*To VIOLA*]; and, for your service
done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

OLI.

A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

DUKE. Is this the madman?

OLI.

Ay, my lord, this same:

How now, Malvolio?

Mal.

Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

OLI.

Have I, Malvolio? no.

MAL. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say, 't is not your seal, not your invention:
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;

Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you;
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon sir Toby and the lighter people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

OLI. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 't is Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; thou cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee:
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

FAB. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
The letter, at sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.

OLI. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!

CIO. Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness,
and some have greatness thrown upon them." I was one,
sir, in this interlude; one sir Topas, sir; but that 's all one:
—"By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;"—But do you re-
member? "Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal?

an you smile not, he 's gagg'd:" And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

MAL. I 'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*]

OLL. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

DUKE. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls—Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

SONG.

CLO. When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
*Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that 's all one, our play is done,
And we 'll strive to please you every day.

[*Exit.*]

VARIOUS READINGS.

“O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet *south*,
That breathes upon a bank of violets.”

(ACT I., Sc. 1.) POPE.

The reading of all the early editions is,—

“O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet *sound*.”

The Corrector of the folio “has struck out the last two letters of *sound*,’ and replaced them by *th*.”

Shakspeare has nowhere given the south wind the quality of odour-breathing. In ‘As You Like It’ we have the “*foggy south*;” in ‘Romeo and Juliet’ the “*dew-dropping south*;” and in ‘Cymbeline’ “the *south-fog* rot him.”

“It does indifferent well in a *flame*-coloured stock.” POPE.

“It does indifferent well in a *dun*-coloured stock.”

(ACT I., Sc. 2.) MS. Corrector

The original has *dam'd*-coloured stock.

Many words in Shakspeare are elided both in prose and verse. We read this passage, “in a *dam'sk*-coloured stock;”—the colour of a damask-rose. Sir Andrew would not have chosen a *dun*-coloured stocking to set off “the excellent constitution” of his leg.

“She took *no* ring of me.” (ACT II., Sc. 1.) MS. Corrector.

Mr. Collier says, “The ambiguity, to say the least of it, belonging to Viola’s words, ‘She took *the* ring of me,’ is entirely avoided by reading, ‘She took *no* ring of me.’ This alteration renders what the heroine afterwards says, quite consistent, ‘I left *no* ring with her.’”

Olivia has sent the Steward with a message about the ring, which has no foundation in fact. Viola, with ready subtlety, adopts the fiction, to save Olivia from the suspicions of her own servant. If she had said, “she took *no* ring of me,” she would have exposed Olivia by the unqualified contradiction. When she is alone, she expresses the truth, “She took *no* ring of me.”

"Not, like the haggard, check at every feather."

(Act III., Sc. 1.) *MS. Corrected.*

Mr. Collier considers this to be an improvement of the original,—

"And, like the haggard," &c.

And this would be an improvement, if all the wise fool's jests were necessarily personal. As we understand it,

"He must observe their mood as whom he jests;"

whilst, at the same time, like the haggard, or wild hawk, he flies "at every feather" — is voluble about every light thing that comes before his eye. If he were not like the haggard, he would be a wise man, and not a fool.

GLOSSARY.

AFFECTIONED. Act II., Sc. 3.

"An affectioned ass, that cons state without book."

Affection is used more than once by Shakspeare in the sense of *affectation*, as here.

BOARD. Act I., Sc. 3.

"Accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her."

To board, is to accost or address. See 'All's Well that Ends Well.' Act V., Sc. 3.

BREAST. Act II., Sc. 3.

"The fool has an excellent breast."

Breast is here used for *voice*, and the use was not unfrequently used by Tusser, among others, used it when speaking of himself being placed in the choir at Winchester:—

"The better breast, the lesser rest,
To serve the quire."

BROCK. Act II., Sc. 5.

"Marry, hang thee, brock!"

A *brock* is a badger, here used as a term of contempt.

BROWNIST. Act III., Sc. 2.

"I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician."

The Brownists were a sect who maintained that the discipline of the Church of England was Popish and anti-Christian.

The founder was a Robert Brown, a relative of the Lord Treasurer Cecil. The sect was afterwards better known as Independents.

CANTONS. Act I., Sc. 5.

"Write loyal cantons."

Cantons are *cantos*.

CHEVERIL. Act III., Sc. 1.

"A sentence is but a cheveril glove."

A *cheveril* is a kid—cheveril glove is an easy-fitting glove—a glove that will stretch. In 'Romeo and Juliet,' we have "a wit of cheveril."

CIVIL. Act III., Sc. 4.

"He is sad, and civil."

Civil is grave, respectful. The regularity of the civil, civilised, state gives this meaning of the word.

COLOURS. Act I., Sc. 5.

"Needs to fear no colours."

See 'Love's Labour's Lost,' Act IV., Sc. 2.

COMPETITORS. Act IV., Sc. 2.

"The competitors enter."

The confederates.

COMPTIBLE. Act I., Sc. 5.

"I am very comptible."

Susceptible—apt to take into account.

CONVENTS. Act V., Sc. 1.

"When . . . golden time convents."

A Latinism for serves, agrees, is fitting.

COYSTRIL. Act I., Sc. 3.

"He's a coward and a coystril."

A coystril, or coistrel, was a young lad, or boy, and in this sense used as a term of contempt. Dryden uses the word for a young or valueless hawk.

COZIER. Act II., Sc. 3.

"Squeak out your coziers' catches."

A *cozier* is a *botcher*, a cobbler, either a tailor or shoemaker.

CURST. Act III., Sc. 2.

"Be curst and brief."

Curst is froward, crabbed, passionate. Supposed to be derived from the Dutch *korzel*, which has the same meaning.

CUT. Act II., Sc. 3.

"Call me Cut."

Cut was a cant term for a common horse.

CYPRUS. Act III., Sc. 1.

"A cyprus, not a bosom."

The stuff called *Cyprus* was what is now known as crape. It was probably generally black, and connected with mourning images. In Ben Jonson's 'Epigrams,' the "solemn cypress" is opposed to "cobweb-lawn;" in the 'Winter's Tale,' Act III., Sc. 4. Autolycus has, among his wares,

"Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow."

And in Milton's 'Il Penseroso' we have

"With sable stole of cyprus lawn."

In Act II., Sc. 4, of the present play, where the same word occurs, "And in sad cyprus let me be laid," there is a doubt whether a shroud of cypress or a coffin of cypress-wood, is meant. Either will suit the feeling expressed.

DEAR. Act V., Sc. 1.

"Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear."

Shakspeare and the writers of his age frequently use the word dear in the sense of harmful. The old English verb to *dear* is from the Anglo-Saxon *derian*, to injure, hurt, annoy, to do mischief; thence we have *dearth*, that which dereth, or maketh dear. What was spared was therefore called *dear*, precious, costly, highly prized. The two senses of the word are thus rendered clear, though the last-mentioned has become the most common.

DISSEMBLE. Act IV., Sc. 2.

"I will dissemble myself in 't."

Dissemble is used in the Latin sense of *disguise*, to render unlike. Steevens says Shakspeare has stumbled upon a Latinism, but writers do not stumble upon nice shades of meaning.

EXPRESS. Act II., Sc. 1.

"The rather to express myself."

To make myself known.

EXTRACTING. Act V., Sc. 1.

"A most extracting frenzy."

Extracting, used in the sense of *absorbing*.

FADGE. Act II., Sc. 2.

"How will this fadge?"

Fadge is to *adopt*, to *agree*; from the Anglo-Saxon *fegan*, to join, to unite.

FELLOW. Act III., Sc. 4.

"Not . . . after my degree, but fellow."

The word *fellow* is eher taken in its old sense of equal or companion.

FORMAL. Act II., Sc. 5.

"This is evident to any formal capacity."

Formal is reasonable—any capacity of the usual form.

GALLIARD. Act I., Sc. 3. This, as well as coranto, and sink-a-pace (*i. e. cinquepace*), were the names of different sorts of dances.

GASKINS. Act I., Sc. 5.

"If both break, your gaskins fall."

Gaskins—or gallygaskins—were the large open hose, or breeches. For *points*, see 'Taming of the Shrew.'

GECK. Act V., Sc. 1.

"The most notorious geck and gull."

To *geck* is to *mock* or *deride*, and a geck, therefore, is one derided.

GRISE. Act III., Sc. 1.

"No, not a grise."

Grise,—or *greese*, as Phillips spells it, are stairs or steps, probably a contraction of degree. Lydgate has

"By many a gree ymade of marble gray."

HEAT. Act I., Sc. 1.

"Till seven years heat."

Till seven summers have heated the element.

HOB NOB. Act III., Sc. 4.

"Hob nob is his word."

Hob nob is at a venture, at random. Grose says it is a northern phrase.

IMPETTICOOS THY GRATILLITY. Act II., Sc. 3. This has been supposed to mean "impetticoat (*i. e.* pocket) thy gratuity." But this phrase of the clown's, and what is reported of him by Sir Andrew, together with "the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses," are evidently extravagances which it would be idle to attempt to explain.

IMPORTANCE. Act V., Sc. 1.

"At sir Toby's great importance."

Importance is here *importunity*.

LEASING. Act I., Sc. 5.

"Now Mercury endue thee with leasing."

Leasing is *lying*: may Mercury endue thee with the advantageous gift of lying, since thou speakest well of fools, which is not discreet or profitable.

LIES. Act III., Sc. 1.

"The king lies by a beggar."

To *lie* is here used in the sense of to dwell, to remain.

LIST. Act III., Sc. 1.

"She is the list of my voyage."

List is the limit, the boundary.

LOST. Act II., Sc. 2.

"Her eyes had lost her tongue."

The verb is used passively—caused her tongue to be lost.

MESSALINE. Act II., Sc. 1.

"Sebastian of Messaline."

Mitylene (Lesbos) is probably meant. Possibly Shakspeare wrote Mettaline, and the word was mistaken by the printer. Mettaline is quite near enough the modern Metelin.

METTLE. Act V., Sc. 1.

"So much against the mettle of your sex."

Mettle is here the *temper, disposition*.

MISTRESS MALL. Act I., Sc. 3.

"Are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture?"

This has been supposed to be an allusion to a woman named Mary Frith, better known as Moll Cutpurse, who dressed a man, and committed many robberies. Middleton and Dekker made her the subject of a comedy. But it is doubtful whether Mistress Mall had attained her celebrity at the time 'Twelfth Night' was written. It was acted at the Middle Temple, in 1601; Mall was born, according to the life of her, in 1589. Malone states that she was born 1584; but he supposed 'Twelfth Night' was produced 1614. The authentic date of the comedy removes Mary Frith from her Shakspearean niche. We may add that pictures at that time were often covered by a curtain to preserve them from the dust, and as "Mistress Mall's picture" was perhaps not considered perfectly correct, it was probably kept covered for the alleged reason of being "like to take dust."

OPPOSITE. Act II., Sc. 5.

"Be opposite with a kinsman."

Be contrary with, of a different opinion to.

OWE. Act I., Sc. 5.

"Ourselves we do not owe."

The use of *owe* in the sense of *own* was common with Shakspeare and the writers of his age.

POINT-DEVICE. Act II., Sc. 5. See 'As You Like It.'

POSSESS. Act II., Sc. 3.

"Possess us; tell us something of him."

Possess us, is inform us; put us in possession of your plot.

PREVENTED. Act III., Sc. 1.

"But we are prevented."

Prevented is anticipated.

PROPER-FALSE. Act II., Sc. 2.

"How easy is it for the proper-false."

Proper is here used for handsome. In 'Othello' it is said,—

"This Ludovico is a proper man."

RECEIVING. Act III., Sc. 1.

"To one of your receiving."

Receiving is here used in the sense of comprehension.

RULE. Act II., Sc. 3.

"You would not give means for this uncivil rule."

Rule here means conduct, method of life.

SCATHFUL. Act V., Sc. 1.

"With which such scathful grapple did he make."

Scathful is hurtful, destructive.

SEASON. Act I., Sc. 1. To *season* is to *preserve*. See 'All's Well that Ends Well.'

SHENT. Act IV., Sc. 2.

"I am shent for speaking to you."

Shent, from the Anglo-Saxon *scendan*, is to be blamed, re-proved.

SHERIFF'S POST. Act I., Sc. 5.

"He'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post."

Posts were set up at the magistrate's door as tokens of authority, and to mark his residence. In the old play or 'Lingua,' Act II., Sc. 3, we have "knows he how to become a scarlet gown? hath he a pair of fresh posts at his door?" Dekker and Jonson also allude to these posts in the same way.

SNECK-UP. Act II., Sc. 3.

This phrase was equivalent to "hang yourself." Taylor, the Water Poet, in his 'Praise of Hempseed,' has

"Snickup, which is in English gallow grass."

STATE. Act II., Sc. 5.

"Sitting in my state."

The state was a canopied chair, a throne.

STANNYEL. Act II., Sc. 5.

"And with what wing the stannyl checks at it!"

The *stannyl* is the common hawk. The original folio has *stallion*, an obvious error.

STOCK. Act I., Sc. 3.

"A damask-coloured stock."

Stock is stocking.

STONE-BOW. Act II., Sc. 5.

"O, for a stone-bow."

A stone-bow was a cross-bow for discharging of stones.

TALL. Act I., Sc. 3.

"He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria."

Tall is stout or bold.

TASTE. Act III., Sc. 1.

"Taste your legs, sir."

By the Elizabethan poets the word taste was not limited to touch by palate, but was often used for *try*. In Chapman's 'Odyssey' we have

"He now began
To taste the bow."

TRAY-TRIP. Act II., Sc. 5.

"Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip."

Tray-trip was a game of tables. Tyrwhitt conjectures it was draughts. A satire called 'Machiavel's Dog, 1617,' seems rather to indicate backgammon.

"But, leaving cards, let's go to dice awhile,—
To passage, treitrippe, hazard, or mum-chance."

TRIPLEX. Act V., Sc. 1.

"The triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure."

The triplex is the triple-time in music, in which each bar is divided into three equal parts, and is counted one, two, three.

UNDERTAKER. Act III., Sc. 4.

"Nay, if you be an undertaker."

This has been explained by Ritson as an undertaker of another's quarrel.

VIOL-DE-GAMBOYS. Act I., Sc. 3. This instrument was a kind of violoncello, called *de Gamba*, because placed between the legs in playing.

VOX. Act V., Sc. 1.

"You must allow *vox*."

Olivia asks, "Art thou mad?" The Clown replies, "You allow *vox*," i. e. you must allow me to use my voice if I am to read madness.

WORTH. Act III., Sc. 3.

"But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm."

Worth is here *fortune* or *wealth*; we still ask what is a worth? in reference to his property.

PLOT AND CHARACTERS.

IN the Queen's private Library at Windsor, there is a copy of the second folio edition of Shakspeare, which belonged to Charles I.; and in that copy the king altered, with his own pen, the title of 'Twelfth Night' to that of 'Malvolio.' It is plain that Charles I., who, as Milton tells us, chose our poet as "the closet-companion of his solitudes," considered that Malvolio was the predominant idea of this play. It would appear, also, that it was so considered by Shakspeare's contemporaries. Amongst the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, there is a small Diary of a Student of the Middle Temple, extending from 1601 to 1603, in which the following passage occurs:—

"Feb. 2, 1601 [2].

"At our feast we had a play called 'Twelve night or what you will,' much like the comedy of errors, or Menechmis in Plautus, but most like & neere to that in Italian called Inganni. A good practise in it to make the steward believe his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a letter, as from his lady, in generall termes telling him what shee liked best in him, & prescribing his gestures, inscribing his apparaile, &c., and then when he came to practise, making him beleewe they tooke him to be mad."

This passage from the Student's Diary has a great value, as giving us the true date of this charming comedy. We know, through this record, that it belongs to the middle period of the poet's career, when his genius had attained its mature development, and his art had established a complete mastery over all the subjects with which it dealt. It was this mastery that enabled him to blend the romantic with the comic in such perfect union as we find exhibited in 'Twelfth Night.'

The commentators upon our poet tell us, with regard to

'Twelfth Night,' "There is great reason to believe that the serious part of this comedy is founded on some old translation of the seventh history in the fourth volume of Belleforest's 'Histoires Tragiques.' Belleforest took the story, as usual, from Bandello. *The comic scenes appear to have been entirely the production of Shakspeare.*" He did create, then, Sir Andrew, and Sir Toby, and Malvolio, and the Clown. But who created Viola, and Sebastian, and Olivia, and the Duke? They were made, say the critics, according to the recipe of Bandello:—*Item*, a twin brother and sister; *item*, the sister in love, and becoming a page in the service of him she loved; *item*, the said page sent as a messenger to the lady whom her master loved; *item*, the lady falling in love with the page; *item*, the lady meeting with the twin brother; *item*, all parties happily matched. Shakspeare, it is held, did not create these characters. He merely evoked them from their hiding-places, in the rude outlines of story books without poetry, and comedies without wit. A better school of criticism has taught us, that whether a writer *invents*, in the commonly-received meaning of invention,—that is, whether his incidents and characters be spick-and-span new;—or whether he *borrow*s, using the same ordinary phrascology, his incidents and characters from tradition, or history, or written legends,—he is not a poet unless his materials are worked up into a perfect and consistent whole: and if the poetry be not in him, it matters little whether he raises his fabric "all out of his own head," as children say, or adopts a bit here and a bit there, and pieces them together with a bit of his own,—for his house will not stand; it is built upon the sands.

The Hall of the Middle Temple is a stately room, adorned with noble portraits, and full of grave and elevating associations. But there is no association connected with this building more interesting than that at the Christmas festivities of 1601 was here performed "a play called 'Twelfth Night, or what you will'"—that joyous and exhilarating play, full of the truest and most beautiful humanities, especially fitted for a season of cordial mirthfulness. Here, then, the exquisite poetry first fell upon the ear of some second-rate scholar, and was to him as a fragrant flower blooming amidst

the arid sands of his Bracton and his Fleta; and here its gentle satire upon the vain and the foolish penetrated into the natural heart of some grave and formal dispenser of justice, and made him look with tolerance, if not with sympathy, upon the mistakes of less grave and formal fellow-men; and here its ever-gushing spirit of enjoyment,—of fun without malice, of wit without grossness, of humour without extravagance,—taught the swaggering, roaring, overgrown boy, miscalled student, that there were higher sources of mirth than affrays in Fleet Street, or drunkenness in Whitefriars. The Globe has perished, and so has the Blackfriars. The works of the poet who made the names of these frail buildings immortal need no associations to recommend them; but it is yet pleasant to know that there is one locality remaining where a play of Shakspeare was listened to by his contemporaries; and that play, 'Twelfth Night.'

Dr. Hermann Ulrici, in his interesting volume on "Shakspeare's Dramatic Art," has given the following explanation of the double title of this comedy:—

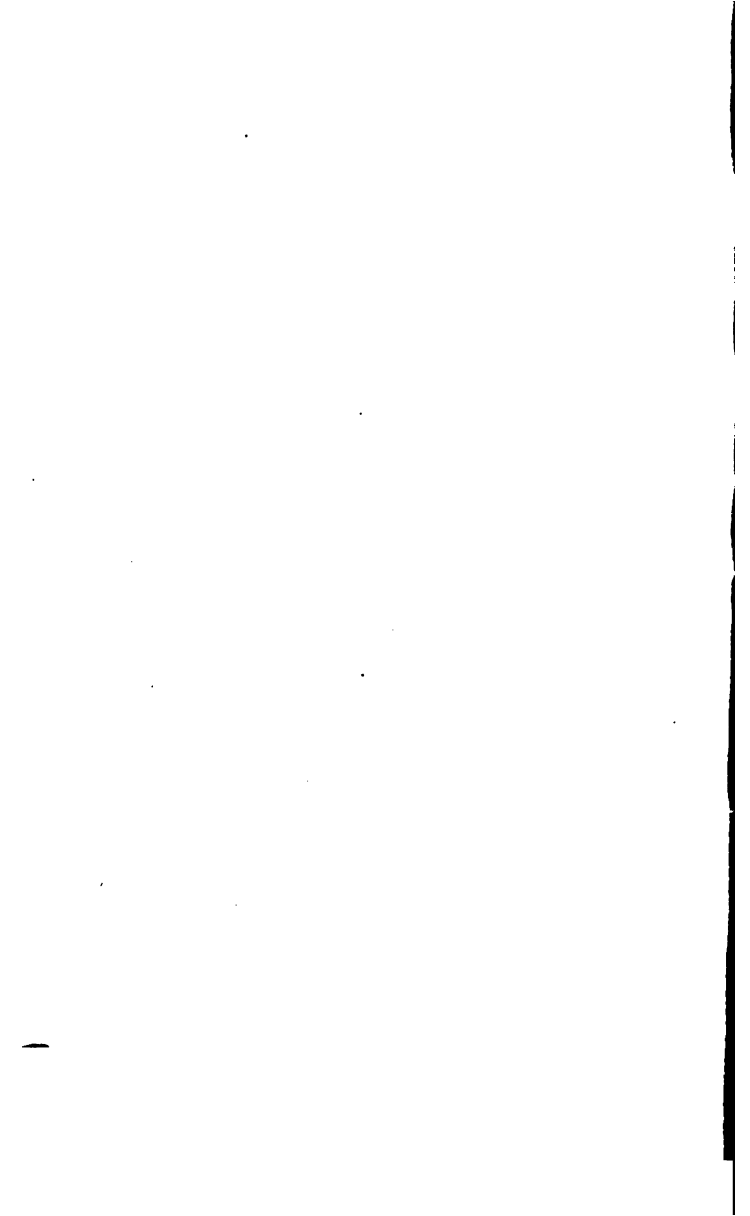
"With great propriety it is only in the title that the author gives the slightest hint or information how the whole is to be taken. 'Twelfth Night' was, in ancient times, the prelude to the merry season of Shrovetide, and this day was set apart for convivial games and festivities of every kind. In the evening a king was usually elected from the assembled company, by the lot of the bean baked in the cake, who thereupon had to select a queen, and constitute a mimic court, who are to pay punctual obedience to the behests of their fortuitous sovereign, and sustain with wit and humour their several characters. Games of chance were peculiar favourites on this festive evening, and Tieck justly remarks, that Sebastian, Viola, and Maria (we may add the Duke also, and Olivia, to the number), win great and important prizes, in the lottery of life, and Malvolio alone, who thinks he holds the highest prize safe in his hands, draws a blank. The title, therefore, corresponds entirely to the spirit and essence of the piece, which sets forth life itself, like the Feast of the Three Kings, as a merry and fantastic lottery. The second title, 'What you Will,' is still more clear and significant. It refers, no doubt, to the relation between the public

and the piece, but not in the inadmissible sense in which some have understood it, as if poesy could take any meaning and signification that the spectator might choose to assign to it. For such is never the case; for poesy has no other law of its creations than its own will, and whatever it presents, is, by an intrinsic necessity, even such as she offers it. But because the groundwork of the piece is the general comic view itself; and because it does not here assume any modification, but all its motives and elements are put forth at once, it is left to the spectator to select at pleasure from them all, and to give to the whole the special signification and reference that may suit him, and apply it according to his own personal humour and circumstances."



WINTER'S TALE.





PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

MAMILLIUS, *son to Leontes.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1.

CAMILLO, *a Sicilian lord.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3.

ANTIGONUS, *a Sicilian lord.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3.

CEBOMENES, *a Sicilian lord.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

DION, *a Sicilian lord.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

A Sicilian Lord.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.

ROGERO, *a Sicilian gentleman.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.

Appears, Act. II. sc. 3.

Officers of a Court of Judicature.

Appear, Act III. sc. 2.

POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3.

FLORIZEL, *son to Polixenes.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

ARCHIDAMUS, *a Bohemian lord.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

A Mariner.

Appears, Act III. sc. 3.

Gaoler.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

An old Shepherd, *reputed father of* Perdita.

Appears, Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

Clown, *son to the* old Shepherd.

Appears, Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

AUTOLYCUS, *a rogue*.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

Time, *as Chorus*.

Appears, Act IV.

HERMIONE, *Queen to* Leontes.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3

PERDITA, *daughter to* Leontes and Hermione.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

PAULINA, *wife to* Antigonus.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3.

EMILIA, *a lady attending on the* Queen.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

Two Ladies *attending on the* Queen.

Appear, Act II. sc. 1.

MORSA, *a shepherdess*.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

DORCAS, *a shepherdess*.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a Dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE,—SOMETIMES IN SICILIA; SOMETIMES IN BOHEMIA.

WE have no edition of the 'Winter's Tale' prior to that of the folio of 1623; nor was it entered upon the registers of the Stationers' Company previous to the entry by the proprietors of the folio. The original text, which is divided into acts and scenes, is remarkably correct.

A WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

ARCH. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

CAM. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

ARCH. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

CAM. 'Beseech you,—

ARCH. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

CAM. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

ARCH. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

CAM. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed,

with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

ARCH. I think there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

CAM. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh; they that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life to see him a man.

ARCH. Would they else be content to die?

CAM. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

ARCH. If the king had no son they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLA and Attendants.

POL. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more
That go before it.

LEON. Stay your thanks awhile;
And pay them when you part.

POL. Sir, that's to-morrow
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence: That may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
"This is put forth too truly!" Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

LEON. We are tougher, brother.
Than you can put us to 't

POL. No longer stay.

LEON. One seven-night longer.

POL. Very sooth, to-morrow.

LEON. We'll part the time between 's then: and in that
I 'll no gainsaying.

POL. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'T were needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

LEON. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

HER. I had thought, sir, to have held my pceace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

LEON. Well said, Hermione.

HER. To tell he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet of your royal presence [*to POLIXENES*] I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the gest
Prefix'd for 's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady, she her lord.—You'll stay?

POL. No, madam.

HER. Nay, but you will?

POL. I may not, verily.

HER. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows: But I,

Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, "Sir, no going." Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

POL. Your guest then, madam;
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

HER. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings then.

POL. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

HER. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

POL. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: What we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, "Not guilty;" the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

HER. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

POL. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us: for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young playfellow.

HER. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say

Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

LEON. Is he won yet?

HER. He'll stay, my lord.

LEON. At my request, he would not.

Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

HER. Never?

LEON. Never, but once.

HER. What? have I twice said well? when was 't before?
I prithee, tell me: Cram us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things: One good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: You may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;—
My last good deed was to entreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?
Nay, let me have 't; I long.

LEON. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
“I am yours for ever.”

HER. It is Grace, indeed.—
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other, for some while a friend.

[Giving her hand to POLIXENES.]

LEON. Too hot, too hot: [Aside.
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart dances;
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom.

And well become the agent: it may, I grant:
 But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
 As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,
 As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 't were
 The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertainment
 My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
 Art thou my boy?

MAM. Ay, my good lord.

LEON. I' fecks?

Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?—
 They say it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
 We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
 And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
 Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling

[*Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE*

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?
 Art thou my calf?

MAM. Yes, if you will, my lord.

LEON. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I
 have,

To be full like me:—yet, they say we are
 Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
 That will say anything: But were they false
 As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters; false
 As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
 No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
 To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
 Look on me with your welkin eye: Sweet villain!
 Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—may 't be?
 Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:
 Thou dost make possible things not so held,
 Communicat'st with dreams;—(How can this be?)—
 With what's unreal thou coactive art,
 And fellow'st nothing: Then, 't is very credent,
 Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou dost;
 (And that beyond commission; and I find it,)
 And that to the infection of my brains,
 And hardening of my brows.

POL. What means Sicilia?

HER. He something seems unsettled.

POL.

How! my lord!

LEON. What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?

HER.

You look

As if you held a brow of much distraction:

Are you mov'd, my lord?

LEON.

No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,

Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime

To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines

Of my boy's face, my thoughts I did recoil

Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,

In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,

Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,

As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.

How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,

This quash, this gentleman:—Mine honest friend,

Will you take eggs for money?

MAM. No, my lord, I'll fight.

LEON. You will? why, happy man be his dole!—My
brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we

Do seem to be of ours?

POL.

If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:

Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;

My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:

He makes a July's day short as December;

And, with his varying childness, cures in me

Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

LEON.

So stands this squire

Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,

And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,

How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;

Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:

Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's

Apparent to my heart.

HER.

If you would seek us,

We are yours i' the garden: Shall 's attend you there?

LEON. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,

Be you beneath the sky:—I am angling now,

Though you perceive me not how I give line.
 Go to, go to! [*Aside. Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.*
 How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
 And arms her with the boldness of a wife
 To her allowing husband! Gone already;
 Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one.

[*Exeunt POLIXENES, HERMIONE, and Attendants.*

Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
 Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
 Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour
 Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—There have been,
 Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
 And many a man there is, even at this present,
 Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
 That little thinks she has been sluic'd in his absence,
 And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
 Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in 't,
 Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,
 As mine, against their will: Should all despair
 That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
 Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there's none;
 It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
 Where 't is predominant; and 't is powerful, think it,
 From east, west, north, and south: Be it concluded,
 No barricado for a belly; know it;
 It will let in and out the enemy,
 With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us
 Have the disease, and feel 't not.—How now, boy?

MAM. I am like you, they say.

LEON. Why, that's some comfort.—

What! Camillo there?

CAM. Ay, my good lord.

LEON. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.—

[*Exit MAMILLIUS.*

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

CAM. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
 When you cast out, it still came home.

LEON. Didst note it?

CAM. He would not stay at your petitions; made
 His business more material.

LEON. Didst perceive it?—
They're here with me already; whispering, rounding,
"Sicilia is a—so-forth:" 'Tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last.—How came 't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

CAM. At the good queen's entreaty.

LEON. At the queen's, be 't: good, should be pertinent:
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is 't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

CAM. Business, my lord? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

LEON. Ha!

CAM. Stays here longer.

LEON. Ay, but why?

CAM. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

LEON. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

CAM. Be it forbid, my lord!

LEON. To bide upon 't;—Thou art not honest: or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which boxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd: Or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent: or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

CAM. My gracious lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometimes puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 't was a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me: let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

LEON. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt—you have; or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,)
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
My wife's a hobbyhorse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

CAM. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.

LEON. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible

Of breaking honesty :) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in 't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

CAM. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 't is most dangerous.

LEON. Say, it be; 't is true.

CAM. No, no, my lord.

LEON. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

CAM. Who does infect her?

LEON. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: Who—if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou,
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship; who mayst see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

CAM. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,

CAM. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too.—To do this deed,

Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I'd not do 't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear 't. I must
Forsake the court: to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

POL. This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good day, Camillo.

CAM. Hail, most royal sir!

POL. What is the news i' the court?

CAM. None rare, my lord.

POL. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.

CAM. I dare not know, my lord.

POL. How! dare not? do not? Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me? 'T is thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

CAM. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

POL. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands who have sped the better

I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid.

CAM. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away. [Exit

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia.—The Palace.*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.

HER. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me
'T is past enduring.

1 LADY. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?

MAM. No, I'll none of you.

1 LADY. Why, my sweet lord?

MAM. You'll kiss me hard; and speak to me as if
I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 LADY. And why so, my lord?

MAM. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2 LADY. Who taught thi?

MAM. I learn'd it out of women's faces: pray now
What colour are your eyebrows?

1 LADY. Blue, my lord.

MAM. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

2 LADY. Hark ye:

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,

One of these days: and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

1 LADY. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: Good time encounter her!

HER. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.

MAM. Merry, or sad, shall 't be?

HER. As merry as you will.

MAM. A sad tale's best for winter.
I have one of sprites and goblins.

HER. Let's have that, good sir,
Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at it.

MAM. There was a man,—

HER. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

MAM. Dwelt by a churchyard;—I will tell it softly;
Yon crickets shall not hear it.

HER. Come on then,
And give 't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and others.

LEON. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with
him?

1 LORD. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

LEON. How bless'd am I
In my just censure!—in my true opinion!—
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—How accurs'd
In being so bless'd!—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts:—I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted:—that false villain,

Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will:—How came the posterns
So easily open?

I LORD. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

LEON. I know 't too well.—
Give me the boy; I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

HER. What is this? sport?

LEON. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her;
Away with him:—and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 't is Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

HER. But I'd say, he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
How'er you lean to the nayward.

LEON. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, "she is a goodly lady," and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
"T is pity she's not honest, honourable:"
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands
That calumny doth use:—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will sear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest: But be 't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adulteress.

HER. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

LEON. You have mistook, my lady,

Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,
She's an adulteress; I have said, with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swarver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

HER. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
You did mistake.

LEON. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A schoolboy's top.—Away with her to prison:
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.

HER. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be perform'd!

LEON. Shall I be heard? [*To the Guards.*]

HER. Who is 't that goes with me?—'Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,

My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
 There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress
 Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
 As I come out; this action I now go on
 Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord;
 I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
 I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.

LEON. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies*]

1 LORD. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

ANT. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your justice
 Prove violence: in the which three great ones suffer,
 Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 LORD. For her, my lord,
 I dare my life lay down, and will do 't, sir,
 Please you t' accept it, that the queen is spotless
 I' the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
 In this which you accuse her.

ANT. If it prove
 She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
 I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her:
 Than when I feel and see her, no further trust her;
 For every inch of woman in the world,
 Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
 If she be.

LEON. Hold your peaces.

1 LORD. Good my lord,—

ANT. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
 You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
 That will be damn'd for 't; 'would I knew the villain,
 I would land-damn him: Be she honour-flaw'd—
 I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
 The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
 If this prove true, they'll pay for 't: by mine honour,
 I'll geld them all: fourteen they shall not see,
 To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
 And I had rather glib myself than they
 Should not produce fair issue.

LEON. Cease; no more.
 You smell this business with a sense as cold

As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't, and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.

ANT. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

LEON. What! lack I credit?

I LORD. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for 't how you might.

LEON. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which—if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,
Relish a truth like us; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours.

ANT. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

LEON. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed), doth push on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation
(For, in an act of this importance, 't were
Most piteous to be wild), I have despatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had

Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

1 LORD. Well done, my lord.

LEON. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.

ANT. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. The outer Room of a Prison.*

Enter PAULINA and Attendants.

PAUL. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.

You know me, do you not?

KEEP. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

PAUL. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the queen.

KEEP. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.

PAUL. Here 's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors!—Is 't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

KEEP. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

PAUL. I pray now, call her.

Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

KEEP. And, madam,

I must be present at your conference.

PAUL. Well, be it so, prithee.

[*Exit Keeper.*]

Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,

As passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman,

How fares our gracious lady?

EMIL. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together: on her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

PAUL. A boy?

EMIL. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't: says, "My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you."

PAUL. I dare be sworn:—

These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king! beshrew them!
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest: We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

EMIL. Most worthy madam,

Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue; there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand: Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;

Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

PAUL. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

EMIL. Now be you bless'd for it!
I'll to the queen: Please you, come something nearer.

KEEP. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

PAUL. You need not fear it, sir:
This child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchis'd: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

KEEP. I do believe it.

PAUL. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other Attendants.

LEON. Nor night nor day, no rest: It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being;—part o' the cause,
She, the adultress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

1 ATTEND.

My lord! [*Advancing.*]

LEON. How does the boy?

1 ATTEND.

He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.

LEON. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother

He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fixed the shame on 't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely:—go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*—Fie, fie! no thought of
him;

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty:
And in his parties, his alliance.—Let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

1 LORD. You must not enter.

PAUL. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul;
More free than he is jealous.

ANT. That's enough.

1 ATTEND. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.

PAUL. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true;
Honest as either; to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

LEON. What noise there, ho?

PAUL. No noise, my lord; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.

LEON. How?—

Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me;
knew she would.

ANT. I told her so, my lord,

On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

LEON. What, canst not rule her?

PAUL. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

ANT. La you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

PAUL. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seems yours,—I say, I come
From your good queen.

LEON. Good queen!

PAUL. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say, good
queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

LEON. Force her hence.

PAUL. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here't is; commends it to your blessing.

[Laying down the Child]

LEON. Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!

PAUL. Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

LEON. Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard—
Thou dotard [*tc* ANTIGONUS], thou art woman-tired, unroo-

By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard;
Take 't up, I say; giv' t to thy crone.

PAUL.

For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon 't!

LEON.

He dreads his wife.

PAUL. So I would you did; then 't were past all doubt
You 'd call your children yours.

LEON.

A nest of traitors!

ANT. I am none, by this good light.

PAUL.

Nor I; nor any,

But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

LEON.

A callat,

Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

PAUL.

It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 't is the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in 't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

LEON.

A gross hag!—

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

ANT. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

LEON. Once more, take her hence.

PAUL. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

LEON. I'll have thee burn'd.

PAUL I care not:

It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

LEON. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

PAUL. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so:—Farewell; we are gone.

LEON. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.— [Exit

My child! away with 't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire:
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 't is done,
(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

ANT. I did not, sir:

These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.

1 LORD. We can, my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

LEON. You are liars all.

1 LORD. 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit;
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech
So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg,
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.

LEON. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither;
[To ANTIGONUS.

You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life: for 't is a bastard,
So sure as this beard's gray,—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

ANT. Anything, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much,—
'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent: anything possible.

LEON. It shall be possible: Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

ANT. I will, my lord.

LEON. Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?) for the fail
Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,

And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

ANT. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! *[Exit, with the Child.]*

LEON. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

1 ATTEND. Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

1 LORD. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

LEON. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 't is good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. A Street.**Enter CLEOMENES and DION.*

CLEO. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

DION. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks I so should term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!

CLEO. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

DION. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

CLEO. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
Forcing faults upon Hermione,
Little like.

DION. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle
Shall by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)
All the contents discover, something rare
Then then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh horses;—
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Court of Justice.*

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear, properly seated.

LEON. This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce)
Doth push us 'gainst our heart: The party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one

Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.

OFFL. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

*HERMIONE is brought in, guarded; PAULINA and Ladies,
attending.*

LEON. Read the indictment.

OFFL. "Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence thereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night."

HER. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say, "Not guilty;" mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so,) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take spectators: For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore

Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it,
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'T is a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour; or, in act or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry Fie! upon my grave!

LEON. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

HER. That's true enough;
Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.

LEON. You will not own it.

HER. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

LEON. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

HER. Sir,

You speak a language that I understand not :
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

LEON. Your actions are my dreams ;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it :—As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth ;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails : For as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou
Shalt feel our justice ; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.

HER. Sir, spare your threats ;
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity :
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour
I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went : My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious : My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder : Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet ; with immodest hatred,
The childbed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion :—Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die ? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this ; mistake me not ;—No life,
I prize it not a straw :—but for mine honour
(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises ; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake ; I tell you
'T is rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle ;
Apollo be my judge.

1 LORD. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle. [*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

HER. The emperor of Russia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.

OFFL. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in 't.

CLEO., DION. All this we swear.

LEON. Break up the seals, and read.

OFFL. [*Reads.*] "Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless,
Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent
babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir,
if that which is lost be not found."

LORDS. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

HER. Prais'd!

LEON. Hast thou read truth?

OFFL. Ay, my lord; even so

As it is here set down.

LEON. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:

The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

SERV. My lord the king, the king!

LEON. What is the business?

SERV. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:

The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

LEON. How! gone?

SERV. Is dead.

LEON. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves

Do strike at my injustice. [HERMIONE *faints*.] How now there?

PAUL. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look down, And see what death is doing?

LEON. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:
'Beseech you tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt PAULINA and Ladies with HERMIONE*]

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour:—How he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

PAUL. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

1 LORD. What fit is this, good lady?

PAUL. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What faying? boiling,
In leads, or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny

Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 't was nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ingrateful: nor was 't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere done 't:
Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,
When I have said, cry Woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest creature's dead; and vengeance for 't
Not dropp'd down yet.

1 LORD. The higher powers forbid!

PAUL I say, she's dead: I'll swear 't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

LEON. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
Ill tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 LORD. Say no more;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

PAUL. I am sorry for 't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What 's gone, and what 's past help,
Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

LEON. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual: Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation: So long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrows.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—Bohemia. *A desert Country near the Sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, *with the Babe; and a Mariner.*

ANT. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

MAR. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

ANT. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

MAR. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i' the land: 't is like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon 't.

ANT. Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.

MAR. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business.

[Exit.

ANT. Come, poor babe:—
I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits of the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call 't: for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more:"—and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys;
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue

Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
 Either for life or death, upon the earth
 Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!

[Laying down the Child]

There lie; and there thy character: there these;

[Laying down a bundle]

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee pretty,
 And still rest thine.—The storm begins:—Poor wretch,
 That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
 To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
 But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
 The day frowns more and more—thou'rt like to have
 A lullaby too rough: I never saw
 The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!—
 Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase;
 I am gone for ever.

[Exit, pursued by a Bear.]

Enter an old Shepherd.

SHEP. I would there was no age between ten and three-and-twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancients, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find than the master; if anywhere I have them, 't is by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? *[Taking up the Child.]* Mercy on 's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hollaed but even now. Whoa, hea! ho!

Enter Clown.

CLO. Hillos, loa!

SHEP. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to tell

on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

CLO. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

SHEP. Why, boy, how is it?

CLO. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point! O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragoned it:—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

SHEP. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

CLO. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

SHEP. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

CLO. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing.

SHEP. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou mett'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing cloth for a squire's child! look thee here! take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see. It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies; this is some changeling:—open't: What's within, boy?

CLO. You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

SHEP. This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy, and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

CLO. Go you the next way with your findings; I 'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I 'll bury it.

SHEP. That's a good deed: If thou mayst discern, by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

CLO. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

SHEP. 'T is a lucky day, boy; and we 'll do good deeds on 't

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

TIME. I, that please some, try all,—both joy and terror
Of good and bad,—that make, and unfold error,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to
The times that brought them in: so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale
The glistening of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be

In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: What of her ensues
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 't is brought forth:—a shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of time: Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may. [Exit.

SCENE I.—Bohemia. *A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.*

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

POL. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate:
't is a sickness denying thee anything; a death to grant this.

CAM. It is fifteen years since I saw my country. Though
I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay
my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath
sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay,
or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my
departure.

POL. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of
thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee
thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee
than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses
which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either
stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very
services thou hast done: which if I have not enough con-
sidered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee
shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friend-
ships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more:
whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of
that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my
brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children
are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest
thou the prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy,

their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

CAM. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may beare to me unknown: but I have, missingly, noted he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

POL. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness, from whom I have this intelligence: That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

CAM. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

POL. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

CAM. I willingly obey your command.

POL. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark that tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh! with hey! the thrush and the jay:
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin bowget;
Then my accout I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus; who, being as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper up of unconsidered trifles: With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat: Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

CLO. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether—tods; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

AUT. If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [*Aside.*

CLO. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? “Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice.”——What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man songmen all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies; mace,—dates,—none; that's out of my

note: nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger; but that I may beg;—four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

AUT. O, that ever I was born! [*Groveling on the ground.*]

CLO. I' the name of me,——

AUT. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

CLO. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

AUT. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received; which are mighty ones, and millions.

CLO. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

AUT. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

CLO. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

AUT. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

CLO. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him.*]

AUT. O! good sir, tenderly, oh!

CLO. Alas, poor soul!

AUT. O, good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

CLO. How now? canst stand?

AUT. Softly, dear sir [*picks his pocket*]; good sir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

CLO. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

AUT. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or anything I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

CLO. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

AUT. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

CLO. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

AUT. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

CLO. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

AUT. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

CLO. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

AUT. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

CLO. How do you now?

AUT. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

CLO. Shall I bring thee on the way?

AUT. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

CLO. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

AUT. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[Exit Clown.]—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hent the stile-a:

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—*The same.* A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

FLO. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,

Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on 't.

PER. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up: But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attir'd; sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.

FLO. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

PER. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me, the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

FLO. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now: Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

PER. O but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 't is
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o' the king;

One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak; that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

FLO. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say No. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with anything
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

PER. O, lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised;
Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others.*

FLO. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

SHEP. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all: serv'd all:
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now, i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip: You are retir'd
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome: for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

PER.

Sir, welcome!

[To POL.

It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day:—You 're welcome, sir!

[To CAMILLA]

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

POL. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

PER. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden 's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

POL. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

PER. For I have heard it said,
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

POL. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
The art itself is nature.

PER. So it is.

POL. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

PER. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 't were well; and only therefore

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: You are very welcome.

CAM. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

PER. Out, alas!

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fairest
friend,

I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O, Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! Oh! these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

FLO. What! like a corse?

PER. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers:
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do,
In Whitsun' pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

FLO. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;

Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
 To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish you
 A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that; move still, still so,
 And own no other function: Each your doing,
 So singular in each particular,
 Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
 That all your acts are queens.

PER. O Doricles,
 Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
 And the true blood which peeps fairly through 't,
 Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
 With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles.
 You woo'd me the false way.

FLO. I think, you have
 As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
 To put you to 't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
 Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
 That never mean to part.

PER. I'll swear for 'em.

POL. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
 Ran on the green sward: nothing she does or seems,
 But smacks of something greater than herself;
 Too noble for this place.

CAM. He tells her something
 That makes her blood look out: Good sooth, she is
 The queen of curds and cream.

CLO. Come on, strike up.

DOR. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
 To mend her kissing with.

MOP. Now, in good time!

CLO. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners—
 Come, strike up. [Exit]

Here a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

POL. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
 Which dances with your daughter?

SHEP. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
 To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
 Upon his own report, and I believe it;

He looks like sooth: He says he loves my daughter;
I think so too: for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As't were, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

POL. She dances featly.

SHEP. So she does anything; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

CLO. He could never come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

SERV. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burthens of "dildos and fadings:" "jump her and thump her;" and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, "Whoop, do me no harm, good man;" puts him off, slights him, with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man."

POL. This is a brave fellow.

CLO. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

SERV. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly randle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, cadlisses, cambrics, lawns; why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a

she-angel: he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on 't.

CLO. Prithee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

PER. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

CLO. You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you 'd think, sister.

PER. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow:
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:

Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry: Come, buy.

CLO. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

MOP. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

DOR. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

MOP. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

CLO. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle of these secrets; but you must be little tattling before all our guests? "Till they are whispering: Clamour your tongues, a

MOP. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

CLO. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

AUT. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

CLO. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

AUT. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

CLO. What hast here? ballads?

MOP. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.

AUT. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burthen; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbadoed.

MOP. Is it true, think you?

AUT. Very true; and but a month old.

DOR. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

AUT. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Tale-porter; and five or six honest wives that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

MOP. 'Pray you now, buy it.

CLO. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

AUT. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

DOR. Is it true too, think you?

AUT. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

CLO. Lay it by too: Another.

AUT. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

MOP. Let's have some merry ones.

AUT. Why, this is a passing merry one: and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man:' there's scarce a maid

westward, but she sings it; 't is in request, I can tell you.

MOP. We can both sing it; if thou 'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 't is in three parts.

DOR. We had the tune on 't a month ago.

AUT. I can bear my part; you must know, 't is my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;
Where it fits not you to know.

D. Whither?

M. O, whither?

D. Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:

D. If to either, thou dost ill.

A. Neither.

D. What, neither?

A. Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then whither go'st? say, whither?

CLO. We 'll have this song out anon by ourselves: My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we 'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I 'll buy for you both:—Pedlar, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

AUT. And you shall pay well for 'em.

[*Aside*]

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?

Come to the pedlar;
 Money's a medler,
 That doth utter all men's ware-a.
[Exeunt Clown, AUTOLYCUS, DORCAS, and MOPSA.]

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neatherds, three swineherds, that have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves saltiers: and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

SHEP. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

POL. You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

SERV. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

SHEP. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

SERV. Why, they stay at door, sir. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter Servant, with Twelve Rustics, habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

POL. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—
 Is it not too far gone?—"T is time to part them.—
 He's simple and tells much. *[Aside.]*—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something that does take
 Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
 And handed love as you do, I was wont
 To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
 The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
 To her acceptance; you have let him go,
 And nothing marted with him: If your lass
 Interpretation should abuse, and call this
 Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
 For a reply, at least, if you make a care

Of happy holding her.

FLO. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

POL. What follows this?—
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before!—I have put you out:—
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

FLO. Do, and be witness to't.

POL. And this my neighbour too?

FLO. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge,
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

POL. Fairly offer'd.

CAM. This shows a sound affection.

SHEP. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

PER. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

SHEP. Take hands, a bargain;—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

FLO. O, that must be

I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

SHEP.

Come, your hand;

And, daughter, yours.

POL.

Soft, swain, awhile, 'beseech you;

Have you a father?

FLO.

I have: But what of him?

POL. Knows he of this?

FLO.

He neither does, nor shall.

POL. Methinks, a father

Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest

That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;

Is not your father grown incapable

Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid

With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?

Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,

But what he did being childish?

FLO.

No, good sir;

He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,

Than most have of his age.

POL.

By my white beard,

You offer him, if this be so, a wrong

Something unfilial: Reason, my son

Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,

The father (all whose joy is nothing else

But fair posterity) should hold some counsel

In such a business.

FLO.

I yield all this;

But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,

Which 't is not fit you know, I not acquaint

My father of this business.

POL.

Let him know 't.

FLO. He shall not.

POL.

Prithee, let him.

FLO.

No, he must not.

SHEP. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

FLO. Come, come, he must not:—
Mark our contract.

POL. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*]

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheephook!—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can
But shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know
The royal food thou cop'st with;—

SHEP. O, my heart!

POL. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt never see this knack (as never
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off.—Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to't. [Exit]

PER. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard: for once, or twice,
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will 't please you, sir, be gone?

[To FLORIZEL.]
I told you what would come of this: 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

CAM.

Why, how now, father!

Speak, ere thou diest.

SHEP.

I cannot speak, nor think,

Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir. [*To FLORIZEL.*]

You have undone a man of fourscore three,

That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,

To die upon the bed my father died,

To lie close by his honest bones: but now

Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me

Where no priest shovels in dust.—O cursed wretch!

[*To PERDITA.*]

That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure

To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd

To die when I desire.

[*Exit.*]

FLO.

Why look you so upon me?

I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,

But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:

More straining on, for plucking back; not following

My leash unwillingly.

CAM.

Gracious my lord,

You know your father's temper: at this time

He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,

You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly

Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:

Then, till the fury of his highness settle,

Come not before him.

FLO.

I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo?

CAM.

Even he, my lord.

PER. How often have I told you 't would be thus?

How often said, my dignity would last

But till 't were known?

FLO.

It cannot fail, but by

The violation of my faith: And then

Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,

And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:

From my succession wipe me, father! I

Am heir to my affection.

CAM.

Be advised.

FLO. I am; and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

CAM. This is desperate, sir.

FLO. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: Let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver,—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to her need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

CAM. O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

FLO. Hark, Perdita. [*Takes her aside.*
I'll hear you by and by. [*To CAMILLO.*

CAM. He's irremoveable,
Resolv'd for flight: now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia;
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

FLO. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony.

CAM. Sir, I think,

[*Going.*

You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

FLO. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

CAM. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forfend! your ruin:) marry her;
And (with my best endeavours, in your absence)
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

FLO. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

CAM. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?

FLO. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

CAM. Then list to me:
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight,—make for Sicilia;
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes;
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, forgiveness,

She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

PER. Your pardon, sir, for this:
I'll blush you thanks.

FLO. My prettiest Perdita!—
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our house!—how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.—

CAM. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.

[*They talk aside.*]

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

AUT. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting; they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 't was nothing to geld a cod-piece of a purse; I would have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs

from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAM., FLO., and PER. come forward.]

CAM. Nay, but my letters by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

FLO. And those that you 'll procure from king Leontes—

CAM. Shall satisfy your father.

PER.

Happy be you!

All that you speak shows fair.

CAM.

Who have we here?—

[Seeing AUTOLYCUS]

We 'll make an instrument of this; omit

Nothing may give us aid.

AUT. If they have overheard me now,——why, hanging.
[Aside.]

CAM. How now, good fellow? why shakest thou so!
Fear not, man; here 's no harm intended to thee.

AUT. I am a poor fellow, sir.

CAM. Why, be so still; here 's nobody will steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must think there 's a necessity in 't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there 's some boot.

AUT. I am a poor fellow, sir:—I know ye well enough.

[Aside.]

CAM. Nay, prithee, despatch: the gentleman is half flay'd already.

AUT. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick on 't.—

[Aside.]

FLO. Despatch, I prithee.

AUT. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

CAM. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[FLO. and AUTOL. exchange garments.]

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy

Come home to you!—you must retire yourself

Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,

And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;

Dismantle you; and, as you can, disliken

The truth of your own seeming; that you may

(For I do fear eyes over you) to shipboard
Get undescried.

PER. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

CAM. No remedy.—
Have you done there?

FLO. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

CAM. Nay, you shall have no hat:
Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

AUT. Adieu, sir.

FLO. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!

Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*]

CAM. What I do next shall be, to tell the king [*Aside.*]
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail
To force him after; in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

FLO. Fortune speed us!—
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

CAM. The swifter speed the better.

[*Exeunt FLO., PER., and CAM.*]

AUT. I understand the business, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cutpurse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot! what a boot is here, with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do anything *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do 't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it: and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

CLO. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

SHEP. Nay, but hear me.

CLO. Nay, but hear me.

SHEP. Go to then.

CLO. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

SHEP. I will tell the king all, every word; yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

CLO. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

AUT. Very wisely; puppies!

[*Aside*.

SHEP. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

AUT. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

CLO. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

AUT. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement.—[*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics? whither are you bound?

SHEP. To the palace, an it like your worship.

AUT. Your affairs there; what; with whom; the condition of that fardel; the place of your dwelling; your names; your ages; of what having, breeding; and anything that is fitting to be known, discover.

CLO. We are but plain fellows, sir.

AUT. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have a lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give the lie.

CLO. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

SHEP. Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir?

AUT. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pè; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

SHEP. My business, sir, is to the king.

AUT. What advocate hast thou to him?

SHEP. I know not, an 't like you.

CLO. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say, you have none.

SHEP. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

AUT. How bless'd are we that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I'll not disdain.

CLO. This cannot be but a great courtier.

SHEP. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

CLO. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

AUT. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

SHEP. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

AUT. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

SHEP. Why, sir?

AUT. The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

SHEP. So 't is said, sir, about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

AUT. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly;

the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

CLO. Think you so, sir?

AUT. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hang-man: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

CLO. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

AUT. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalf; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

CLO. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, stoned and flayed alive!

SHEP. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

AUT. After I have done what I promised?

SHEP. Ay, sir.

AUT. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in the business?

CLO. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

AUT. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

CLO. Comfort, good comfort: we must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know, 't is none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

AUT. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

CLO. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

SHEP. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

AUT. If I had a mind to be honest, I see fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them; there may be matter in it.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of Leontes.*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and others.

CLEO. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make

Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass: At the last
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

LEON. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

PAUL. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are took something good.
To make a perfect woman, she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

LEON. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

CLEO. Not at all, good lady;
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

PAUL. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

DION. If you would not
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?
What holier than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to 't?

PAUL. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods

Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
 For has not the divine Apollo said,
 Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
 That king Leontes shall not have an heir
 Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
 Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
 As my Antigonus to break his grave,
 And come again to me; who, on my life,
 Did perish with the infant. 'T is your counsel
 My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
 Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;

[To LEONTES.

The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
 Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
 Was like to be the best.

LEON. Good Paulina,—
 Who hast the memory of, Hermione,
 I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
 Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now,
 I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
 Have taken treasure from her lips,—

PAUL. And left them
 More rich, for what they yielded.

LEON. Thou speak'st truth.
 No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
 And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
 Again possess her corpse; and, on this stage,
 (Where we offenders now,) appear, soul-vex'd,
 And begin, "Why to me?"

PAUL. Had she such power,
 She had just cause.

LEON. She had; and would incense me
 To murder her I married.

PAUL. I should so:
 Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
 Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't
 You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
 Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
 Should be, "Remember mine!"

LEON. Stars, stars,
 VOL. V P P

And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

PAUL. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

LEON. Never, Paulina: so be bless'd my spirit!

PAUL. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath,—

CLEO. You tempt him over-much.

PAUL. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye;—

CLEO. Good madam, I have done.

PAUL. Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will,
No remedy but you will; give me the office
To choose you a queen; she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

LEON. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us.

PAUL. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

GENT. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.

LEON. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'T is not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?

GENT. But few,
And those but mean.

LEON. His princess, say you, with him?

GENT. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

PAUL. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself

Above a better, gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,) "She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd;"—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 't is shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.

GENT. Pardon, madam ;
The one I have almost forgot ; (your pardon,)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else ; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

PAUL. How ? not women ?

GENT. Women will love her, that she is a woman,
More worth than any man ; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

LEON. Go, Cleomenes ;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 't is strange,
[*Exeunt* CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentleman.
He thus should steal upon us.

PAUL. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord ; there was not full a month
Between their births.

LEON. Prithee, no more ; cease ; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of : sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and Attendants.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince ;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you : Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him ; and speak of something, wildly

By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

FLO. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia: and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

LEON. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains; much less
The adventure of her person.

FLO. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

LEON. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

FLO. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose
daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;

Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

LEON. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd
(As he from heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

LORD. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me:
Desires you to attach his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

LEON. Where's Bohemia? speak.

LORD. Here in your city; I now came from him
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

FLO. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

LORD. Lay't so to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

LEON. Who? Camillo?

LORD. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

PER. O, my poor father!—
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

LEON. You are married?

FLO. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—
The odds for high and low 's alike.

LEON. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

FLO. She is,
When once she is my wife.

LEON. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

FLO. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

LEON. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

PAUL. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in 't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

LEON. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition

[To FLORIAN.]

Is yet unanswer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter AUTOLYCHUS and a Gentleman.

AUT. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 GENT. I was by at the opening of the fardel; heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

AUT. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 GENT. I make a broken delivery of the business:—But the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: A notable passion of wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: The news, Rogero?

2 GENT. Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

3 GENT. Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance; that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione:—her jewel about the neck of it:—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character:—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 GENT. No.

3 GENT. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, "O, thy mother, thy mother!" then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter. which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 GENT. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 GENT. Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 GENT. What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 GENT. Wracked, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one

eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 GENT. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 GENT. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish), was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confessed, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an "alas!" I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 GENT. Are they returned to the court?

3 GENT. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 GENT. I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 GENT. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

AUT. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,)

who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 't is all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

SHEP. Come, boy; I am past more children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

CLO. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

AUT. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

CLO. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

SHEP. And so have I, boy.

CLO. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentlemanlike tears that ever we shed.

SHEP. We may live, son, to shed many more.

CLO. Ay; or else 't were hard luck; being in so preposterous estate as we are.

AUT. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

SHEP. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

CLO. Thou wilt amend thy life?

AUT. Ay, an it like your good worship.

CLO. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

SHEP. You may say it, but not swear it.

CLO. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

SHEP. How if it be false, son?

CLO. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

AUT. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

CLO. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in Paulina's House.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

LEON. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

PAUL. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit;
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

LEON. O, Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

PAUL. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it

Lonely, apart: But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 't is well.

[PAULINA undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?

LEON.

Her natural posture!—

Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing
So aged as this seems.

POL.

O, not by much.

PAUL. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.

LEON.

As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her!
I am asham'd: Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

PER.

And give me leave;

And do not say 't is superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

PAUL.

O, patience:

The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

CAM. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy

Did ever so long live ; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

POL. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

PAUL. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine,)
I'd not have show'd it.

LEON. Do not draw the curtain.

PAUL. No longer shall you gaze on 't; lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.

LEON. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

POL. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

LEON. The fixure of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mock'd with art.

PAUL. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almost so far transported that
He'll think anon it lives.

LEON. O, sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

PAUL. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but
I could afflict you further.

LEON. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

PAUL. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own

With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

LEON. No, not these twenty years.

PER.

So long could I

Stand by, a looker-on.

PAUL.

Either forbear,

Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

LEON.

What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 't is as easy
To make her speak, as move.

PAUL.

It is requir'd

You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still:
Or, those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

LEON.

Proceed;

No foot shall stir.

PAUL.

Music; awake her: strike.—

[*Music.*]

'T is time; descend; be stone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive she stirs;

[*HERMIONE comes down from the pedestal.*]

Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor!

LEON.

O, she's warm!

[*Embracing her.*]

If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

POL.

She embraces him.

CAM. She hangs about his neck;

If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

POL. Ay, and make 't manifest where she has liv'd,
Or, how stol'n from the dead!

PAUL. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found. [*Presenting PER., who kneels to HER.*

HER. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.

PAUL. There 's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

LEON. O peace, Paulina;
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband:—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty,
Is richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let 's from this place.—
What?—Look upon my brother:—both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law,

And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: Hastily lead away.

[*Exeunt.*]

VARIOUS READINGS.

“ *May there* blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too *early*.” (ACT I., SC. 2.)

This is the alteration of the MS. Corrector; and Mr. Collier sees some mysterious allusion to sneaping winds cutting off blossoms too early.

The original
“ *That may* blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
“This is put forth too *truly!*” —
is a very plain speech, with a very common inversion of the nominative case and the verb. Polixenes, having expressed his fears that something wrong may happen in his absence, says—O that no sneaping (ruffling) winds at home may blow, to make us say my presages were too true.

“ I love thee not a jar of the clock behind
What lady *should* her lord.” (ACT I., SC. 2.)

This correction of
“ What lady *she* her lord ”
was made in a folio copy of the first edition belonging to Lord Ellesmere; and it is also found in Mr. Collier's corrected folio of 1632.

Mr. Richard Grant White, in his valuable volume, ‘Shakspeare's Scholar’ (New York, 1854), says—
“ I confess that the old reading is far more pleasing to me. The elision is great, but it seems to me to make the sentence neither obscure nor inelegant.”

Mr. White reads the sentence thus:—

“ I love thee not a jar of the clock behind what [ever] lady she [may be who loves] her lord.”

Q Q

"You may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we *clear* an acre. But to the *good*." (Act I., Sc. 2.)

Clear is put for *heat*, and *good* for
goal—

'With spur we *heat* an acre. But
to the *goal*.'

These are the changes made by
the Corrector of the folio, 1632,
which are called "singularly to the
purpose."

Singularly to the purpose of the
Corrector, which was as far as he
could, to substitute the literal for
the figurative; and to produce a
Shakspearean "Reading made easy."

"Let be, let be!

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already
I am but dead, stone looking upon stone.

What was he that did make it?" (Act V., Sc. 3.)

This is one of the eight addi-
tional lines supplied to the text of
Shakspeare by the MS. Corrector
of the folio, 1632.

This new line is held to look
decidedly Shakspearean; and we
agree in the opinion, as the line
stands apart:—

*"I am but dead, stone looking upon
stone."*

The line, Mr. Collier admits, is not
necessary to make the sense com-
plete. But the original sentence
of one line has an elliptical ob-
scurity.

"Would I were dead—but that
methinks already."

Had the idea of "stone looking
upon stone" not occurred before,
and in the mouth of the same
character, we should not have
hesitated to receive it as Shak-
spere's, besides being a happy cor-
rection of the obscurity. But
how, when only twenty-five lines
preceding, we find the same Le-
ontes thus expressing himself?—

"Does not the *stone* rebuke me
For being more *stone* than it?"

After this, it would scarcely re-
quire the genius of Shakspeare to
repeat the idea.

GLOSSARY.

ABIDE. Act IV., Sc. 2.

"Yet it will no more but abide."

That is, it will merely sojourn, not remain.

AFAR OFF. Act II., Sc. 1.

"He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty."

He is guilty in a removed, remote degree.

AFFECTION. Act I., Sc. 2.

"Affection ! thy intention stabs the centre."

Affection is here imagination. Intention is intentness, eagerness of attention.

ALLOW. Act IV., Chorus.

"Of this allow."

Allow is used in the sense of approve.

APPROBATION. Act II., Sc. 1.

"Nought for approbation."

Approbation is proof.

BARNE. Act III., Sc. 3.

"Mercy on 's, a barne."

The Scottish *bairn* : a child *baren* or born.

BAWCOCK. Act I., Sc. 2.

"Why, that's my bawcock."

Bawcock, probably from the French *beau coq*, was a familiar term for a jolly fellow. The word is used also in 'Twelfth Night,' Act III., Sc. 4, and twice in 'Henry V.'

BEARING-CLOTH. Act III., Sc. 3.

"A bearing cloth for a squire's child !"

Percy explains the bearing-cloth to be "the fine mantle with which a child is usually covered when it is carried to the church to be baptised."

BEST. Act I., Sc. 2.

"Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best !"

The allusion is to Judas.

CALLAT. Act II., Sc. 3.

"A callat
Of boundless tongue."

Callat, or *Callet*, as it is spelt in 'Henry VI., Part III.,' is a Northumberland word for a scold.

CHANGELING. Act III., Sc. 3. See 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' Act II., Sc. 1.

CHARACTER. Act III., Sc. 3.

"There lie; and there thy character."

Thy character is the description, the writing which characterises, describes thee.

CHILD. Act III., Sc. 3.

"A boy, or a child, I wonder?"

Steevens says that "in some of our midland counties, a female infant, in contradistinction to a male one, is still termed among the peasantry—a child." We have found no confirmation of this, though Shakspeare clearly uses it in this sense. There is a vulgar joke yet of asking, on a birth being announced, is it a boy or a child?"

COMFORTING. Act II., Sc. 3.

"In comforting your evils."

Comforting is used here as encouraging, as we still say, in legal language, "comforting and abetting."

CREDENT. Act I., Sc. 2.

"T is very credent."

Credent is credible; probable.

CURST. Act III., Sc. 3.

"They are never curst, but when they are hungry."

Curst in the sense of mischievous.

DOLE. Act I., Sc. 2.

"Happy man be his dole."

This was a proverbial expression, signifying may his lot (dole) be happy. Dole is from the Anglo-Saxon *dalan*, signifying a portion dealt out or distributed.

EGGS FOR MONEY. Act I., Sc. 2.

"Will you take eggs for money?"

A proverbial phrase, signifying will you truckle, submit to injustice, be bullied, cheated?

EVEN. Act III., Sc. 2.

"Even to the guilt, or the purgation."

Even is equally balanced, impartial.

FADINGS. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"With such delicate burdens of dildos and fadings."

The "fading" was an Irish dance, called *rinca fada*, and means literally the "long dance."

FANCY. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"And by my fancy."

Fancy is here used in the sense of love.

FARDEL. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"There is that in this fardel."

A fardel is a pack or bundle. The word is used more than once in this scene, and in 'Hamlet,' Act III., Sc. 1, "Who would fardels bear?"

FEDERARY. Act II., Sc. 1.

"A federary with her."

A federary is a confederate.

FEEDING. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"To have a worthy feeding."

A considerable quantity of pasture land.

FLAP-DRAGONED. Act III., Sc. 3.

"To see how the sea flap-dragoned it."

The flap-dragon was some inflammable liquid to be gulped down in the wildness of a toper's revel. Falstaff says of Prince Henry ('Henry IV., Part II.,' Act II., Sc. 4), that he "drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons." There still exists a sport called snap-dragon, in which raisins are snatched and eaten from burning spirit.

FULL. Act I., Sc. 2.

"To be full like me."

To be quite, wholly like me.

GALLIMAUFRY. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"A gallimaufry of gambols."

A gallimaufry is a medley, a confused heap of things.

GEST. Act I., Sc. 2.

"Behind the gest."

Gest, according to Phillips in his 'World of Words,' is "a lodging or stage for rest, in a progress or journey." Webster uses it in this sense:—

"Like the gesse in the progress;

You know where you shall find me."

And in the 'Lay le Freine,' we have—

"The abbess and the nonnes alle,
Fair him gret in the geste halle."

GILLY'VORS. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"Streak'd gilly'vors."

Gillyvors, still used, says Toone, in the midland counties in the form of gillivers, is the clove-pink. It is probably derived from the French *giroflee*, of which the usual word gillyflower is probably a corruption.

GOOD DEED. Act I., Sc. 2.

"Yet, good deed, Leontes."

Good deed is indeed.

HAVING. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"Of what having, breeding."

Having is what one has, estate or property.

HEFTS. Act II., Sc. 1.

"With violent hefts."

Hefts are heavings.

HENT. Act IV., Sc. 2.

"And merrily hent the stile-a."

Hent is to catch or lay hold of, from the Anglo-Saxon *hentan*.

HOXES. Act I., Sc. 2.

"Which hoxes honesty behind."

To hox is to hough, to hamstring.

IMPORTANCE. Act V., Sc. 2.

"If the importance were joy or sorrow."

The importance is here the import.

JAR-O'-THE-CLOCK. Act I., Sc. 2. The jar of the clock is the ticking of the pendulum.

LAND-DAMN. Act II., Sc. 1.

"I would land-damn him."

The commentators have not been able to affix a meaning to the phrase here. Zachary Jackson supposes that it has some allusion to the despotic punishment of being built up in the earth. In 'Titus Andronicus' we have—

"Set him breast-deep in the earth and famish him."

LET. Act I., Sc. 2.

"To let him there a month."

To let is to hinder: and it is probably here used as a reflexive verb—to stay himself.

LEVEL. Act III., Sc. 2.

"My life stands in the level of your dreams."

Your dreams afford the level, the aim, of your accusation, and therefore my life stands within the range of your attack.

LOZEL. Act II., Sc. 3.

“And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang’d.”

Phillips in his ‘World of Words,’ explains lozel as “a lazy lubber, a slothful looby.” Verstegan says it is “one that hath lost, neglected, or cast off his own good and welfare, and so is become lewd and careless of credit and honesty.”

MANKIND. Act II., Sc. 3.

“A mankind witch!”

Mankind is masculine. Jonson gives us an example of this use of the word:—

“Pallas, now thee I call on, mankind maid.”

MANNER. Act IV., Sc. 3.

“Taken yourself with the manner.”

Manner is a law term from the old French *manier*, caught in the fact, with the stolen property in hand or possession.

MEANS. Act IV., Sc. 2.

“Means and bases.”

Means are tenors—intermediate voices between the treble and bass.

MESSES. Act I., Sc. 2.

“Lower messes

Perchance are to this business purblind?”

A mess was a company of four persons, dining together, with an apportioned provision, as now in the halls of the Inns of Court and in the navy. The lower messes are therefore, probably, the inferior servants or retainers.

MISSINGLY. Act IV., Sc. 1.

“I have, missingly, noted.”

I have, missing him, noted his absence.

MORT. Act I., Sc. 2.

“The mort o’ the deer.”

This was the prolonged note of the hunter’s horn announcing the death of the deer.

MOTION. Act IV., Sc. 2.

“A motion of the prodigal son.”

A motion was the ancient name for the puppet-show, in which scriptural subjects were commonly exhibited. The word is used in the ‘Spectator’ when speaking of Powell’s puppet-show.

NEVER. Act IV., Sc. 3.

“That thou no more shalt never see.”

This use of the double negative is characteristic of Shakspeare’s time. Most modern editions omit never.

O'RE-DYED BLACKS. Act I., Sc. 2. Cloths of some other colour re-dyed, or dyed over again, and so false, as impaired in quality.

PALE. Act IV., Sc. 2.

"For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale."

Pale is a boundary; the interval which divides the early spring from winter.

PASH. Act I., Sc. 2.

"Thou want'st a rough pash."

Jamieson explains the word *pash* as used in Scotland for the head, as a bare pash, a bare head. But in the midland counties the tuft of hair between the horns of a bull is called the *pash*, and the question of Leontes, "Art thou my calf?" proves that the word is here used in its local acceptance.

PERFECT. Act III., Sc. 3.

"Thou art perfect then?"

Perfect is quite assured.

PIN AND WEB. Act I., Sc. 2. Florio, in his 'New World of Words' (1611), thus interprets the Italian *catarratta*: "a dimness of sight occasioned by tumours hardened in the eyes, called a cataract, or a pin and a web." The phrase is used also in 'Lear,' Act III., Sc. 4.

PINCHED. Act II., Sc. 1.

"I remain a pinch'd thing."

A thing shrunk up, pinched, as we say, by poverty or hunger.

PLACES. Act I., Sc. 2.

"Thy places shall
Still neighbour mine."

Places is here honours, rank.

POKING-STICKS. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"Poking-sticks of steel."

The poking-stick which previous to the time of Elizabeth had been of bone, was used in plaiting the ruff.

POMANDER. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"Not a ribbon, glass, pomander," &c.

A pomander was an artificial ball, or an orange of which the inside had been extracted, filled with perfumes, and supposed to be an antidote against infectious diseases. The word is derived from the French *pomme d'ambre*.

PRANKED. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"Most goddess-like prank'd up."

Pranked-up is dressed splendidly, decorated.

PRETENCE. Act III., Sc. 2.

"The pretence thereof."

The pretence is the design, the intention.

PUGGING. Act IV., Sc. 2.

"Doth set my pugging tooth on edge."

A puggard was a cant term for a thief; pugging is probably formed from it, though the commentators cannot explain it.

ROUNDING. Act I., Sc. 2.

"Whispering, rounding."

To round is to tell secretly, to mutter. Skelton in his 'Garlande of Laurelle,' has—

"Some whispered, some rounyd, some spake, and some cryde."

SALTIER. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"They call themselves saltiers."

Saltiers is the servant's corruption of satyrs, the "men of hair," who were frequently introduced in masques in Shakspeare's time. Ravenscroft speaks of "the humble sylvans and their shaggy race." A masque of this kind, performed by the French king and his courtiers, in 1392, had a tragical conclusion, as their dresses caught fire; the king had a narrow escape, and several of the courtiers lost their lives: the story is graphically told by Froissart, and has been well translated by Lord Berners.

SEEING. Act II., Sc. 1.

"But only seeing."

Seeing is here used as a noun.

SOOTH. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"He looks like sooth."

A genuine Anglo-Saxon word for truth. Milton, in his version of the fifth Psalm, uses it in this sense:—

"No word is firm or sooth."

SPEED. Act III., Sc. 2.

"With mere conceit and fear

Of the queen's speed."

With fear of the issue of this charge, of how the queen may speed.

SQUIRE. Act IV., Sc. 3.

"Twelve foot and a half by the squire."

The squire was a measure, a carpenter's square.

SUCCESS. Act I., Sc. 2.

"In whose success we are gentle."

Success is here used for succession.

THREE-MAN. Act IV., Sc. 2.

“Three-man song-men all.”

Singers of three part songs.

THREE-PILE. Act IV., Sc. 2.

“And, in my time, wore three-pile.”

Three-pile was a rich kind of velvet.

TROL-MY-DAMES. Act IV., Sc. 2. *Trol-my-dame* was a game somewhat similar to the present bagatelle.

UNCURRENT. Act III., Sc. 2.

“With what encounter so uncurrent.”

This is a metaphor from an encounter in chivalry, in which one swerving from the prescribed course would be uncurrent.

WARDEN-PIES. Act IV., Sc. 2.

“Saffron, to colour the warden-pies.”

Warden was the name of a pear. Saffron was much used formerly in cookery.

WELKIN EYE. Act I., Sc. 2. A blue eye, the colour of the welkin or sky.

WOMAN-TIRED. Act II., Sc. 3.

“Thou art woman-tired, unroosted.”

To tire is to tear, as a bird of prey does its meat. The phrase is equivalent to our hen-pecked.

PLOT AND CHARACTERS.

WE are happy to receive the critical publications upon Shakspeare that the American press now contributes, as an evidence of a growing love of the greatest poet of the fatherland. Mr. H. N. Hudson gives us two volumes of 'Lectures,' conceived in a genial spirit of reverence. Of this play he says, "'Winter's Tale' outdoes all the rest of Shakspeare's fictions in disregard of the far-famed unities of time and place. With geography and chronology he plays the wildest tricks imaginable." Mr. Hudson does not say this depreciatingly, for he adds: "Notwithstanding which, the play is pervaded with the strictest unity of interest and purpose: the violations of local and chronological order being forgotten in the far higher order which is everywhere preserved."

The drama of 'A Winter's Tale' is founded upon a novel of Robert Greene, entitled 'Pandosto,' and also called 'The History of Dorastus and Fawnia.' This book, which was one of the most popular of the little romances of Elizabeth's reign, has a second title, 'The Triumph of Time.' In a novel, the infant of the first chapter may be the grown-up man or woman of the last, and no offence taken. It is "the triumph of time." But in a play, say the critics, the duration of the action must be limited to a few hours, or at most a few days. Shakspeare, aware of the objection, has here introduced Time as a chorus, to apologise for the lapse of sixteen years; but Dr. Johnson, sometimes the most liberal of critics, boldly meets the difficulty:—

"Time is, of all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination; a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation we easily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only see their imitation."

The geographical blunder of the play is this—that Bohemia is described as having a sea-coast. In Greene's novel we read,—"It so happened that Egistus, King of Sicilia, who in his youth had been brought up with Pandosto, desirous to show that neither tract of time nor distance of place could diminish their former friendship, provided a navy of ships, and sailed into Bohemia to visit his old friend and companion." There can be no doubt that the most accomplished